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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PUBLIC LIBRARY 29 JAN 1936 NEW SOUTH WALES

EDWARD the EIGHTH

By the Grace of God King of Great Britain, Ireland, and British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India

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A KING IN THE MAKING. King Edward as a Naval Officer at sixteen; a Knight of the Garter at Seventeen; as he was in 1919; Prince at nineteen; Admiral at twenty.

INTIMATE GLIMPSES *of* Our *Bachelor* KING!

He Will Maintain Domestic Ideals of His Father

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Beam Wireless.

His intimates declare that the new King intends, as far as possible for a bachelor, to maintain the domestic example set by his father of being a quiet, family man.

His mother will act as his hostess. It is an open secret that King Edward has been devoted to his sister, the Princess Royal, since he was a small boy.

ALREADY he has asked her to assist the Queen as hostess but the health of the Princess Royal is at present indifferent and her doctors advise against her undertaking any arduous duties for the time being.

She is deeply affected by her father's death, and Edward continually comforted her with brotherly pats during the late King's last hours at Sandringham.

It is an old story now how the youthful Edward Prince of Wales bought his sister Mary chic Paris hats declaring that she must discard more formal models.

It was because of his insistence that the Princess Mary was allowed to ride a bicycle as a girl. Until the war claimed him for sterner duties he always insisted on the companionship of his sister.

He has long been the idol of the Princess Royal's two sons, to whom he gave their first mechanical toys and cricket bats.

Will He Marry?

HIS accession to the Throne raises the often-asked question, "Will he marry?"

The names of many illustrious women have been linked with his, but the Prince has remained steadfast in his determination not to be, as he himself has said, "bossed by a woman."

Not long ago, discussing marriage with a friend, he said, "During twelve hours of the day I am what others want me to be. For the rest of the time I like to be myself. If I were married I would spend that time being what my wife wanted me to be."

While he was Prince of Wales his choice of a bride was restricted. Now he is King the restrictions have been multiplied.

King Edward, however, is certainly not a misogynist. He is a splendid dancer, and numbers women of all ages and all ranks of life among his friends. He golfs, swims, and plays tennis with women.

Cares of Throne

IT is generally known that Edward did not want the English throne, which means a curtailment of even the limited pleasures enjoyed by a Prince.

Visits to night-clubs, informal dances, and night drives in his roadster along the country roads will now cease, and he must submit to the eternal shadowing night and day which England demands for her King.

But the new King's sense of duty is strongly marked. Ever since he was inaugurated Prince of Wales in 1911 he has submitted to the restrictions hedging the life of a Prince and, without doubt, he will submit to those imposed on him as King.

Hardest of all will he find it to surrender the freedom to mix unconventionally with his people. Many of the stories bearing on his unconventionality that have been told are well authenticated. Only a few years ago a young Australian aviator practising loops over Brooklands spotted a plane lettered G.A.A.L.G. The Prince was in the cockpit and the co-pilot in the rear seat.

At the end of one loop the Australian waved a salute. The Prince immediately looped, and as he flattened out, waved a return salute.

When the plane landed, the Prince sauntered over and examined the Australian's machine, complimented him on his flying, and stood him a drink at the bar with the easy informality of one flyer with another.

On the other hand, when the Prince visited a London music hall, on entering the seat stall accompanied by a man friend, a woman sitting nearby excitedly exclaimed, "There's the Prince." She rose to her feet, others followed.

The Prince leaned over to her and coldly asked, "Madam, am I never to have a moment's privacy?" The people immediately resumed their seats and the Prince sat out the show undisturbed.

As the Prince of Wales he recently attended a dance organised by a humble branch of the legion of which his old boxing instructor was secretary.

After dancing, he adjourned to the secretary's diminutive office, and had a quiet drink with the secretary, who knew him in the days when he was often wigged for getting into boyish mischief. The Prince said, "I can't stay long Lefty, I want to get home early to-night as I have a serious bit of business to attend to in the morning. You remember how I used to be on the mat when I was a nipper; well things have not changed, I'm for it to-morrow."

Edward has been seen less and less at high society gatherings and more and more with the younger generation of men of affairs.

While King George was a country gentleman with the majority of his intimate friends as squires and landlords, Edward is a Londoner, with the Londoner's traditional love of a "spot of gardening." This he satisfies at Port Belvedere, where he works in old trousers and a pullover in the beautiful gardens.

Many of the rooms at Belvedere might aptly be described as miniature reproductions of the Empire. They are filled with trophies and gifts which the Prince collected on his world tours.

King Edward has vast estates in various parts of England, necessitating much work, yet knows intimately all the men and women who work for him.

"Smiling Prince"

HE knows their children and listens to their domestic problems. As one old servant said: "The Prince is an easy man to work for. He has simple tastes, and knows what he wants and gets it done with the least trouble to everybody."

Inspector Storier, who was the Prince's personal detective, has been appointed to the same office to the new King.

It is reported that His Majesty personally informed him of his new appointment saying, "Storier, if you do your job as well as you did formerly, you will be the King's right hand."

King Edward VIII is known throughout the world as "the smiling Prince." In later years he has been in more serious mien. It is reported that the change began in 1928 when his father's first serious illness brought home to him the difficulties and responsibilities which hedge about the King.

The consensus of opinion of those nearest to him is that he takes his new responsibilities seriously, and is determined to advance as far as in him lies the welfare of all his people.

A DELIGHTFULLY INFORMAL study of King Edward VIII. At the time the photograph was taken by (then Prince of Wales) was enjoying a little welcome anonymity watching a big golf match.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL, whom King Edward has asked to share the duties of Royal hostess.

For full details of our special "Beauty" book offer see pages 17, 41, 42, 43 and 44.

RADIOED PICTURES from London. Turn to pages 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

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CHILD of ROYAL DESTINY . . .

Princess Betty:

Whom Fate may one day make Queen Elizabeth II of England

A SUNNY-HEADED little girl
With all her dolls and toys,
Her childhood should be glad indeed
And doubled all its joys;
For she may hear in years to be
The call of sovereign destiny.

WHEN favorite dolls are laid away
And fairy-books put down,
Who knows but that her sunny head
Shall wear the English crown;
And carry down the road of fate
The cares and sacrifice of State!

—P. Duncan-Brown.

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PRINCESS ELIZABETH *Heart-Broken at* SAD NEWS

Full Significance of Her Grandfather's Death Not Revealed to Her

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, By Beam Wireless from London.

Princess Elizabeth, who is second in line for succession to the British Throne, presented a heart-broken little figure when informed of the death of her grandfather, the late King George V, to whom she was deeply devoted.

She sobbed bitterly, and refused to be comforted when the Duchess of York, at Windsor, told her and her little sister, Margaret, the sad news.

PRINCESS Margaret Rose wept also but this seems more because of her sister's grief than any real appreciation of the situation, as she is rather young to realise the finality of death.

The Duchess was very moved at the sorrow of her daughters, but wisely has kept them constantly employed so that their young minds will not dwell unduly on the sadness of the occasion.

Upon returning to London the children were given tasks in the schoolroom, the usual studies being gone on with.

Both children show an unusual aptitude for knitting and already Princess Elizabeth has knitted herself a pair of black gloves in a simple pattern, but very accurately done. The younger Princess has been more ambitious and is busy knitting herself a black skirt and jumper.

They have settled down soberly to these tasks, but although childhood mercifully soon forgets its grief, both Princesses, normally laughing and mischievous, are now very solemn and subdued.

Not Being Told

ALTHOUGH Heiress Presumptive to the Throne, Princess Elizabeth knows nothing of her changed position.

It is understood that at the express wish of the Duke of York, the Duchess will not inform her daughter of her increased importance in relation to the succession.

Of course the scope of her training will be gradually enlarged, but for the present her training will go on much as at present, except that the Princess will have a tutor in international history.

Household Arts

MEANWHILE she is busy learning the household arts at which her mother the Duchess excels. She makes her own bed every morning, and helps to dust the schoolrooms before lessons are held. She has been particularly apt in regard to cooking, and already can bake simple cakes and prepare the more ordinary dishes.

Just a week prior to the last illness of her Royal grandfather, she baked him his favorite honey cake, which was presented to him with great pride.

It was pronounced perfect and of a delicious taste by the late King, who showed evident pleasure at the progress his grandchild was making in the domestic arts.

Princess Elizabeth finds her happiest expression in fine needlework. She has inherited the skill of her grandmother, the Queen, in this direction. Her Majesty is well known as a beautiful embroiderer, and she has personally supervised Princess Elizabeth's needlework lessons.

It is difficult as yet to assess her particular bent with any certainty, because she takes up enthusiastically all the tasks assigned to her.

Like the late King and the present ruler, she is a great lover of children, and dotes on her sister, the Princess Margaret Rose, to whom she yields up her most cherished toys and nursery treasures without the slightest trace of resentment. She shows, too, a vivid interest in any charitable or welfare work, and betrays great interest in the sick children in the hospitals to which boxes of her toys find their way from time to time.

A SCENE frequently witnessed before the late King's illness—Princess Elizabeth mingling with other worshippers on her way to church with her Royal grandfather.

These are the NUTRITIONAL diseases which are now killing three Australians out of every four.

RHEUMATISM
ARTHRITIS
ASTHMA
BLOOD PRESSURE
CANCER
CONSTIPATION
CATARRH
DECAYING TEETH
FLATULENCE
GASTRIC ULCERS
INDIGESTION
INSOMNIA
KIDNEY TROUBLE
LIVER TROUBLE
"NERVES"
OBESITY
"RUN DOWN"

FOR INFORMATION CALL OR POST THIS

The discoveries of the last few years leave no doubt whatever that these nutritional diseases are primarily caused by wrong food. It is obviously futile to try to treat them with drugs without first removing the cause. The dietitians of the Good Health Club of Australia, who are graduates of some of the most celebrated Universities in the Empire, have brought to this country the very latest knowledge on this subject, and their work over the last year has restored health to thousands of very sick people. This is not idle talk. If you care to call at the Club headquarters at 156 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, or National Mutual Buildings, Queen Street, Brisbane, they are willing to put you in touch with hundreds of "incurables," who are rapidly gaining normal health and strength under the Club's guidance. This is being done without the use of drugs, without the use of unusual foods, and with a minimum of trouble and expense.

To THE GOOD HEALTH CLUB OF AUSTRALIA, Union Bank Chambers, 156 Castlereagh St., Sydney.
I am interested.
Please send me a copy of your Book, "Healing With Food." Enclosed is sixpence in stamps as a contribution towards the cost of printing, packing, and posting.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....A.W.W.6

FASHION PAYS *Homage to the* KING'S DEATH

From Our London Office—By Beam Wireless

The death of the King has practically swept away color in frocking, even from Paris. Although light shades will be featured in the spring collections, mist-greys, mauves, purples, and prints combining black and white, and mauve and grey will dominate. In the West End of London every woman is dressed in black, with gunmetal or smoke-colored stockings.

There is an entire absence of jewellery in fashionable restaurants. Little make-up and no flowers are to be seen.

IT is expected that the little princesses will not wear black, but dark grey, with, probably, black armlets. The duchesses will give the lead. Although the King thoughtfully desired public mourning to end after the funeral, dark colors and simple lines will prevail.

Exotic hat models are no longer shown. The coolie bonnet, inspired by the Chinese art exhibition, is the only exception, because its long brims sloping over the eyes lack ornamentation and make it suitable.

Evening clothes will be extremely simple for informal entertaining during the next six months. Long-sleeved dinner dresses and slender evening frocks with short tailored jackets will be generally worn. English designers are showing special mourning collections next week. The King left the matter of mourning to each individual. Good taste will avoid any form of exaggeration. Beauty shops are selling powders, perfumes and lotions in black glass bottles.

Men are expected to wear black waistcoats with tailcoats. Materials for women's dresses are dull marocain and matt velvet, with black furs. In the evening, black cloque, dull satin chiffon.

The King is breaking down the conventional form of speaking and writing of himself in the plural or third person.

He wrote a letter of appreciation to his bankers, thanking them for their sympathy. He used the first person singular throughout—a thing no other monarch has done

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LET'S Talk About—

NOTED NATURALIST

MR. CHERRY KEARTON, noted English animal photographer, explorer, and author, who recently landed in Australia, is at present making arrangements for the exhibiting of his film, "The Big Game of Life."

In search of unusual photographs of wild animal life in Africa, Mr. Kearton has crossed Africa twice—from east to west and from south to north—using all manner of conveyances.

Mr. Kearton's adventures include a fall in a wrecked dirigible from a height of 10,000 feet, after securing the first aerial photograph of London, almost 30 years ago.

Mr. Kearton spends six months of the year in his beautiful home in Surrey (England), his exploration work occupying the remaining six months.

Mr. Kearton intends to photograph Australia's animals, including koalas, kangaroos, and wallabies, and birds.

—Gainsborough.

OLDEST ACCOUNTANT

MR. THOMAS BRENTNALL, of Melbourne, now in his ninetieth year, is the oldest practising accountant in Australia. He visits his office in the city every day, and keeps in active touch with a host of public and private activities. For many years a well-known figure in Melbourne musical circles, Mr. Brentnall is now president of the Melbourne Music Club, and the British Music Society. His interest in music dates from his youth. He sang with the Royal Victorian Liedertafel and the choir conducted by Sir Frederick Cowen at the Exhibition of 1888. He was also one of the founders of the Royal Melbourne Golf Club, and was its captain for a time. For many years he has been president of the Royal Humane Society and acting-president of the City Newsboys' Society.

ESTABLISHING SCHOOL

LUCIUS NATHAN LITTAUER, glove manufacturer and a former representative in the U.S. Congress, is establishing a graduate school of Public Administration at Harvard as a result of a gift of 2,000,000 dollars.

The manufacturer as his aim cites the training of educated men for public service, and to "raise the level of American life."

Mr. Littauer has many years of business experience behind him, and has always interested himself in public affairs.

WE ENTER *the Era* of EDWARD VIII

Modern King will Put His Stamp on History

HIS VITAL CHARACTER

A new king sits on the throne of England.

A new age has begun.

Constitutional monarchy limits the political autocracy of sovereigns, but it cannot—nor is it designed to—prevent the impact of a ruler's personality upon his people and his period.

Edward of Windsor is such a personality, so individual, and yet so typically a man of his time, that we may already foresee his stamp imprinted ineffaceably upon the history that is yet to be made.

What then is the character of this new king, and what the shape of the new age we enter with his accession?

HIS MAJESTY, as Prince of Wales, on one of his many visits to the homes of the people. His understanding and sympathy are allied with a practical determination to do good.

MEN and women of this generation have had the opportunity, during the King's long period as Prince of Wales, to study him as a man, and to form some idea of his mind and his character.

The official organisation surrounding a royal personage somewhat limits personal contacts between him and the mass of the people, and restricts the free and frank utterance of personal views by which we can judge the intellects and learn the philosophies of other public men.

But, despite this, and largely because of the dominating independence of his spirit, the Prince who is now King has made himself known to us.

What sort of man do we find him?

FIRST OF ALL, A MOST HUMAN MAN.

His father was that, too.

THEN A COMPLETELY MODERN MAN.

King Edward plays golf and tennis, swims and sunbakes, flies his own plane and drives his own car. He leads the world in smart and colorful dressing and is fond of informal dress . . . and one cannot imagine him with a beard or even a moustache.

What He Stands For

DETAILS of dress and sport may seem trivial—but they are immensely significant. They typify the man—and the man typifies his age.

Edward VIII typifies the best in his age. He stands for democracy, for liberal thought, for frankness and freedom, for the joy of life and the zest of effort. We can believe he stands for the modern hope of humanity—a planned world.

We may deduce from his acts and his utterances that he stands for the British ideal of patriotism born of liberty, as against the reactionary concept of authoritarian tyranny and bitter narrow nationalism which threatens to sunder Europe.

Within the Empire we may look forward to a rule of reform. This is by no means too much to hope from a man who, as Prince of Wales, has shown sincere and active sympathy for workers in the grip of economic hardship, for the poor and the sick, and for every section of the people.

We can be sure that King George looked to his son to carry on his own benevolence and uplifting work—and we can be equally sure that the new King will justify that faith.

And, finally, in his influence on the private life of the nation, King Edward is certain to shape a new pattern in history. History is so much more than a record of war and revolution, of industrial development and political change. It is a record of the lives of the people, the way they work and play and think and feel . . . and in all these things Prince Edward has always been much more one with his people than any Prince before him.

His History

HIS life shows that. He went through the war with the other young men of his age, suffering the same shock to the dreams of youth, fighting the same battle with disillusion as they did—and winning it. After the war he emerged as a young man loving freedom and sport and active living, but devoting himself with keenness and energy to the vast tasks of a world in reconstruction.

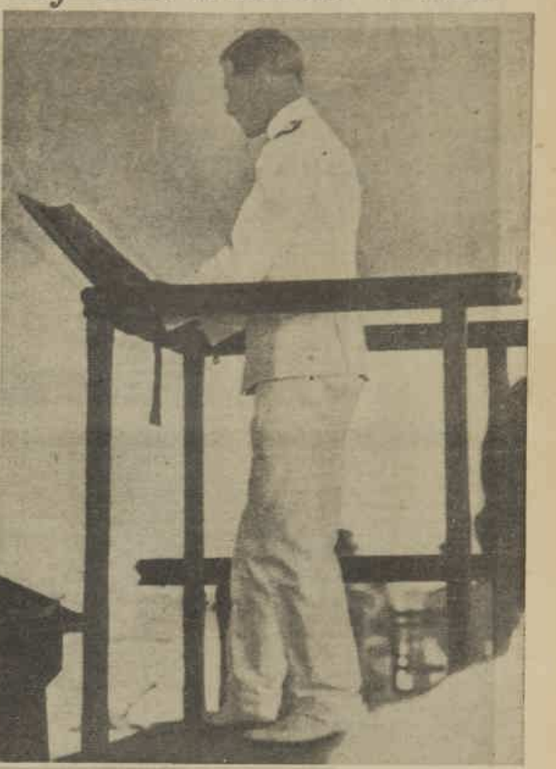
As he had shown himself a real soldier, so he showed himself a diplomat and a man of affairs. He toured the world, not as a gilded princeling remote from his people among the thunder of guns and the pomp of plumes, but as the democratic son of a democratic King, studying the enormous enterprise of the Empire, its development, its people, and its commerce. He was called—in the sense in which it is a high tribute—the world's greatest commercial traveller.

And so he was, because he raised the prestige of British business, of British good faith, and of British authority, wherever he went. He "sold" the solid worth of British industry to the world—and the world responded enthusiastically.

THE . . . ROYAL MOTTO

THE motto for the King of England is "Dieu et Mon Droit"—God and my right. King Edward now will adopt this in place of his motto as Prince of Wales: "Ich Dien"—I Serve.

For the present there is no Prince of Wales, but that motto will no doubt continue to be the guiding thought for the King, even though it does not appear in his crest.



THE KING in the pulpit—on board H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth during naval manoeuvres. His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, read the lesson at the Sunday service.

THE KING who flies—at left, His Majesty climbing into the cockpit of his machine to fly across the Channel.

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"STARTLING SECRETS OF HEIGHT"—FREE!

THIS remarkable literature will amaze you; it will show you the short cut to a tall, commanding personality. Through reading this wonderful treatise hundreds have already increased their height; hundreds are doing so at this moment. For a short while you can get one of these treatises Free—if you SEND AT ONCE! Get this coupon in the post NOW!

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QUEEN-MOTHER *of the* EMPIRE

"A Thousand Claims to Reverence Close in Her"

QUEEN-MOTHER! Surely no queen in the rich pageant of our history wears this proudly-significant title of Empire service so gracefully as Queen Mary, consort of his late Majesty, King George V, and mother of the new King, Edward VIII.

"To walk with kings, nor lose the common touch" was the particularly endearing grace of her late husband. To be Queen and Mother has been her glorious achievement.

Not only is she Queen and Mother to the Royal family; she is Queen-Mother to the Empire, a gracious lady called to the high places of the earth, but possessed of the simple virtues of loyalty and service upon which is builded this great family of Empire.

During the 25 years of King George's reign she stood not behind the throne but at His Majesty's side, the splendid companion of the King-Emperor during the magnificent occasions of ritual and ceremonial. She stood also beside him in the dark days of conflict and disaster, and in the weary night watches of sickness and death.

She has not even now laid aside the burdens of state, for she stands beside her son, the new King, bringing to him gifts from the rich store of her wisdom and experience, ever ready to serve, one step behind the throne of her son, to fulfil to the last her task of Empire, as Queen and Mother.

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SPANISH Maine

By P. C. WREN
Author of "Beau Geste"

Begin Now *this powerful drama of human passions—and tangled lives!*

THE CHARACTERS:

CONSUELA, the beautiful heroine of this story, is being blackmailed by a man who knows the secrets of her past life.

SPANISH MAINE is no ordinary man, and he seeks only money and revenge.

SIR HARRY VANE is madly in love with Consuela, and he knows nothing of her past.

OTIS VANBRUGH, half-brother to Consuela, who knows her sad story, is the bulwark on which she leans.

THE BLACKMAILER holds all the winning cards. Should the girl tell all to her sweetheart, or should she and her brother fight this blackmailer to the last ditch? They choose to fight!

WHEN Manoel Maine—known as Spanish Maine—colorful villain of three continents, boards the liner Amazon when it calls at the Bermudas, it looks like the end of happiness for Consuela Vanbrugh, beautiful, dark, young, and vivacious, who is travelling with her half-brother, Otis Vanbrugh. He, too, is thrown into consternation at the presence of Spanish Maine, who carries with him dark secrets of the past concerning the lovely Consuela.

On board the Amazon are Lady Drusilla Vane, a great English lady, and her son, Sir Harry Vane, who is in love with Consuela. All on shipboard have been watching the romance with kindly interest. Even Lady Drusilla, a stickler for birth and family, has been completely captivated by the charm of Consuela.

But Spanish Maine is a sinister force against the lovers. He does not take long to strike. He calls Otis Vanbrugh to his cabin. It is a peremptory summons, and the purpose is blackmail. Consuela sees the cup of happiness about to be dashed from her lips and pleads with her half-brother to save her and keep her secret from Sir Harry Vane.

Otis Vanbrugh tries stern measures, hinting at the summary justice meted out to blackmailers, but Spanish Maine is not to be thwarted, since revenge is also part of his plan. Playing with Vanbrugh as a cat plays with a mouse Maine recounts the story of his life. It is a colorful tale of life in the Foreign Legion, of cruelty, treachery and murder, with Spanish Maine always playing the role of villain—for which he makes no excuses. Fortune has always been his aim, and every time it has been within his grasp a woman has robbed him of it. Dramatically he comes at last to Consuela and the part he played in her life. Now read on:

THE Houri of Bouzen — famous throughout Algeria. Throughout Algeria, do I say? Famous from Tangier to Cairo, as one of the loveliest things God ever made, and the devil ever marred.

Madre de Dios! I almost fell in love with the woman. And that, perhaps, is the very highest tribute that could be paid to her beauty and fascination.

I certainly lost my head for a time. And that's how I lost my money.

I trusted her. Believe it or not, I, Manoel Maine, trusted a woman, and that woman a professional beauty, called by a variety of nicknames, pet names, noms d'amour, and known throughout Northern Africa—such was her popularity—as The Houri of Bouzen.

Yes, I fell all right, whether I fell in love or not.

I admit it—with shame. But, as I say, she really was unique. She was half-European, I believe. And, besides being beautiful beyond description, she was really accomplished, clever, witty, charming, fascinating, and . . . dainty sweet.

Good God, I had nearly said "innocent!"

You'd wonder, indeed, that she had not married—married a Title, if not a Crown—but none of these liaisons lasted long.

AND why? Simply because she entertained an ineradicable hatred for Europeans, and particularly for Anglo-Saxons. Bitterly she hated all white men, beginning with the French, but she had an especial loathing for English-speaking people.

There again you'd wonder that she had so much to do with all these officers and officials, these subalterns, captains, generals, governors, these European millionaires and aristocrats. You'd wonder why, since she hated them so. Well, it was because she hated them so; and it was because her profession and position enabled her to rob them, fool them, dupe them, skin them alive, ruin them.

Half her affaires ended in tragedy, and her path was strewn with the bodies of suicides, some of whom had shot themselves for love of her, others for hate of themselves, such wrecks had she made of them and their finances.

Well, I am not of those who shoot themselves. I prefer shooting other people. But she certainly left me among the wreckage in her wake, and not wholly financially-speaking either.

I did not shoot myself, but for two pins I'd have shot her—if I could have got at her—and I swore, then and there, that I'd get even with her some day.

Three women had done me down and got away with it. And I decided three would be enough. Quite enough.

I promised myself I'd settle with Number Four somewhere, some day, somehow.

Time's whirligig! Ha, ha, ha!

Yes, one bright morning I woke to find that she'd gone.

And all my money had gone with her. The last of it, that is to say. The sum I'd set aside as sufficient to enable me to go and get my treasure, take it to Europe, and dispose of it. Of course, I'd spent a great deal on her, one way and another, and, like a fool, I'd told her that I was soon going off with a caravan into the desert.

"I felt as big a fool as I looked. I was in no humor for kissing dancing-girls, and doubtless behaved in a pompous, priggish manner."

For some reason, this seemed to annoy her and upset her tremendously. I hoped and thought for the moment that it was jealousy, until she said in her queer, pretty English-French.

"Alors? Mais, oui? Oah, yess? Out into ze desairt? Just like he did with my mother . . . An' you t'ink you take me, too? Make me lot you and then leave me?"

And when I awoke in the morning she had vanished. So had my wad of hundred-franc notes.

Think of it! Can you imagine it? A thing like that to happen to me, Manoel Maine!

I really believe that, in spite of all I had been through, I touched the lowest depths of suffering at that moment. Of all the blows of fortune that I had received, I think I felt this the most keenly. It was worse, somehow, far worse, than when Lola went off with my diamond, my twenty-five thousand pounds.

Was it possible, I asked myself, that this girl was the real treasure? Of course not. She was but the ignis fatuus that danced—was she aught but a dancing girl?—over the deadly swamp; the will o' the wisp, in the mirage of the desert where my real treasure lay.

Manoel's Tale of Love and Intrigue

In order to live, I took up a job as a drug-runner. Profitable enough, and it led me everywhere. An agent of the United States branch always met me at Bermuda, taking a big consignment for New York, where he distributed it to the Chicago and other sub-agents. He is a clever chap, by the way, quite a well-known yachtsman, and, if possible, even further removed from suspicion than myself.

His smart yacht could tell some tales.

Of course, I travelled by different lines as much as possible, never using the same ship more often than I could help, and never making the entire journey in the same one. No purser or ship's officer who remembered having seen me before had any idea as to where I really began my whole journey, or where I ended it. Naturally, I never sailed from Barcelona, or returned to it by sea.

As a rule I took small inter-island ships between Colon, Jamaica, Cuba, and Bermuda to Havana or Kingston to pick up a liner for Europe.

BUT on this last occasion, fate intervened, and, as I took my ease at Bermuda in the house of my yachtsman friend and colleague, into port came the liner Amazon—and saved me the trouble of going down to Colon, or up to Kingston or Havana to pick up a ship for home.

Most convenient and apropos. An unsuspicious English liner that would drop me at Vigo or Southampton—and big English liners, homeward bound, are neither regular nor frequent visitors to the Bermudas.

And—especially good and unusual—she had come to pick up the personnel of the battery, and was going to drop them at Plymouth. At Plymouth where the Customs authorities are a little, what shall we say—rustic, bucolic, unsuspicious, amateur; and where, moreover, I was a complete stranger.

This happened to suit me most admirably, for I had a little consignment of my own—to peddle personally—and that would be an admirable place at which to get it ashore, and from which to run it up to London. There I could sell it myself and pocket the proceeds—to add to my none-too-sufficient salary and commission.

Yes! Well might I see the finger of fate in this, the hand of destiny outstretched—for whom did I find on board the liner Amazon, a ship on which I had never expected to travel, a ship of which I had never heard?

The fourth woman!

Got her between my hands—so. Got her by the throat—so.

And do you think I am going to let her go? Let her escape? Shed a few tears, stroke her hand, kiss her finger-tips and set her free?

I'd tear her heart out rather.

Illustrated by WEP

No. She's going to make reparation. She's going to pay back seven-fold.

And then?

Seventy times seven, then. She's going to keep me in ease and comfort for the rest of my life. She's going to pay down a cash sum that's going to waft me in luxury to Ain Mendit. And if my treasure is not still there—she's going to make it good. Yes, if it takes the last penny she can raise.

That's what she's going to do—this "sister" of yours, Mr. Otis Vanbrugh.

I think it was your humor to say "sister" wasn't it?

OTIS VANBRUGH took his cigarette-case from his pocket, tapped a cigarette, lit it, and blew a long cloud of smoke.

"I did say 'sister,'" he admitted mildly, "but to tell you the truth . . ."

"Ha!" laughed Spanish Maine—a jeering, jarring sound.

". . . I should have said 'half-sister'," continued Otis Vanbrugh. "Yes. To be exact, she is my half-sister."

"Hedging, eh?" sneered Spanish Maine.

"Yes, to that extent. Miss Consuela Vanbrugh is my half-sister."

"Miss Consuela Vanbrugh!" mocked Spanish Maine in bitter ridicule. "Sure it isn't quarter-sister or one-eighth—or is it a case of they are all your 'sisters under their skins'?"

"Well," mused Otis Vanbrugh, "'a touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' I believe in the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of women—to men. But, apart from that, Miss Consuela Vanbrugh is my half-sister."

Spanish Maine laughed.

"Have it your own way—but she's my Fourth Woman, anyway. What she's going to get out of being your—what is it now, half-sister?—I don't know. But I know what she's going to get out of being my Fourth Woman! Or, rather, I know what I'm going to get out of it. Perhaps, since she's your—is it still half-sister?—you will take over her liabilities, eh?"

"Yes. I'm going to take over her liabilities," was the reply.

"Now, then, I have listened to your very interesting story, with considerable patience and without interruption," continued Otis Vanbrugh. "And I may say I believe—a good deal of it."

Spanish Maine bowed.

"You are now going to hear a story from me. One good comic 'turn' deserves another, eh?"

He settled down in his chair—

Please turn to Page 18

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

As Summer Wanes...

These suggestions will help you with the waxing frock problem!

BY this time you are probably tired of your summer clothes, and are contemplating just one more inexpensive dress to carry you on until the cooler weather.

If you require a good dress, choose a color that will be wearable under your winter coat later.

- *A STRIPED seersucker morning dress is trimmed with white pique buttons and belt.*
- *A PALE GREEN crepe dress adopts a draped neckline. Brown velveteen belt.*
- *A DRESS and jacket in white-and-red print linen has fabric bows, which come over either side of the jacket.*
- *A SHEER chiffon dress, black with white spots. Draped bodice and full sleeves.*
- *A WHITE tennis dress has a gored skirt. Navy-and-white scarf and navy suede belt.*

SKETCHED on this page you will find an attractive dress for every daytime occasion.

First, the cool, striped seersucker, ideal for mornings, or for holiday wear.

Secondly, a green crepe dress for afternoons or evening cinema. The sleeves are intricately cut, and continue into a shoulder yoke, which knots at the neck. The wide, brown velveteen belt is very new. This dress can be worn later on with a brown velveteen jacket, or under a brown or green topcoat.

A suit of printed linen in white and red is really a dress and short-sleeved jacket. The unusual neckline of the dress is made by a piece of material coming through slots in the dress, and tying in bows over the lapels of the jacket.

The sheer chiffon dress is for late afternoon, and "don't dress" evenings, in black with white spots. The skirt is fully flared, the bodice draped, the sleeves full, and gathered in above the elbow. Two layers of white organdie are underneath the flared chiffon collar. The buttons are covered with the chiffon. You will be grateful for this dress during the winter if you are having a black topcoat.

The white dress can be worn for tennis. The six-gored skirt is rather full at the hem. The low neckline is filled in with a scarf of navy-and-white crepe; the wide belt is navy suede.

Other suggestions for frocks to buy at this time of the year are pastel crepe dresses that can be worn later on with dark wool jackets and coats. Print dresses in small, neat designs such as checks, stripes or spots that can also have jackets and coats. Crepe dresses in such colors as royal-blue, scarlet, dark red, purple, vivid green, olive-green, slate-blue, burnt orange, tan, yellow, black, and brown. These are the colors you will see in the autumn worn with brown, black, or navy accessories and with contrasting jackets.

These dresses will all have high necklines; draped bodices, rather short skirts, some plain, some with the fullness gathered centre-front or back; and sleeves, three-quarters or long.

PETROV.

When Winter Comes

FURS for winter — but furs with imagination. No longer thick and cumbersome, but light and supple. In design they are varied and attractive — capes, boleros, long coats, short coats. And the big news for this winter is that all sorts of fur accessories are to be worn — caps, muffs, belts, and gloves.

PARIS Snapshots

DARK dresses have colored yokes or colored tuck-in scarves and belts.

EVENING dresses of wine-colored crepe have blue or pink felt tailored jackets chez Schiaparelli; suede gloves match the jacket.

WINTER shoes are oxfords mounting high over the instep. There are sports shoes with square toes and square heels. You will wear colored leather shoes—dark green, burgundy and slate-blue. Low heels everywhere. New tweeds are in three or four different colors.

UNDER a top coat it is smart to wear a blouse and skirt. The blouse is of chiffon or heavy georgette in a vivid color, the sleeves full, the bodice finely pleated.

YOUR winter coat will probably be in military style, fastening high with a little Astrachan collar. The chest is trimmed with brandenburgs or velvet frogs. A little military toque of Astrachan completes this ensemble.

ALL kinds of velvet gloves are worn. They come in bright colors to contrast with dark wool suits. They are worn for evening, and either match or contrast with your gown. Sapphire-blue velvet ones are worn with black, dark red, and white dresses.

THERE are hats with high and low crowns for the winter. High crowns are worn with fur-collared coats, and have bows of the same material as the hat itself and tiny veils. Fur-trimmed hats are smart for midwinter. Sports hats have low, folded crowns.

FOR evening there are long military capes of velvet, softly-flowing capes, and all-enveloping coats with full skirts and wide sleeves. Colors are dark green, dark red, royal-blue, fuchsia, purple, and black.

YOUR autumn suit will probably be in two colors, a mustard jacket with a black skirt, a strawberry jacket with a purplish-blue skirt, a turquoise jacket with a fuchsia skirt.

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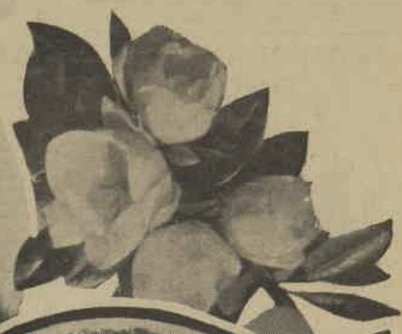
Autumn Hat Moods!



• *A PARISIAN cocktail toque with a swirling effect created by red coque feathers. This model is worn with the military jauntiness of a forage cap, and is best suited to an oval-shaped face.*

• *MATCHING fur hats will figure prominently in the fashions of 1936. At right, Gail Patrick, Paramount player, wears one of broadtail at a rakish angle, accentuated by the wisp of black-spotted veil.*

• *THE PEAK of fashion. The black faille hat, centre, draws its inspiration from the film, "The Crusades." Rosalind Keith, Paramount player, shows the bewitching effect of a black lace veil in this smart adaptation of the mode of the 12th century.*

• *FIVE-TO-SEVEN wear is catered for by the flower cap, shown above, in a new and summery design from Paris. The flowers are made of black velvet, and the cap is dominated by the carnation perched over the right eyebrow.*

• *LARGE blue pom - poms back and front adorn the Paris hat of white silk dotted in red, shown at left. The model is inspired by Gurdin Friedrichs, and is of sports genre.*

LATEST FASHION shows announce new notions in autumn millinery. The five charming models shown on this page indicate that the little hat will be fashion's darling for autumn and winter. The photographs of Paris models were selected by Mary St. Claire, our special representative in London, and sent by Air Mail.

"Breathe in Glo-Rub and breathe away your Cold."

CATARRH and HEAD COLDS are instantly relieved by

HEARNE'S GLO-RUB

(1)—INSERT A LITTLE IN EACH NOSTRIL.

Glo-Rub will not burn or sting sensitive membranes. It adheres to and remains in contact with mucous surfaces long enough to do its work. Glo-Rub gives off a vapor which soothes any irritation, relieves congestion and opens the nasal passages. It relieves pain or soreness and softens accumulated secretions.

"I have suffered from Catarrh for fifty years but have never used anything as good as Glo-Rub which has cleared up the mucus."
C. E. L. (South Aust.)

(2)—RUB IT LIBERALLY ON THE CHEST at bedtime and breathe in its soothing vapor all night long. Used in this way Glo-Rub is effective with any Cough Mixture; but when used in conjunction with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure its effect is positively amazing in the treatment of Coughs. Let GLO-RUB work whilst you sleep.

"I think Glo-Rub is wonderful and must always keep it in my home." L. R. S. (Victoria).

GLO-RUB is a splendid vapor rub scientifically prepared by our chemists in our own Laboratories—a "HEARNE" product—which is sufficient guarantee. Ask for Glo-Rub to-day. If not stocked locally, send postal note 2/- direct to:—

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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 1, 1936.

WOMAN AND THE THRONE

THE accession of the bachelor King, Edward VIII, brings about a notable change in British domestic society. For almost exactly a century, the life of every British home has been largely guided by the influence of the Royal Household. Three queens, Victoria, Alexandra, and Mary, have ruled the private lives of Britons as surely as the sovereign rules the affairs of the nation.

Victoria, that mighty builder, fashioned a new society in England while she created a new Empire abroad. She swept away the laxity of past epochs, and established the Family as a solid, impregnable fortress of morality, Christianity, loyalty, and hard work.

Too strait-laced, and open to the charge of being inevitably productive of hypocrisy and repression, it may have been.

Nevertheless, this Victorian family ideal helped to build the greatness of England and the Empire.

Then came the reign of Edward VII—an era of peace and progress abroad, and of a natural reaction against "Victorianism" at home.

Through this period, which might easily have tended towards laissez-faire and decadence, Queen Alexandra guided society and family life in channels of sane moderation.

Queen Mary brought to full fruition that system of households grouped about The Household. With inspiring nobility, gracious charity, and exquisite tact, she shaped the ideals and ways of all the women of the Empire.

It is no exaggeration to say that manners, morals, and ideas among conscientious women from Mayfair to Mount Isa are fundamentally based on those sponsored by Queen Mary.

And now no queen sits on the throne. The succession of these great domestic rulers is broken.

But that is merely an historic fact. Actually, the Queen-Mother will unquestionably continue to wield the same influence among her people. Her wisdom, her devotion, and her charity are still with us. It is something for British women to be proud of—this high-principled, broadminded home life of ours.

And it is also something, we may be sure, for which a bachelor king, facing a gigantic task of governance, will be deeply grateful. —THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

King's First Act

BY his decision that the workers of the Empire should not feel, through loss of employment, any hardship arising out of the prescribed day of mourning for the late King, Edward VIII has added immeasurably to the stature of his kingship almost before his hand has been felt in affairs of state. The workers of the Empire will feel that here is a man who understands their position, and they will appreciate to the fullest the humanity behind the decision made by His Majesty.

It is a magnificent gesture on the part of a man who, bowed down with private sorrow, is sufficiently a leader of men to appreciate the condition of the less fortunate among his subjects. The young King has been called traveller, statesman, and businessman. To this may now be added the proud titles of diplomat and humanitarian.

Healing the Scars

THERE could not be a better way to celebrate the 150th anniversary of white habitation of this State than the scheme of the Sesquicentenary Organising Committee to plant 500,000 trees in N.S.W. After all, we've spent a century and a half massacring trees and generally despoiling the landscape; it's time we spent a year or so in repairing some of the damage.

The waste of forests in Australia, both from the economic and the aesthetic points of view, has been ghastly. There is, unfortunately, a vast number of people in the country who can't see a tree without wanting to cut it down. There are others who will raze a cedar forest to put up a mile or two or fencing.

Trees can be a deep, spiritual comfort, a delight to the eye, and an eternal link with Mother Earth.

A Poignant Scene

PERHAPS the most touching and tender scene of the whole of the ceremonies in connection with the death of King George V was the picture of Queen Mary walking alone through the rain to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene at Sandringham.

Arrived there, she dismissed the guard of tenantry which stood around the bier, and for ten minutes prayed alone.

Nothing is more typical of the Queen-Mother than this action of hers. Stripped of the sad pageantry of the occasion, she was just a woman alone in her sadness. The nation will treasure this little cameo as an unforgettable memory of Mary the wife mourning the loss of a loving husband.

Better than a thousand proclamations it showed to us a personality that has won the admiration of the Empire.

Lyric of Life

Intrusion

These are the winds of earth, clean and unstaining,
Loud-voiced in fury, remote in their calms;
Silver and beautiful, freedom is theirs,
The wide ways of Heaven they hold in their arms.

And these are the trees of earth, mothered in soil,
Eternally praying, branches upflung.
Here are the rivers, the voice of her being
Where laughter and sorrow of ages are sung.

And these are the men who have harnessed the earth
And built for themselves dead gardens of fear,
Scarring her surface with cities and smoke;
Alone of all things they are alien here.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

V.Cs. of Civil Life

THE almost unrecorded heroisms of everyday life provide epics which if performed on the battlefield would win the person concerned the V.C. for valor. In these once-mentioned items which are then forgotten women play a noble part. At Brisbane recently a girl battled her way through fire and smoke to the rescue of her father, who was trapped by the flames. Again and again she was forced back until she gave up the effort in despair.

This heroic action recalls another epic of rugged bravery in Victoria during the terrific bush fires some years ago. The girl, a little older than her two brothers, was taking them to safety when overtaken by the flames. She made for the bed of an almost dry creek, scooped a hole for the bodies of the young children, and then when the ravening flames swept by she threw herself on top of the youngsters, using her body as a shield. To this day she bears the terrible scars of that occasion.

THE RIGHT HON. and Most Rev. William Temple, Archbishop of York, pictured with Mrs. Temple on the s.s. Bremen when they arrived in America on a visit.

—Ronald Eaker photo.

Truly peace hath its victories no les renowned than war, and women have been shown to possess a valiant heroism which at one time was thought to be the exclusive attribute of man.

Glass Houses

WOMEN who are not content just to treat a house as a house, but who take an interest in the practical and artistic aspects of its design, will be interested in the contentions of Mr. Sydney Ancher. This young Sydney achitect, back from scholarships abroad, says there are no good British architects.

"Modern architecture should express the spirit of the times," he says, "and should employ the three modern mediums—glass, concrete and steel."

Of course, we've heard that before, and seen something of it. And there's a great deal to be said for it. After all, there are far more possibilities in glass, concrete, and steel than in that entirely dull and meaningless creation, the house-brick.

But there's a fourth ingredient must be added to those three if we are to have really fine homes—that's good architecture. Until glass, concrete, and steel are transmuted by the magic of human artifice into something not only expressive but also habitable, "modern" houses will always give us that creepy feeling of living in a movie set or a showcase.

Children Help to Reduce the Toll of the Road

By J. A. SIMONDS

"Catch them young and bring them up in the path in which they should tread" is a trite axiom, but it is being applied to the school-children by the police throughout Australia in their campaign to minimise the dangers of the road.

What is more, the teaching of Safety First in the schools is having good results. Not only are the youngsters becoming so road-minded that street accidents to school-children are disappearing from the lists, but they are carrying their teaching into the home, and their parents are exercising greater care in traffic.

SO alarming has the toll of the road become since the advent of fast, high-powered motor-driven vehicles, that Sir Malcolm Campbell, the famous high-speed racing motorist, is advocating making compulsory in English schools courses of instruction in "safety first" principles.

In this he is simply following the lead of Australia, where police officers regularly visit both State and private schools and deliver lectures to the children on this and kindred subjects.

The younger generation of Australians are becoming more road-minded. Traffic police in all the States admit this frankly. In a large measure this is due, at any rate, to the teaching of safety first in the primary schools and to the lectures which are delivered to the school-children regularly by members of the traffic police.

Warning to Drivers

THREE years ago the idea was conceived of training the more intelligent children in the State schools of New South Wales as safety patrols to look after the interests of the younger children. In Sydney two squads of traffic police work in conjunction with the Education Department and schoolteachers, and pediodically visit every school and address the children on patrol work, and, generally, on how to avoid accidents. Many of the non-State schools are also visited by arrangement with the principals.

The duty of the school patrols is to assemble the younger children on the footpath before and after school and during lunch-hour, at the crossing-points, and by means of flags warn drivers of vehicles that they are approaching a school, and that there is need of caution. The safety-first patrols have no statutory authority to control traffic, but drivers of vehicles who fail to obey the signals when children are crossing the road are liable to be prosecuted for driving in a dangerous manner. In cases where complaints have been made by teachers, at the instance of the patrol, the police have taken steps against the driver.

Superintendent Carter, head of the New South Wales Traffic Police, says that reports from his officers show that the younger generation are growing up very road-minded, and, in support of this, he points to the fact that, in the past two years, not one child has been injured in the vicinity of a school, whereas accidents often happened prior to the patrols being established.

Policemen as Friends

DURING their visits to the schools the police squads also instruct the children on the dangers of electricity in the home, the safeguards to be adopted in travelling in trains and trams, and warn them about swimming in waterholes, playing with fire or detonators, and other forms of mischief which are liable to result in serious accidents.

The development of the scheme has unlimited possibilities, as not only are the children becoming more road-minded, but they are taking into their homes the information acquired at school, and are able to teach their parents how to avoid traffic accidents.

Another aspect of the matter is the fact that this intimate association with the police officers makes the youth grow up with a greater respect for the "men in blue," and has helped in a material way to do away with the bogy of the policeman, who, for so many years, has been held up by many parents as something with which to frighten children.

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KING FISHER *Lower Hooks a* CATFISH !

Even Zane Grey Has Never Caught Sharks and Marlins as Big as This

CONDENSED MILK AS BAIT

By L. W. LOWER *Australia's Foremost Humorist* — *Illustrated by* WEP

I was somewhat incensed at the thought of Mr. Zane Grey catching all of our striped marlin and swordfish and things, and taking them away to America with him, and I spoke to our managing director about it.

"Lower," he said, waving his platinum fountain-pen at me, "Go. Uphold the honor of Australia. Spare no expense."

I went immediately to Bermagui and bought the place.

I FOUND that the town was not big enough and was compelled to make a separate camp consisting of broadcasting station, polo and baseball grounds, tennis courts, a boarding-house for the photographers, a gas works, film studio, a press tent, complete with bar, and racecourse.

All the tents had balonies. (You mean balconies?) Yes. Balconies. My first day out was quite eventful. I was in the main launch with my secretaries following in a ferry-boat behind. Photographers all round me.

I had hardly thrown my rod overboard when a striped marlin started to eat the bait off it. I was furious. I tried to drag it back from him, but he clung tenaciously to it, and it seemed that I was doomed to lose the prawn which the Head Hook-baiter's Assistant had taken twenty minutes to drape around the hook.

I ordered the engineer to put the launch astern.

Broke Weighbridge

It made no difference to the striped marlin. I was hanging on to the edge of the boat with one hand and had the rod in the other hand. The strain was terrific, and at one moment I thought my braces were going.

The inevitable happened. What with the launch going one way and the fish going the other way, the launch came in halves. I managed to clutch at the engine just before it sank, and, holding the engine above the water with one hand, I was dragged through the water at such a pace that the steam I raised obscured the vision of my secretaries on the ferry-boat, and it was nightfall before I returned to the camp dragging the exhausted marlin behind me.

I tried to weigh him, but, unfortunately the local weighbridge was only made for bullock-waggons carrying wool, and I still don't know his weight. He was a fairly big fish, though.

The next day was stormy, and I said to myself, "What are the wild waves Zane?" Two of my secretaries resigned after that one.

I decided that it was a bad day for fishing, especially for swordfish. . . I thought for a while that I might have a try for a whitebait, but the only harpoons I had in the camp were for makos. (You know what makos are, of course. I don't.)

Line Untanglers

THE Chief Line Untangler came to me while I was sitting in my palatial tent examining some flies (I had a number of tame flies which used to follow me around), and said, "Sir, I hear from the local peasantry that catfish abound in these parts. I respectfully suggest that you might match your strength against one of these denizens of the vasty deep." He was a very well educated man, an M.A. and Litt.D.; that's why he was on the dole when I first met him.

I nodded haughtily and instructed him to find me a docile catfish and to hold it until I arrived in the launch. He touched his rowlock and left on his mission. (Just a minute! Don't you mean forelock?) Awfully sorry. Anyway, he left on his mission. Unfortunately, one of the wheels came off his mission as he was rounding a corner and he had a very nasty spill.

This meant that I had to fall back on the Assistant Untangler.

And wasn't he surprised when I fell back on him! When he had got up and brushed himself we did a bit of sallying forth on top of the vasty deep, bound for the catfisheries.

Girls, the trouble I had trying to get the milk stay on the hook! I had to use condensed milk at the finish and, strange to relate, landed a beautiful Persian catfish, which soon became a great pet with all in the camp. We called him James on account of him being a Tom.

Came the day when I landed the swordfish. That was the day when Mr. Zane Grey packed up and left in chagrin and high dudgeon—two of his boats. "Lower," he said, "I have fished from the Azores to the Trobriands, but never have I felt so utterly humiliated and outfished as on this present occasion." I just sneered slightly.

It was about Lat. 78, Long. 46, E.N.E., with a Nor'-easterly breeze on the port bow when he hove-to, and, consulting my belaying pin, I found that we were right in the middle of the swordfish department.

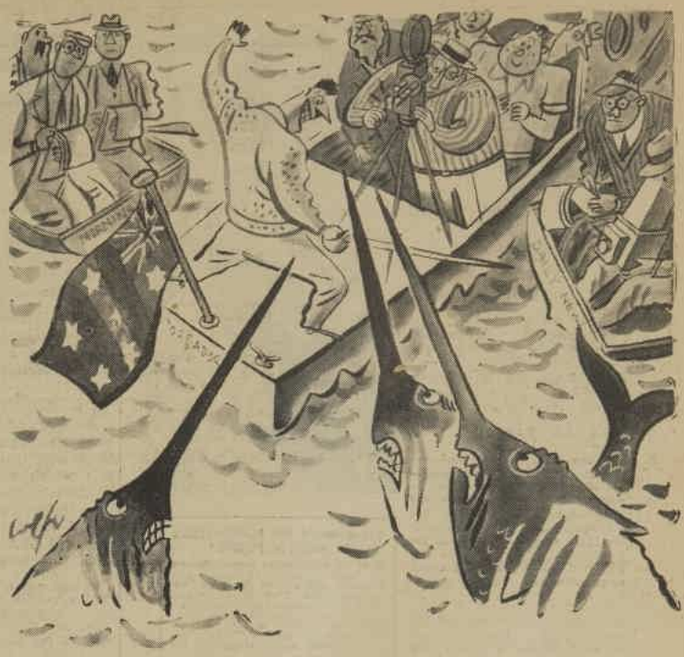
The moment my swordfish struck, as we game fisherr.an say, he leapt fully forty feet in the air, and there was still a lot of him left in the water. I battled with him, for two and a half days, and had to be fed through a tube, being too engrossed to munch.

All this time we were being dragged along at such speed that we had great difficulty in passing provisions to the crew of the dinghy, and to make matters worse the chef and stewards on the dinghy were sea-sick. However, I at last conquered the swordfish, and when the tugs towed it into port they wanted to charge me harbor dues on it.

I sent the head to the British Museum, and they sent it back, saying in a polite note that they didn't believe it.

There is rather a sad ending to all this. While fishing for tarpon eight miles from the coast I was dragged overboard by a whiting and never seen again. When I think about it I get so upset that I have to go and have a brandy.

I think I'll go and have a brandy.
With lime juice.
And soda.
Cold soda.



Lower's duel with the swordfish.

Have you her Fashionable SLIM FIGURE

SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off the latest summery dresses to perfection — but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as it ever was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health, and melt away all surplus fat.

"I was worried about putting on weight. Since taking Bile Beans, however, I have got rid of all surplus fat. The nightly doses have brought back my girl like figure, which enables me to wear these new and stylish summer dresses." — Mrs. M. Singleton.

* * *

"I put on so much weight that it greatly reduced my energy and made me short of breath. But the nightly Bile Beans have removed all my surplus fat. I now weigh sixteen pounds less and am in better health than ever before."—Mrs. W. Thompson.

BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE.

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THE first question that comes to your mind when your back begins to ache is—"*What shall I take?*"

The answer is important, for those vital organs—the Kidneys—are the cause of your pain.

After serious thought we know that your choice must be Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills—Australia's leading Remedy for all Kidney Troubles.

DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS ARE QUICK IN ACTION

No matter what price you pay, nothing else can bring you such lasting relief from Backache in such a short time as DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS. They act directly on the Kidneys—remove all inflammation, dissolve excess uric acid, and tone up your entire system.

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Sound Sleep

and peaceful digestion mean health, energy and happiness . . !

You can avoid Summer slackness; you can stand up to the most strenuous life—and enjoy it—as long as you can depend on having sound sleep and a peaceful digestion. But you cannot have the first without the last! A good digestion is the fundamental source of health and energy; a bad digestion the origin of countless ills.

So get into the habit of taking Bourn-vita regularly—especially last thing at night. Bourn-vita gives the tired digestion a helping hand with its work, encouraging sound sleep, recharging you with energy, building up strong reserves of staying power.

Here's one of thousands of letters praising Bourn-vita. Read what Mrs. J. B. writes:—

"I must tell you of the wonderful results derived from taking Bourn-vita. As a sufferer from nerves and sleeplessness, I never knew what it was to have a night's undisturbed sleep. I used to lie awake, unfit for anything, absolutely worn out. But since taking Bourn-vita I feel a different woman. I sleep the whole night through, and awaken full of energy for the day's work."

Bourn-vita accomplishes such results because it is rich in diastase—a natural digestive found in malt. Start taking Bourn-vita to-night—you'll love it, too!

SUPERIORITY OF BOURN-VITA'S "DIGESTIVE POWER"

Here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita as compared with that of the other leading food-drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Biochemistry who submitted all the food-drinks in question to the standard "diastatic-value" test. "Diastase" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in malt.

RESULT OF TEST

Diastatic power of
BOURN-VITA - 49.8 (*Lintner value*)
Diastatic power of Next Highest
29.0 (*Lintner value*)

Diastatic power of the lowest 2.2; the average of the eight tested being 12.1.

Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita!

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To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of full name and address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and mailing). Send your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D., Claremont, Tasmania.

Cadbury's OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS 1/6 ½lb.; 2/9 ¾lb.; 4/9 1lb. WEIGHT GUARANTEED

BOURN-VITA

FOR DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

NEW BOOKS

Cecil Roberts Writes of Romance in the Greek Isles

Ever since Byron wrote his magic lines: "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece, where burning Sappho lived and sang," a legend of romance has grown up around these little gems of beauty strewn on the blue floor of the Aegean Sea.

Cecil Roberts, in his latest novel, "Volcano," has captured this elusive atmosphere of bright sea and sky, and of lands drowsy with the tales of history. His is the true instinct of the storyteller, and his pen-pictures have a fascination all their own.

CECIL ROBERTS, who writes charmingly of the Greek Isles in his latest book, reviewed on this page.

ALTHOUGH a good, solid story of love and adventure is thrown against this romantic backcloth, it is the setting of the tale which will prove more delightful to the reader. Roberts has the trick of embodying a travel story with the romantic material of his novel in a most satisfying way.

In this case a luxury yacht provided the means of getting to the Greek islands, and then, in the pauses of his story, Mr. Roberts gives us vivid pictures of the places he has seen.

A Rich Tapestry

THERE is a breadth to the story which captures the reader's interest from the first. Then, for good measure, every now and again the rich tapestry of the scene is unfurled.

We see the dusky Greek villagers telling up the steep side of an as yet unextinct volcano. We see the mule trains carrying the gossiping tourists to the top of the mountain, and the monastery of the Greek priests. Garrulous trippers spill over the scene, but their wordy interchanges get stuck in their throats by the never-ending beauty of the scene, of mountain and sea stretching into infinity.

Amusing Adventure

THERE are passages of rare beauty in the book, but action is not unduly halted to the detriment of the story. Ian Cawdray, himself a romanticist, goes for a swim one morning in the warm, blue waters of the sea which laps the isle of Santorin, and, on landing on the beach, discovers a girl.

The meeting is one of the most amusing pieces in a delightful book, since both believe themselves to be the only visitors on the island. While Ian is running about the island dreaming of freedom and the old Greek heroes, the girl is sunning herself on the beach or running like a deer along the beach with her dog. The embarrassment of their introduction, under such circumstances, is cleverly dealt with in a good scene. Ian discovers that the girl and her father are in hiding. From this develops an interesting story, which concludes, after many adventures, happily in London.

Throughout it all Roberts never loses that direct, terse, and wholly pleasing form of writing in which he mixes romance, descriptive passages of delicate beauty, and high adventure set in the magic atmosphere of the playground of the gods.

This is a book for everyone, because there is so much in it for all. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.)

Leslie Haylen.

Suburban Family Life

THE title has very little to do with this story of a suburban family and the efforts of the mother to keep her warring chickens under her maternal wing. The action of the story takes place on Bank Holiday, and the children are rather tiresome: Margaret Bonnet, the eldest, is languishing over an unhappy love affair; Bertha breasts the family with her boy friend, a brave deed in such a family. Dick, the son, is wayward, and a silly infatuation leads to loss of work and the black looks of the censorious suburbanites. Not a very interesting crowd when added to it is a mean-spirited and bullying husband, but the mother shines like a light among her uneasy brood. It is her good, sound common sense, her loyalty, and her mother love which smooth the path for her children. The most competently-drawn character in the book, Mrs. Bonnet is real. We know her—we have met her—and for that reason alone the book is well worth reading. **"Eighty in the Shade." Joan de Fraine.** (John Long. 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

POEMS. Yvonne Webb. In this little booklet Miss Webb has a collection of the best of her poems which have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly. This youngster shows the keen insight and sympathy of the born poet, and she has the gift of melody in words. Observation is keen also, and a fine understanding remarkably mature for such a young writer runs through all her verse.

"The Wish" is a particularly fine example:

"One wish I long to satisfy—
To search the city pavements after eight,
And cheer the folks who've missed each other—
The sweethearts who have come too late."

—Published by Miss Yvonne Webb.

* * *

"THE VISION." D. M. Rae. This is another slim volume of verse by an Australian woman, and there is quality in many of her verses. "My Gift to Aussie," the opening verse in the book, is in a fine patriotic spirit, and has a nice appreciation of word values. "The Vision," the namepiece, is also an interesting poem with a deeply religious note running through it. (Stockwell, London. 6d.)

* * *

"SCARLET AND WHITE." Olive Wadsley. Being married to an enthusiastic aviator is not entirely romantic, as Ariadne, the heroine of this novel, discovers. After the first rapturous days of early marriage she discovers that she is playing second fiddle to aeroplanes, solo flights, and the development of an airline. Charles, the husband, is hungry for success in the air, up to the point of neglecting his wife, so that this success can be won. Ariadne is level-headed and sensible enough to know that her husband must get ahead in his profession, but to add to the anxiety of his dangerous calling she is consumed with loneliness. She turns to the wrong sort of people for companionship, and Charles comes to earth suddenly—almost a forced landing. Gossip intensifies his jealousy, and his marriage looks like crashing, but, happily, this is averted when both parties reach a better understanding of each other. A well-written piece of light, romantic fiction by a popular author. Character drawing is excellent, the portrait of Ariadne's socially-ambitious mother being particularly good. For a spare hour or so, or a train journey, this novel should meet all requirements. (Cassell. 7/6.)

"THE ARKINS TIME AND RHYTHM METHOD." This system of musical notation, it is claimed, simplifies the practice universally adopted to impart a knowledge of rhythmical structure. It is set out in this book in a simple, practical way that will be of special assistance to teachers, and yet can be readily understood by students. Mr. Arkins had as his collaborators Christian Hellemann, A.R.C.M. (London), and Roy Morris Smedley, Dr. Bainton, Director of N.S.W. Conservatorium of Music, has written the foreword. (Angus & Robertson. 5/-.)

"You have every right to be, Mrs. Evans. Compared with the way they were the last time I called to see you—it's a treat to see them now.

Don't thank *me*—I'm delighted you took my advice about 'California Syrup of Figs.' I could tell from what you said that there must be toxin in their systems. When children are cross and peevish and lose interest in their food and games, you can be practically sure it's an accumulation of poisonous matter upsetting their insides. Once you cleanse the system in a safe, natural way, children go ahead like wildfire.

But do be sure always to give them 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig.' It's a natural fruit laxative which safely cleanses and purifies the bloodstream and creates a fine healthy appetite.

If I were you, I'd make a point of giving them a dose once a week. You see, there's nothing harmful about it—and you must be so careful with growing children. It always annoys me to see Mothers giving their children cheap, concentrated purgatives.

Do keep on with the weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' Mrs. Evans. It's a fine laxative for young and old. As a matter of fact I use it myself and advise you to adopt it for the whole family."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

"Soft corns and swollen feet caused me agonies of pain. Rubbing in a little Zam-Buk, after first soaking them in warm water, put my feet in a fine condition." Mrs. A. Harding.

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A STRENUOUS set, and you won . . . but what of your feet? Sore, hot, aching? Then they need Zam-Buk. Don't spoil your game by putting up any longer with foot troubles. Get the best out of your tennis by caring for your feet in the following simple manner:

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Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy and you can enjoy your sport in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

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Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

THE Slane MYSTERY

Another Story of "The Three Just Men"

By

Edgar Wallace

THE killing of Bernard Slane was one of those mysteries which delight the Press and worry the police. Mr. Slane was a rich stockbroker, a bachelor, and a good fellow. He had dined at a Pall Mall Club, and, his car being in the hands of the makers, he took a taxicab and ordered it to drive to his flat, which was in Albert Palace Mansions. The porter of the mansions had taken the elevator to the fifth floor at the time Mr. Slane arrived.

The first intimation that there was anything wrong was when the porter came down to find the taxi-driver standing in the hall, and asked him what he wanted.

"I've just brought a gentleman here —Mr. Slane, who lives at No. 7," said the driver. "He hadn't got any change so he's gone in to get it."

This was quite likely, because Slane lived on the first floor and invariably used the stairs. They chatted together, the porter and the driver, for some five minutes, and then the porter undertook to go up and collect the money for the fare. Albert Palace Mansions differed from every other apartment house of its kind in that, on the first and the most expensive floor, there was one small flat consisting of four rooms, which was occupied by Slane.

A light showed through the transom, but then it had been burning all the evening. The porter rang the bell and waited, rang it again, knocked, without, however, getting an answer. He returned to the cabman.

"He must have gone to sleep—how was he?" he asked.

BY his question he meant to inquire whether the stockbroker was quite sober. It is the fact that Slane drank rather heavily and had come home more than once in a condition which necessitated the help of the night porter to get him to bed.

The cabman, whose name was Reynolds, admitted as much as, and probably more than, was good for him. Again the porter attempted to get a reply from the flat, and, when this failed, he paid the cabman out of his own pocket two shillings and sixpence.

The porter was on duty all night, and made several journeys up and down his shaft. Through the open grille on the first floor he commanded a view of No. 7. His statement was that he saw nothing of Mr. Slane that night, that it was impossible for the stockbroker to have left the building without his seeing him.

At half-past five the next morning a policeman patrolling Green Park saw a man sitting huddled up on a garden chair. He was in evening dress, his attitude so suspicious that the policeman stepped over the rails and crossed the stretch of grass which intervened between the pathway and the chair which was placed near a clump of rhododendrons. He came up to the man, to find his fears justified. The man was dead; he had been terribly battered with some blunt instrument, and a search of the pockets revealed his identity as Bernard Slane.

Near the spot was an iron gateway set in the rails leading to the Mall, and the lock of this was discovered to be smashed. Detectives from Scotland Yard were at once on the spot; the porter of Albert Palace Mansions was questioned; and a call was sent round, asking the driver Reynolds to call at the Yard. He was there by twelve o'clock, but could throw no light on the mystery.

Reynolds was a respectable man without any record against him, and was a widower who lived over a garage near Dorset Square, Baker St.

"A most amusing crime," said Leon Gonsalez, his elbows on the breakfast table, his head between his hands.

"Why amusing?" asked George.

Leon read on, his lips moving, a trick of his, as he devoured every printed line. After a while he leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes.

"It is amusing," he said, "because of the hotel bill that was found in the dead man's pocket."

He put his finger on a paragraph and Manfred drew the paper towards him and read:

"The police discovered in the right-hand pocket of the murdered man's overcoat a bloodstained paper which proved to be an hotel bill, issued by the Plage Hotel, Ostend, on Aug at 3, 1921. The bill was made out in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbraham and was for 7500 francs."

Manfred pushed the paper back.

"Isn't the mystery why this half-drunken man left his flat and went back to Green Park, some considerable distance from Albert Palace Mansions?" he asked.

Leon, who was staring blankly at the farther wall, shook his head slowly; and then, in his characteristic way, went off at a tangent:

"This new law prohibiting the publication of details in divorce cases is something of a bore," he said. "Fortunately, the date is 1921, and the circumstances which surrounded the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbraham to the Plage would have been given the fullest publicity if the case had come into court."

Please turn to Page 14

BARBED WIRE TO REPEL BAILIFFS.

Mrs. Jean Ruchbrooke, of Sydenham, London, has placed her house in a state of siege, but, although rates and bills are not acceptable, the butcher's boy is warmly welcomed. Barbed wire has been stretched across the porch, while a hose has been stuck through a hole in the brickwork. Fortunately for visitors, however, the Water Board has cut off supplies. All of which is explained by the fact that, pasted in the windows, are about two dozen summonses for rates.

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 38

The winning competitor in this contest is:—

MRS. A. ALLEN,
No. 8 SHORT STREET,
WENTWORTHVILLE, N.S.W.

Her solution containing One error, was the most nearly correct one received, and the Prize of £50 in cash is therefore awarded to her, and will be posted on Friday, 14th February.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 38

Four jackasses detected a large black snake which they attacked with fury, and after a contest of some minutes' duration exhausted their victim, which they secured and bore away in triumph.

DRESS BETTER out of INCOME!

5/- to £1 MONTHLY

BY the "Weldrest" method of easy monthly payments out of income you can be well dressed all the year round.
Send now for beautifully illustrated FREE booklet of Summer Models which will show you how to buy the best clothes and pay for them by easy out-of-income monthly payments.
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Summer Frocks, Ensembles, Swagger Coats, Linen Suits, Skirts, Evening Gowns and Coats. No extra charge for out size models.

PAMELA. Afternoon frock of figured fabric, shirred yoke and sleeves, crepe de chine jabot, trimmed knife pleating. Price 45/-. Delivered to you on payment of 7/6.

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FORMER DRUNKARD NOW MODEL HUSBAND

"Since taking 'DRINKO' in his tea my husband has stopped drinking," writes a grateful wife. Your husband, too, can be relieved with this great treatment. Write or call for free book—gives all details. Dept. W HOME WELFARE PTY., 353 George Street, Sydney.

Keep your teeth brighter with Colgate's — and you keep breath sweet as well.

YES — that's the latest word of authorities on the subject! Most bad breath comes from the same thing that causes dingy teeth and much tooth decay.

That is—*"Half-cleaned" teeth!* Decaying food deposits in crevices between and around the teeth.

The safe way to avoid bad breath is by regular, thorough cleaning with Colgate's Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam gets into all hidden crevices, emulsifying and washing away food deposits—between the teeth and elsewhere in the mouth. Cleans *every* surface of *every* tooth!

Why Dentists advise Colgate's

At the same time — a soft, grit-free ingredient gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored, teeth gain new brilliance.

Thus the same care that keeps you free from bad breath gives you also a brighter, more sparkling, more attractive smile!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath.

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

LARGE TUBE 1/3

2/206

IF YOU PREFER POWDER . . . TRY

COLGATE'S *NEW* PROPHYLACTIC DENTAL POWDER

A special formula releasing oxygen that prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhoea. Sells at 1/6.

insist on HORLICK'S "COLD" -it's more than a drink. -it's a food!

FAT Melts away the SLENDENE way

Reduce superfluous weight scientifically without drugs, dieting, or special exercises.

The great advantage of reducing with Slendene Reducing Capsules is that you run no risk. Slendene does not contain Thyroid or other harmful drugs, and can be taken by young and old alike. The action of Slendene, although rapid, has no ill effect on the system. In fact, users say that they feel much better in health after taking Slendene. Its properties tone up the system while acting on the fatty tissues.

10 Days' Supply, 3/6, or 4 Weeks' Supply, 6/6.

FREE OFFER

3d in stamps brings a Free Trial Package. Write now to Sole Proprietors, MYER'S PHARMACY, LTD., 101 Oxford Street, Sydney.

Miss D. writes: (Extract)

"My Doctor told me to reduce as shortness of breath affected my top notes in singing. After trying many things, I luckily found Slendene. I have lost 22lbs. in one month's treatment."

(One of scores of letters on our files.)

SLENDENE WEIGHT REDUCING CAPSULES

Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged.

We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Hordern's.

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C. A. GIBB, Optometrist — Hotel Australia Building, Martin Place, (5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank)

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And at NEWCASTLE

When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. The tariff is indeed moderate.

Wire or write for reservations

PETTY'S HOTEL

THE *Slane* MYSTERY

Continued from Page 13

"Do you suspect a murder of revenge?"

Leon shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject.

George Manfred used to say that Leon had the most amazing pigeon-hole of a mind that it had been his fortune to meet with. Very seldom indeed did he have to consult the voluminous notes and data he had collected during his life, and which made one room in that little house uninhabitable.

There was a man at Scotland Yard, Inspector Meadows, who was on the friendliest terms with the three. It was his practice to smoke a pipe, indeed many pipes, of evenings in the little Curzon Street house. He came that night, rather full of the Slane mystery.

"Slane was a pretty rapid sort," he said. "From the evidence that was found in his house, it is clear that he was the one man in London who ought not to be a bachelor if about two dozen women had their rights! By the way, we've traced Mr. and Mrs. Wilbraham. Wilbraham was of course Slane. The lady isn't so easy to find; one of his pick-ups, I suppose——"

"And yet the only girl he was willing to marry," said Gonsalez.

"How did you know that?" asked the startled detective.

Leon chuckled.

"The bill was obviously sent to give the husband evidence. The husband, either because he was willing to give his wife another chance or because he was a Roman Catholic, did not divorce her. Now tell me"—he leaned forward over the table and beamed on the detective—"when the cabman drew up before the door of Albert Palace Mansions, did Slane immediately alight?—I can tell you he didn't."

"You've been making inquiries," said the other suspiciously. "No, he waited there. The cabman, being a tactful individual, thought it best to keep him inside until the people who were in the hall had gone up in the lift—which is visible from the door."

"Exactly. Was it the cabman's idea or Slane's?"

"The cabman's," said Meadows. "Slane was half asleep when the cabman pulled him out."

"One more question: when the elevator man took this party to the fifth floor, did he come down immediately?"

The Inspector shook his head.

"No, he stayed up there talking to the tenants. He heard Slane's door slam, and that was the first intimation he had that somebody had come in."

Leon jerked back into his chair, a delighted smile on his face.

"What do you think, Raymond?" He addressed the saturnine Poiccart.

"What do you think?" said the other.

Meadows looked from Poiccart to Gonsalez.

"Have you any theory as to why Slane went out again?"

"He didn't go out again," said the two men in unison.

Meadows caught George Manfred's smiling eyes.

"They're trying to mystify you, Meadows, but what they say is true. Obviously he did not go out again."

He rose and stretched himself.

"I'm going to bed; and I'd like to bet you fifty pounds that Leon finds the murderer to-morrow, though I won't swear that he will hand him over to Scotland Yard."

At eight o'clo. next morning, when, with a cigarette in his mouth, Reynolds, the taxi-driver, was making a final inspection of his cab before taking it out for the day, Leon Gonsalez walked into the mews.

REYNOLDS was a man of forty, a quiet, good-looking fellow, refined of speech and courteous in a particularly pleasing way.

"You're not another detective, are you?" he asked, smiling ruefully. "I've answered as many foolish questions as I care to answer."

"Is this your own cab?" Leon nodded to the shining machine.

"Yes, that's mine," said the driver. "Cab-owning is not the gold mine some people think it is. And if you happen to get mixed up in a case like this, your takings fall fifty per cent."

Very briefly Leon explained his position.

"The Triangle Agency—Oh, yes, I remember: you're the Four Just Men, aren't you? Good Lord! Scotland Yard haven't put you on the job?"

"I'm on the job for my own amusement," said Leon, giving smile for smile. "There are one or two matters which weren't quite clear to me, and I wondered if you would mind telling me something that the police do not seem to know."

The man hesitated, and then:

"Come up to my room," he said, and led the way up the narrow stairs.

The room was surprisingly well-furnished. There were one or two old pieces, Leon noticed, which must have been worth a lot of money. On a gate-legged table in the centre of the room was a leather hat box, and near the table a suitcase. The cabman must have noticed his eyes rest on these, for he said quickly:

"They belong to a customer of mine. I'm taking them to the station."

From where he stood, Leon could see they were addressed to the Tetley cloak room to be called for; he made no comment on this, but his observation evidently disconcerted his host, for his manner changed.

"Now, Mr. Gonsalez, I'm a working man, so I'm afraid I can't give you very much time. What is it you want to know?"

"I particularly wish to know," said Leon, "whether the day you brought Slane to his house had been a very busy one for you?"

"It was fairly profitable," said the other. "I have already given the police an account of my fares, including the hospital case—but I suppose you know that."

"Which hospital case was this?"

The man hesitated.

"I don't want you to think I'm boasting about doing a thing like that—it was just humanity. A woman was knocked down by a bus in Baker Street. I picked her up and took her to the hospital."

"Was she badly hurt?"

"She died." His voice was curt.

Leon looked at him thoughtfully. Again his eyes roved to the suitcase.

"Thank you," he said. "Will you come to Curzon Street to-night at nine o'clock? Here's my address." He took a card from his pocket.

Please turn to Page 16

Out of kindness to my hands and my linen, I always wash with SIREN...

Women who are proud of their hands and their linen let Siren washing-days take care of both. Siren Soap is *safe*—such pure, fine oils couldn't harm the most sensitive skin, let alone damage clothes or linen. You can tell a Siren wash by the extra whiteness . . . and it takes a whole lot less work.

NEW SIREN SOAP OFFER more FREE GIFTS

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46" x 23"
New, gay designs
● Save 48 Blue Crosses (from 12 large bars of Siren Soap) or 36 Brown Crosses (from 36 twin-tablets).

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Pure Irish Linen
● Save 24 Blue Crosses (from 6 large bars of Siren Soap) or 18 Brown Crosses (from 18 twin tablets).

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Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post your crosses to Box 4267Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Do not enclose a letter with your parcel. Simply include a slip of paper giving the following particulars only: (1) Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. (2) Number and colour of crosses enclosed. (3) Gift required.

SIREN SOAP

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

WIFE: I love this place. Everything is so restful.

GLADYS: Was the nice man you were sitting out with at the dance a stranger?
BERYL: I don't know. He kissed me as if he had known me for years.

VISITOR: Why are you still here if there have been no trains running on this branch line for the last six months?
PORTER: They've forgotten to remove me.

"The tide's on the turn, ma'am."
"Smells all right to me!"

Dancing Made Easy — This New Way!

Learn AT HOME

In One Evening!

WITHOUT music or partner, without drudgery, difficulty, or the expense and inconvenience of attending classes, YOU can become a finished dancer almost overnight. You need not be a "wall-flower" or "outsider" any longer, for I positively GUARANTEE to teach you.

EASY AS A.B.C.

Even if you've never danced a step in your life before, you will have no difficulty in learning by this method. All the latest Dances, including Slow Foxtrot, Quick-step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc., and also Old-time steps can be learned in an amazingly short time, and soon you will be one of the best dancers in your district. Success is ASSURED, for the "Dumont" System NEVER FAILS.

Be Popular!

COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL! Be Popular. Sought-after, and Admired by the Opposite Sex! Dancing is the Short Cut to Good Times and Social Success; and non-dancers, or bad dancers, miss half the fun in life. Don't delay. Send for this amazing Book NOW—while it's FREE. This FREE offer holds good for ONE MONTH ONLY, so ACT AT ONCE!

Send for FREE Book —"Dancing Made Easy"

To further popularise my amazing Home-study System, I have decided to offer a complimentary copy of this big, Instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, to all readers of this paper. Here is your chance to "get out of the rut," and be a good dancer; so send the Coupon NOW, before this FREE offer is withdrawn.

PROF. DUMONT, STUDIO 3,
192 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.

Post the Coupon —— NOW!

FREE!

Prof. DUMONT, F.S.A., Studio 3,
192 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.

Please forward me your big Instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," ABSOLUTELY FREE, by return mail. I enclose 3d. stamp towards postage, etc.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
ADDRESS .....
..... STATE .....

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

BOSS: When you called up my wife and told her I would be detained at the office and would not be home until very late, what did she say?
Secretary: She said, "Can I depend on that?"

"WHY didn't you answer that letter?"
"I didn't get it!"
"Didn't get it?"
"No! And besides I didn't like some of the things you said in it!"

THE husband called at the studio to collect two photos of his wife.
"I did make two sittings of your wife," said the photographer, "but in one she held her lips apart and showed the end of her tongue."
"Show me that one," gasped the husband, "I didn't know there was an end to it."

HOUSEWIFE: Can you come here again on Monday, Mrs. Wilks?
Charwoman: Yes, Mum, if nothink won't be as I don't know of at present.

THEY were climbing the loftiest peak of Mount Kosciusko, and she stood above him some twenty feet.
"What," he gasped, "what do you see?"
"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel."
"Ah!" he ejaculated. "That's the hotel bill overtaking us."

"IS that boy any good in the office?"
"I've not formed a very favorable opinion of him, sir. He spent a good deal of the morning trying to get 'Established 1901' on the telephone."

GERMAN MEDICAL SCIENCE ACKNOWLEDGES

"JUNIPAH"

Our Claims have been more than justified!

Thousands of sufferers from rheumatic, uric acid, kidney and bladder complaints have testified as to the benefits they have obtained by taking Junipah. Now a German Specialist has adopted Junipah for the treatment of rheumatoid-arthritis—generally believed incurable.

Junipah will give relief from uric acid complaints, and it is most effective in cases of SCIATICA, GOUT AND RHEUMATISM. It clears up CONSTIPATION and SKIN COMPLAINTS. Sufferers from skin blotches and pimples will find that Junipah quickly clears and freshens the skin.

JUNIPAH
FREE INSURANCE

Write for details of the Junipah Free Insurance Scheme for sufferers who invest in a 3 months' course of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts.

POST COUPON NOW

The Proprietors,
Junipah Mineral Spring Salts,
Box 1436JJ, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me details of free insurance against medical expenses. I enclose 3d. stamp to cover postage.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
J.B.S.—W.W.

Grosvenor Laboratories Ltd.,
Sydney, Australia.
Gentlemen,—I have the honor to bring to your notice the case of one of my patients, Herr Enrich Gemeinhardt. This gentleman recently visited your city on a world tour, and while there secured a supply of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. I have to report that the beneficial results which he obtained from the Salts have assisted greatly in his cure from rheumatoid-arthritis.
I specialise in the treatment of uric acid complaints, and particularly rheumatic diseases. Upon the return of Herr Gemeinhardt I made an inspection and was particularly pleased with his condition.
I secured a small supply of Junipah Salts from Herr Gemeinhardt and have found them so beneficial in cases which have not responded to spa and other recognised treatments, that I wish to try further experiments.
Would you do me the honour of sending me ample supplies by air mail, for which I enclose bank draft. I will take pleasure in reporting to you any further experiences with Junipah treatments in the near future.
May I wish you every success with your preparations. I am, gentlemen,
Berlin. Yours truly
December 10, 1935. LUDWIG SCHMIDT.

BE SURE YOU GET
JUNIPAH

Junipah is packed in red and yellow containers which hold nearly 50 per cent. more than other salts packed in bottles. JUNIPAH contains the genuine Oil of Juniper Berries—Beware of substitutes, which contain the Oil of Juniper Wood. GET JUNIPAH. Double Size, 2/-. Trial Size, 1/-. (At any Chemist or Store).

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MILLIONS STARVING!

ON THREE MEALS A DAY

NERVE TROUBLES CAUSED BY MINERAL DEFICIENCY IN MODERN DIET

AMAZING MEDICAL DISCOVERIES CORRECT CONDITION... GIVE NEW HOPE TO NERVE SUFFERERS...

Benefit — Guaranteed Or YOU PAY NOTHING

is offer made to you to-day by discoverer

BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

For MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Millions are starving on three square meals a day. The result of this unconscious starvation is a long list of deficiency and nervous disorders, and the deficiency is that of certain important food minerals which constitute the very keystone of health and the proper functions of the human body. The cause—drastic changes that have taken place in the nature and preparation of foods generally consumed, as well as the terrific strain of modern living. These changes have been so gradual that most of us are unaware of them. But they have taken place just as surely as the march of civilisation has changed almost every one of the other conditions of human life.

We drain from our body vital mineral substances by hard work, worry, over-indulgence, over-active emotions, and our normal food supply does not replace them.

The result is we become victims to this mineral deficiency.

MINERALS ARE NEEDED BY EVERY CELL IN YOUR BODY.

CALCIUM — HEART, TEETH, BLOOD, BONES, NERVES

PHOSPHORUS — BRAIN, GLANDS, BLOOD

IRON — BLOOD

POTASSIUM — MUSCLE, BLOOD

SODIUM — BLOOD

BIDOMAK contains them all... in an easily assimilated & pre-dissolved liquid form

Thanks to BIDOMAK

Say These Australians....

I FEEL A DIFFERENT PERSON!

Haberfield, N.S.W.

The Douglas Drug Co.

Dear Sirs,—

I have just finished a bottle of "Bidomak," the result of which I feel it my duty to report to you.

I have taken other tonics, all leaving me as I commenced—nervy, lifeless, weak, and in a general state of nerves, but thanks to "Bidomak" after one bottle I feel a different person. My energy has been restored and life has taken on a different aspect. I sleep, eat, play tennis, and enjoy life like any other person.

Unlike other tonics I have previously tried, although I have discontinued taking "Bidomak" for three weeks, I have not felt it necessary to resort to it again.

Should you feel that this letter will help anybody I would be very happy to have it published.

Hoping that other sufferers will benefit when hearing of "Bidomak" as much as I,

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) MRS. M.W.

(Original letter on our files.)

EVERY DOSE A BLESSING

Ashfield, N.S.W.

"I have spent pounds on supposedly excellent tonics, to no avail; 'Bidomak' has solved my problem. It is the only tonic out of the many that I know that I would advocate to my friends. Economical and efficacious, with lasting good results. 'Every dose seems a blessing' is how I would adequately describe it."

(Sgd.) MRS. D.T.

BIDOMAK IS A PRODUCT OF THE DOUGLAS DRUG CO

Chemists and Stores may obtain supplies from all leading wholesalers or from Douglas Drug Co., Sydney and Adelaide; Rocks Tompsitt & Co., Ltd., Melbourne; Fairthorne & Co., Launceston; G. Wood Son & Co., Broken Hill; G. Wood Son & Co., Perth.

We Suffer from

NERVES

SLEEPLESSNESS — DEPRESSION — LISTLESSNESS—ANAEMIA—NERVOUS INDIGESTION — NEURALGIA — NERVE PAINS — LACK OF CONFIDENCE — HEADACHES AND SIMILAR CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS.

You may be suffering from some chronic, nagging complaint — headaches — nervous dyspepsia or the like. Or you may be numbered with the vast army of people who are simply under par, lacking pep—lacking the energy and vitality it takes to make work a pleasure and success. Suffering from the depressing influence of being constantly tired—subject to headaches or colds or to a number of minor ailments unimportant in themselves but serious indeed in the way they slow you down mentally and physically. BIDOMAK restores to the blood-stream the vital elements, which include food-iron, potash, lime, sodium, glycero-phosphates and rhosphates.

INCREASE OXYGEN IN BLOODSTREAM

The cell salts of BIDOMAK correct dyspepsia or indigestion, and allow the body to make better use of the ordinary food supply. They increase the supply of red and white corpuscles and charge the bloodstream and tissues with an increased supply of revitalising, life-giving oxygen. They create new, healthy fluid, at the same time removing poisons and waste from the tissues. They create a storage of energy and nerve force. That is why it is necessary for almost everyone who wants to feel at his top to take BIDOMAK. Take a course yourself—you must feel better for it.

3/- for a big 13oz. Bottle

Benefit or Your Money Back

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking it we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty BIDOMAK bottle to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

THE *Slane* MYSTERY

Continued from Page 14

"WHY?" There was a note of defiance in the voice.

"Because I want to ask you something that I think you'll be glad to answer," said Leon.

His big car was waiting at the end of the mews, and he set it flying in the direction of the Walmer Street hospital. He learnt there no more than he expected, and returned to Curzon Street, a very silent and uninformative man.

At nine o'clock that night came Reynolds, and for an hour he and Leon Gonsalez were closeted together in the little room downstairs. Happily, Meadows did not consider it necessary to call. It was not until a week afterwards that he came with a piece of information that surprised only himself.

"It was rather a rum thing—that cabman who took Slane back to his flat has disappeared—sold his taxicab and cleared out. There's nothing to associate him with the murder, or I should get a warrant for him. He has been straightforward from the very first."

"It's very curious," said Gonsalez, when he condescended to tell the full story, "that the police never troubled to investigate Slane's life at Tetley. He had a big house there for some years. If they had, they couldn't have failed to hear the story of young Doctor Grain and his beautiful wife, who ran away from him. She and Slane disappeared together; and of course he was passionately fond of her and was ready to marry her. But then, Slane was the type who was passionately fond of people for about three months, and unless the marriage could be arranged instantly the unfortunate girl had very little chance of retrieving her character.

"The doctor offered to take his wife back, but she refused, and disappeared out of his life. He gave up the practice of medicine, came to London, invested his savings in a small garage, went broke, as all garage proprietors do unless they're backed with good capital, and having to decide whether he'd go back to the practice of medicine and pick up all that he'd lost in the years he'd been trying to forget his wife, he chose what to him was the less strenuous profession of cab-driver. I know another man who did exactly the same thing: I will tell you about him one of these days.

"HE never saw his wife again, though he frequently saw Slane. Reynolds, or Grain, as I will call him, shaved off his moustache and generally altered his appearance, and Slane never recognised him. It became an obsession of Grain's to follow his enemy about, to learn of his movements, his habits. The one habit he did discover, and which proved to be Slane's undoing, was his practice of dining at the Real Club in Pall Mall every Wednesday evening and of leaving the club at eleven-thirty on those occasions.

"He put his discovery to no use, nor did he expect he would, until the night of the murder. He was driving somewhere in the north-west district when he saw a woman knocked down by a motor bus and he himself nearly ran over the prostrate figure. Stopping his cab, he jumped down and, to his horror, as he picked her up, he found himself gazing into the emaciated face of his wife. He lifted her into the cab, drove full pelt to the nearest hospital. It was while they were in the waiting-room, before the house surgeon's arrival that the dying woman told him, in a few broken, half-delirious words, the story of her downward progress. . . . She was dead before they got her on to the operating table—mercifully, as it proved.

"I knew all this before I went to the hospital and found that some unknown person had decided that she should be buried at Tetley and had made the most lavish arrangements for her removal. I guessed it before I saw Grain's suitcase packed ready for that tragedy. He left the hospital, a man mad with hate. It was raining heavily. He crawled down Pall Mall, and luck was with him, for just as the porter came out to find an empty taxi, Grain pulled up his machine before the door.

"On the pretext of a tyre burst he stopped in the Mall, forced open one of the gates that led to the park, and waited until no pedestrian was in sight before he dragged the half-drunken man into the gardens. . . . He was sober enough before Grain finished his story.

"Grain swears that he gave him the chance of his life, but Slane pulled a gun on him, and he had to kill him in self-defence. That may or may not be true.

"He never lost his nerve. Reaching his cab without observation, he drove to Albert Palace Mansions, waited until the lift had risen, and then ran up the stairs. He had taken Slane's bunch of keys, and on the way had selected that which he knew would open the door. His first intention was to search the flat for everything that betrayed the man's association with his wife; but he heard the porter above saying good-night, and slamming the door, raced downstairs in time to be there when the man reached the ground floor."

"We're not telling the police of this, of course?" said Manfred gravely.

Poiccart at the other end of the table burst into a loud guffaw.

"It's so good a story that the police would never believe it," he said.

(Copyright)

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweetly scented facecream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3079 SS (Dept. 301L), Sydney, N.S.W.

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing, and fear catarrhal deafness, or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little crystal sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy, and the mucous stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to take. Anyone who is threatened with catarrhal deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial. **

HOMELY COMFORTS COMBINED WITH "UP TO THE MINUTE" SERVICE are offered at THE WENTWORTH HOTEL

BRIDGE PARK—SYDNEY.
(3 minutes from G.P.O.)
Room and Breakfast from 16/6
Inclusive ..... from 18/-
AND FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT visit the
WENTWORTH BALLROOM
The Wentworth's Famous Band in attendance every Saturday.
Supper, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., 5/6
For Reservations 'Phone BW1381.

INVISIBLE MENDING
Damaged Garments INVISIBLY MENDED and cleaned and Pressed at SYDNEY WEAVING CO.,
90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6952

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Operate a successful business of your own, earning from £3 to £20 a week, starting in spare time at home. No peddling or house-to-house selling. Numerous guaranteed money-making plans to choose from. Send stamp for full particulars to
PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
Box 2191LL, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DAINTY MISS
Miss 1936, fresh and gay, kicks her heels at the ancient custom of 1935—and, boy! what heels! White shoes, of course—always white, because she gives them an occasional application of that amazing new preparation, "Hi-Mark," which costs only 9d. and, furthermore, will not rub off! Agents: A. J. Veall (Agencies), Ltd., 127 York St., Sydney

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BEAUTY BOOK—*Our New Offer* TO YOU!

How to Ensure Getting a Copy of This Magnificent Volume

The Australian Women's Weekly is glad to announce details of its special book offer—"Beauty."

We have secured the Australian rights of "Beauty," a magnificent volume of 431 pages, covering the whole range of knowledge of beauty culture in all its ramifications.

Full information as to how readers may secure this splendid book is given on pages 41, 42, 43 and 44.

IT was originally intended to announce this new offer in our last issue, but owing to unprecedented demands on our space the book offer announcement was withheld until this week.

"Beauty" is a truly fascinating book, and one which every Australian woman will be anxious to secure.

All the accumulated knowledge on the subject of how to attain and retain beauty, with all the valuable helps that modern science has produced in this direction, has been epitomised in the chapters of this amazing new book.

Special sections are devoted to the foundations of beauty, the fundamental aids to beauty, maintenance of beauty, dress in relation to beauty, personality and charm, beauty in daily life, and beauty in children. Each of these sections contains the very latest information available, and the information is set out interestingly and in such a simple way as to be understood by all.

The book itself is luxuriously bound in powder-blue and silver, and lavishly illustrated, and is a volume which will grace any home, apart altogether from the intrinsic value of its contents.

GAIL PATRICK, Paramount player, chooses for her autumn suit this smart blue jersey with bold white stripes. Her hat, scarf, bag, and gloves are white.

Order Early

THE Australian Women's Weekly regards it as a great triumph for its overseas organisation that it has been able to make this book available to readers.

Although many thousands of these books have been ordered, it is practically certain that the demand will exceed the number which can be made available to readers.

Those who would make sure of getting a copy of this splendid guide to beauty should take steps immediately to qualify to receive a copy.

The conditions under which the book is being made available are very simple and easily followed.

All that is necessary, in the first instance, is to fill in the reservation form on page 43 and send it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Department WL, Box 3554T, G.P.O., Sydney, when a copy of "Beauty" will be reserved for you. Send no money with the reservation form.

Look For Tokens

IN this issue of the paper on the inside back cover will be found a token for the book of "Beauty." Subsequent issues of the paper will contain similar tokens.

AS a mark of respect to the late King George V, The Australian Women's Weekly has omitted the Intimate Jottings page from this issue. All social activities both of a public and private nature have been suspended, and both men and women are observing suitable mourning for their beloved ruler.

When you have collected four of these tokens from four consecutive issues of the paper they should be pasted on the voucher form appearing on page 44. When this completed voucher is brought to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney, a copy of "Beauty" will be made available for the extremely low price of 5/-.

If readers require the book posted to any address in N.S.W. the completed voucher form should be sent to the above address together with postal notes for 6/- (which includes packing, carriage, insurance, etc.), and the book will be forwarded to the address of the reader.

This offer can only be kept open for a very limited period, and, as delay to make a reservation of the book may mean disappointment, it is necessary to reserve at once.

Yee..... MILK'S GOOD!

Says one, and his pal replies: "You bet it is."
See that the children have plenty of Milk these holidays, and there'll be no need to worry about the rest of the diet, because Milk in itself is almost a perfect food.

Don't Forget Your Holiday Milk!

Inserted by the Milk Board.

a better machine!

1936 Bebarfald-BLUEBIRD

£5 below 1935 price

The new 1936 Model Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine has been considerably improved and incorporates many new features. Special attention has been given to the construction and finish of the cabinet, and Bebarfalds definitely state that the new 1936 Bebarfald BlueBird Bureau is the most reliable Sewing Machine obtainable at the price.

with genuine Lifetime Guarantee plus DOUBLE your money back

if machine is not as represented

Bebarfalds have such confidence in the new 1936 Model Bebarfald BlueBird that as a special Introductory Offer, they are giving in addition to the Lifetime Guarantee, a Double Money Back Guarantee with every Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine sold before 29th February. This means that if the Bebarfald BlueBird proves to be not as represented any time within five years from the date of delivery, the purchasers will receive Double their Money Back. Bebarfalds' experience as the pioneer manufacturers of Cabinet Sewing Machines in Australia enables them to produce this wonderful machine to sell at such a low price. It is unnecessary to pay more, but risky to pay less than this price for a good reliable sewing machine. Call or post coupon now for full particulars of this wonderful offer.

Was £24/18/6; now £19/19/-

Over 30 Different Models to Select From.

There is a complete range of Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machines of more than 30 Models, including the "Canberra" and Console Electric as illustrated. Write for particulars.

THE ONLY ECONOMICAL, COMPLETE MACHINE

The new BlueBird is the only Sewing Machine complete with these exclusive features. A Special set of automatic dressmaking attachments, automatic backwards and forwards stitch control which saves turning the material, specially illustrated instruction book and any part wearing out or breaking through faulty construction or defective material, replaced free during the purchaser's lifetime. It is also double money back guaranteed. Post coupon now for full particulars and copy of the free book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

£1 DEPOSIT secures delivery OF THE £19/19/- MODEL and only a few shillings weekly

Special terms for Interstate customers. Your old machine accepted as part-payment. Post coupon now for particulars.

FREE BOOK

Bebarfalds

BEBARFALDS LIMITED, Opposite Town Hall, George Street, SYDNEY.
Please post me immediately full particulars of the Double Money Back Guaranteed Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machines. I would also like a copy of the free book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

Name .....

Address .....

Delivery handling charge free to first 20 inquirers. W.W.L.2

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KAY KF EFF

Kills Fleas on Dogs and Cats

"Yes, thank you! Some KF on me and my kittens, too."

Young puppies and day-old kittens may be dusted with K.F. even before their eyes are open. It is so soothing and safe. It kills the fleas and keeps them off for long periods.

READ WHAT A USER SAYS:

"Balmain, 1/6/35. Sirs—Personally I have four dogs, two cats, and a parrot. All are treated occasionally with KF (Kills Fleas) Powder, the result being 100 per cent., as one can handle these animals without the slightest fear of contamination. I have emphatically recommended this product to numerous friends. Wishing you every success (Signed) J.E.M."

"KF" Kills Ants & Silverfish in the home

As well as killing Fleas in Carpets and Rugs, KF will be found wonderfully effective in Killing Ants and Silverfish. Simply sprinkle it around the places they infest, in Kitchens, bedrooms, cupboards, etc.

KF kills red mite and lice. See the ½ and 1lb. tins.

1/3 tin

½lb. tin, 4/-; 1lb. tin, 6/-.

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

If you have the least difficulty in obtaining locally, send stamps or P/N to our nearest office.

KF is wonderful for destroying all cage birds. It quickly relieves their irritation, too.

OUR PEST ERADICATION SERVICE

We destroy bugs, silverfish, cockroaches, etc., on the NO-CURE NO-PAY system. Borers and White Ants eradicated, repairs carried out. Consultations and expert advice free. Write, phone, or call to our nearest office, Houghton & Byrne (see addresses opposite).

HOUGHTON & BYRNE—Specialists in Pest Destruction:—2 Bridge St., Sydney; 268 Flinders St., Melbourne; 12 Page St., Adelaide; and T. & G. Bldg., Brisbane.

A Reflection of Fine Taste and Good Sense....

The gleaming waxed finish produced by NO-RUB reflects good taste and beauty . . . and the pride of ownership. What a world of difference bright floors make to a home . . . what an added atmosphere of charm.

You can give your home a lustrous sheen without the drudgery of strenuous polishing. Merely spread the liquid on and in just 20 minutes it dries . . . and shines. That's the NO-RUB way. Then a light rub over occasionally with a dry mop will remove the dust and keep your floors a joy forever. Change over to-day.

WRITE FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION in your own home if you live within the metropolitan area . . . and a free sample to country residents on request, to DEPARTMENT "W," SUPREEM POLISH CO., 477 Kent Street, Sydney.

Packed by the makers of SUPREEM SHOE POLISH

RECOMMENDED HOLIDAYS

Country holiday. Leave Sydney various dates by car for Orange via Jenolan Caves and Bathurst. Eight days' stay in Orange. Return by car, from . . . £5/5/-

Seven days in Sydney, with visit to Jenolan Caves, Bear Farm, Hawkesbury River, Bulli, National Park, etc. With accommodation at hotels, £8/2/6 . . . . . £5/7/6

ADELAIDE. Boat to Melbourne, car to Adelaide, accommodation in Adelaide and Melbourne, all excursions, return by sea. 17 days, inclusive price £20/-/-

BARRIER REEF WINTER TRIPS. Don't be disappointed. Register your name now for particulars of fascinating coral reef holiday. Early registration strongly advisable. Three weeks' holiday from £20/15/-

First-class, April 10th to 14th, Easter cruise to Lord Howe Island and return. Other accommodation at £10 . . . . . £8/-/-

TASMANIA, Feb. 5, 12, 19, 26, and other dates, 13 days Sydney to Sydney. Wonderful inclusive holiday for . . £15/10/-

LORD HOWE. Inclusive holidays with fares and 2 weeks' accommodation on the Pearl of the Pacific £17/9/-

A TEENEY-WEENEY HOLIDAY at Wheeney Creek, Kurrajong. £2/10/ per week single rooms. Married couples for week . . £4/4/-

LOVELY LORNE. To Melbourne by boat, car to lovely Lorne. Victoria's premier sea and mountain resort, one week at Lorne, accommodation in Melbourne and return by car via Canberra. Fourteen days inclusive . . . £15/9/-

For All Local Holidays and Guest House Accommodation

WE ARRANGE HOLIDAYS OR BOOKINGS ANYWHERE

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

RADIO HOUSE 300 PITT ST., SYDNEY TEL. MA4496

SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 7

I AM going to tell the story.

Also how I come to be upon this ship with my half-sister, Miss Consuela Vanbrugh. I'm going to tell you fully and freely and truthfully—and you're going to listen.

I will begin with my late father as, but for him, you would not be sitting in that chair; the lady whom you wish to blackmail would not be on this ship; and this unpleasant situation would never have arisen.

My father was a very remarkable man, of a type by no means unfamiliar to psychologists and other students.

But he made one slip—a tremendous one—while visiting Algiers to buy Arab ponies. His bloodstock were among the best in England.

Absolutely off the rails he went, taking with him one Zazu Blanchfleur, a very famous Ouled Nail dancing-girl from the Street of Bouzen, "or Street of a Thousand Delights."

I suppose the overstrained cord of virtue snapped at last; a phenomenon, as I say, not unknown, and extremely interesting, to the psychologist.

His subsequent desertion of her broke her heart; broke her life; broke her reason. She mourned and pined for him; and, in time, went melancholy mad and died, because of him.

What postponed her insanity and death was the birth of her daughter—who was his daughter.

What we call madness is a queer thing. From the day that Homer A. Vanbrugh left her, she changed her way of life absolutely. He was her first real lover. He was her last "lover" of any sort or kind.

And as the child grew to years of (how can one say discretion?) wisdom, knowledge and understanding—and these things come young to the Daughters of the Street, poor soul—she understood what had happened to her mother.

But, for her mother's sake, she hated the man who had wrecked the poor woman's happiness, her reason, her life; and, for his sake, hated all men.

To her, men were lovers; lovers were swine; swine were animals from whose jewelled snouts she should snatch the precious stones as their filthy feet trampled the common stone that was her heart.

Willingly she would dance for men's pleasure, and for their money.

She adored her mother and she hated men; and she made my secret of the fact of her wish that they had but one universal throat that she might cut it. To no man was she kind save by contract, a contract that ended with his money.

Her frank attitude was.

"I hate you. I loathe you. You make me sick, and I'll punish you for pursuing me, if I can. You call me 'dear,' and I will be dear indeed.

A man robbed my mother of her heart and her soul and her life, robbed her and ruined her. For her sake I will rob you and ruin you if I can. For her sake, and my own; for I hate you all."

AT Algiers years later, Colonel Levasseur, a friend desiring to give me a treat, took me to a party, a nautch, a tamasha, at the Bouzen house of one Abu Sheikh Ahmed, a well-known Arab patron of the arts—and of the artistes. Here Levasseur promised me I should see something quite out of the common, something rather wonderful, not only in the way of dancing, but of grace and beauty. I was to see the loveliest thing in Africa, if not in the world; a dancing girl famous throughout Algeria; nay, famous from Morocco to Egypt; a girl known to Europeans as the Angel of Bouzen, the Houri of Bouzen; and to Arabs, as the Angel of Death.

Anyhow, I went, and, half-heartedly as I did so, it proved to be one of the most momentous actions of my life.

It was not many seconds before I realised that neither rumor nor Colonel Levasseur had exaggerated.

The girl was amazing, wonderful, indescribably lovely, astonishingly graceful, fascinating.

Dancing, or, rather, floating like thistledown, she came straight toward us, her toes scarcely seeming to touch the ground, stopped in front of me, looked, stared, gazed into my eyes as though she and I were there alone, and quickly gave me the sensation of being hypnotised. Although she said not a word, it seemed that she was speaking to me. I seemed to hear her voice speaking in broken French and broken English.

So strong was the hypnotic sensation that I, apparently with the greatest difficulty, withdrew my gaze from hers as with a physical wrench.

With a contemptuous glance she danced away, and when she halted again it was before a young Arab at the opposite corner of the square of seated onlookers. To him she spoke, and then again floating as it were round the carpet, stopped before me.

This time she did speak.

Kneeling before me with her arms outstretched, and bringing her face close to mine, she made love to me, bade me kiss her.

I felt as big a fool as I looked. I was in no humor for kissing dancing girls, and doubtless behaved in a pompous, priggish manner.

While the girl, her face growing angry, her eyes blazing, remained in a posture of insistent invitation, Colonel Levasseur suddenly sprang to his feet and shouted in Arabic.

I heard a blow, and, as I turned, I felt one. The girl, drawing a little dagger from her sash, struck me over the heart. I thought she had stabbed me, but, in punishment for my graceless stupidity and churlishness, she had made me look more foolish still, merely having drawn her dagger and given me a sharp tap on the shirt-front with her knuckles.

What had happened behind me was more serious. Just in time, Colonel Levasseur had prevented the young Arab, to whom she had spoken, from stabbing me in earnest. The girl had said something to make him more jealous than he already was, and, mad with his foolish hate, he had crept round behind me, a big curved dagger in his hand.

Please turn to Page 20

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.

Actual Photo (Unretouched). Mrs. Marion Bellner, Age 35, Darlinghurst Road. Taken Dec. 16, 1935.

Actual Photo (Unretouched). Mrs. Marion Bellner, taken Jan. 6, 1936, after 8 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.
YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

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All questions Answered and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 3427R, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

MODERN BRIDAL GROUPS

ARE modern wedding groups becoming too stiffly formal? There seems to be a musical-comedy touch about the dressing. Sophisticated modern brides look like synthetic Marie Antoinettes, their ensembles are plastered with "bits" from a weepy, sentimental mother's wedding get-up; the 'groom is all starch and stolidness, giving a perfect impersonation of a perambulating laundry. . . .

Perhaps brides are merely suffering from vanity, and the self-conscious looking 'grooms are dragged into a conspiracy to show "the people next door." One suspects mothers and the in-laws of having too many interfering fingers in the nuptial pie.

£1 for this letter to Miss Dorothy Liddicoat, 12 Armstrong St., Middle Park, Melbourne SC6, Vic.

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ASKING HER INTENTIONS

THEY say times change, and presumably it is so, for the modern trend seems to be to ask the girl's intentions, not the young man's. Several cases have come to my notice.

A girl, after attending several dances with a young man, was pounced on by his watchful mother, who demanded in front of everyone, "Do you intend to make my son your husband, or merely your dancing partner?"

A second mother was more subtle. She drew the girl out during their conversation, inquiring her preference for town or country life, the social whirl or domesticity, her ideas on children and mending clothes (a good one that!), ending with, "Then, my dear, I suppose you intend settling in life with my Harry, as your views on things in general coincide with his. Is it so?"

Next thing we'll see eligible bachelors with a tag on the lapel of their coats, "Gold-diggers and platonic friends need not apply."

M. E. Barrett, Quorn, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

SAVING TRAM-TICKETS

WHY do so many people get into that silly habit of saving tram tickets instead of destroying them on alighting?

Much amusement is often given to fellow-passengers when a tram inspector boards a tram and comes upon thoughtless persons, who show about six tickets without having any idea which ticket they have just received.

To me it seems a very foolish habit, and must be annoying both to the conductor and inspector.

Ida Falconer, 6 High St., Balmain, Sydney.

Canine Friendship Overlooks Human Error

IN his par (11/1/36) R. Lindon Brown, while disparaging a dog's friendship, strikes the keynote of the beauty of this loyalty. The canine friend values you as you treat him, and if you treat him fairly, even if all the world turns against you for a "rotter," he will stand your friend.

To him you are the person who loves him, and with all the loyalty of his loving heart he will return your love. Now, I ask you, R. Lindon Brown, do many human friends value you as you treat them—in spite of the world?

Miss D. Davey, Port Broughton, S.A.

Loves in Spite of Faults

IN limiting a dog's intelligence, doesn't R. Lindon Brown libel his own?

Loyalty doesn't imply blindness to a person's faults, but rather an acceptance of those faults as an integral part of their character, in spite of which—or, perhaps, because of which—we find them all the more lovable.

Devotion in animals, as in human beings, is not controlled by reason.

Miss M. Chambers, Rutherford Rd., Tecoma, Vic.

Even a Rotter Loves His Dog

R. BROWN has certainly "asked for it" in regard to his analysis of intelligent dogs. A dog may be loyal to a "rotter." Why should he be interested in one man's treatment of another? It is his own life that concerns him.

The severest test will show that a dog knows when he is likely to be ill-treated.

A man of lowest character will fight his best friend and then stoop to carry his sick dog home.

Mrs Gwen Porter, 59 Yillowra St., Auburn, N.S.W.

Does It Matter?

RE R. Lindon Brown's par on canine friendship.

Does it matter what is the basis of a dog's devotion?

Also, is anyone "an absolute 'rotter'" if his dog shows him that loyalty and affection?

If humans would show their faith as a dog does, whether from ignorance or not, it would give us confidence to do bigger and better things.

M. Soden, 57 King St., St. Peters, Sydney.

Why the Songs of Yesteryear Still Appeal

I, TOO, have often wondered why the songs of to-day, however beautiful, never stay as long with us as the old songs do, and I have come to this conclusion:

In our grandmothers' day music was scarce, with the result that when we heard a song sweetly sung we appreciated it and it went deep into our hearts. To-day one hears the same songs over and over again on the radio, on the streets, everywhere, and as too much of anything spoils the flavor we quickly lose interest in the songs.

I agree with Mrs Sheldon, of course, that the memory of a dear one may make a song more beautiful.

Miss M. Maguire, 8 Wyalong St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Poignant Memory

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Sheldon that the old songs appeal so strongly because of their association with some particularly happy period of our lives or with some loved person.

It only needs a bar or two of one of those pre-war or wartime songs to bring back happy memories of the old home and its "six little steps and stairs."

The eldest of us has passed on, but whenever I hear one of her songs (she possessed a truly lovely voice) I listen with a little murmured prayer that her soul may be at rest.

So, too, whenever I sing one of those old favorites of hers it is with that same little prayer in my heart, and a fervent hope that I may grow more like her and be as well loved.

Edith Finn, Deighton Rd., Sth. Brisbane.

NUMBERS ON THE GATE

RECENTLY, in a daily paper, there appeared an article on the position of house numbers.

I think that these numbers should be on the gate-post for the convenience of people trying to find a house in the dark. How exasperating it is when one is endeavoring to find a house in the dark, and the number is on the door! If the numbers were placed on the gate-posts it would save strangers from all kinds of embarrassment.

I am sure that many readers will agree with me on this subject, and their opinions would be interesting.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Back to the Past

I THINK the appeal of old songs lies in the fact that they take our minds back to the past, and human nature being what it is we will always remember the happiness of former days and quite forget the sadness.

Now, every time I hear, "The Good Ship Lollypop," I think of how that awkward Blank boy trampled on my toes at the "Berry Pakers' Ball," but no doubt in years to come I will have forgotten my bruised toes, and when I hear it will only remember the sincere if somewhat clumsy compliments he paid me.

Jean Ellemet, Kyabram P.O., Vic.

Happy Associations

MRS. SHELDON asks: "Why do the old songs appeal?" Old, known airs have a charm all their own; not because they are any better than the later tunes but because they are associated with our happier youth. Does not hearing an old waltz tune simply land us back to a country dance, most probably in a barn, cleared for the occasion, decorated with bracken fern and trails of clematis and wild sarsaparilla; an impromptu stage, furnished with the treasured chairs out of the drawing-room, where two proud violinists and an accordion or concertina player enliven the long night hours until the dawn breaks; the tired company drifting to their homes on horseback or in buggies to the lilting refrains of the dance tunes. Who could hear them again after years without being thrilled anew?

Mrs. J. Marshall, Moortangi, Kolan River Rd. South, Bundaberg, Qld.

Smoking Carriages Are Not Only for Men!

RE D. Wilson's letter "Leave Smokers To Me.," I wish to voice my opinion.

I would be quite willing to agree with D. Wilson if men left the other compartments to women, but they do not! Personally I hate an atmosphere heavy with smoke, an atmosphere created by all windows being shut to prevent newspapers from blowing into fellow-passengers' faces.

To-day a woman finds it difficult to obtain a seat, and is not particular where it is so long as she has one.

Further, I fervently hope that the day has not dawned when a woman must sit by her companion and not make conversation because man wishes it. And I am sure no woman wishes to impose on so-called chivalry which cannot be given willingly. I would rather stand indefinitely.

Miss Joan Wormald, 115 Sailor Bay Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

Women Smoke, Too

RE D. Wilson's par on the advisability of leaving smokers' carriages to men. Why should these carriages be sacred to men when in these modern days there are so many women who smoke? The smokers' carriages may be just as attractive to women as to men.

Another question raised by D. Wilson, with which I do not agree!—women in railway carriages are no more likely to talk than men. A woman may "chatter," but there are very few men who do not "yarn" with their fellow-travellers.

A smokers' carriage is just the place where one expects to find men discussing everyday affairs.

J. Scott, Benmore, Scone, N.S.W.

PRAISE HOUSEKEEPING

"ECONOMICS" which embraces within its scope management of a nation and its finances, has for its derivation a Greek word meaning "housekeeping."

And the job of governing a nation is the same job on a large scale which the wife and mother perform in the home.

A woman must spend wisely the money her husband earns, but this is only a small part of her work. There is, in addition, the mental, physical and spiritual welfare of the children to be provided for.

All these things therefore combine to make housekeeping THE most important job in the world! Readers, what say you?

Mr. C. E. Langlands, 82 Todman Avenue, Kensington, N.S.W.

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"KEEP TO THE LEFT"?

ALTHOUGH I have made rather a protracted study of this matter I have failed to make a decision, and am constrained to ask the opinion of your readers. Does one keep to the left or to the right on the footpath in the cities? I tried the left on principle but was bumped, jostled and kicked so consistently that I threw in the towel and steered a wary passage to the right. I almost lost consciousness before I could decide which was the better side. Just as I was coming to, it flashed into my brain, as I saw the sturdy feet plodding by, that it was a case of the survival of the fittest. I would like to mention that my elbows now are very tough and slightly enlarged, but very useful.

N. M. Bridges, 39 Elizabeth Bay Rd., Sydney.

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LIVE DANGEROUSLY!

WHO has not been thrilled at times when reading the recipes for longevity given by elderly folk?

A dear old soul of 98 says, "Don't worry; don't grumble!" Can one really live to that age without grumbling or worrying? One wonders if living to 98 is really compensation for the agonised effort in saying the breakfast bacon is tender when it really isn't, or that certain people are "sweet souls" when "vinegary" would be the right adjective.

Is it not, after all, far better to live dangerously rather than to exist placidly?

Miss Lesley J. Preiss, Sunny Dale, Swan Reach, S.A.

CORNWELL'S
PURE
MALT
VINEGAR
bought everywhere by everybody
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Kidneys Must Purify Blood

To Bring Vitality, Clear Skin and Youthful Looks

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, etc.

Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present-day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys. Fortunately, for sufferers, it is easy to help Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription, Cystex, which now is available at all chemists under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Hendelle, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system; otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the exact and rigid standards of the British Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a great improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs very little at chemists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sis-Tex) to-day. Schaffer & Co., Sydney or Melbourne.

COLONEL LEVASSEUR flew into a tremendous rage, called him a black hound, and bade him slink away out of the garden before he kicked him out. Old Abu Sheikh Ahmed was dreadfully upset, apparently petrified with shame and horror, and loud with protestations and apologies.

"Very well," said Colonel Levasseur at last. "I will hold you responsible for watching the seditious dog and letting me know where he is, and what he is doing; and if he goes to Zaguig without my knowing it, I will have you arrested at once."

The young Arab was Selim ben Yussuf, declared bitter enemy of the French, and son and heir of Yussuf ben Amir, a gentleman of the old school, friend, partisan, and ally of France.

We at once left Abu Sheikh Ahmed's garden, and on the way back to the European quarter the colonel took me through the Street of a Thousand Delights, and pointed out the house in which Zaza Blanchfleur, the mother of the Angel of Death, had lived and flourished; the house whence she had gone out into the desert with her lover, the man who was this dancing girl's father; the house to which she returned when he left her; the house in which this dancing girl was born; the house in which she grew to womanhood without ever having had a girlhood.

"He must have been a great lover, that one," said the Colonel. "Fancy winning and breaking the heart of an Ouled Nail dancing girl. Breaking it so thoroughly that she pined, went mad, and died."

"Who was he—a French officer?" I asked.

"No, a visitor—said to be an Englishman. But Zaza Blanchfleur always referred to him as Omar. Omar the Englishman. Her daughter's name is Zaza also."

I saw the dancing girl many times, and for some reason she was in love with me. She told me of her desire to get away from the life she was leading. She wanted to go somewhere where she would not be treated as half-white, where she would be thought of as a European, not the child of a mad love affair between an English gentleman and a dancing girl.

THEN came the greatest surprise of my life. I stumbled on the fact that the girl was my half-sister. There was no doubting the facts as they came before me. She was the daughter of that Algerian dancer, and my upright and religious father. My greatest desire thenceforth was to get her out of Africa. What she had been, what she had done, meant nothing to me. What other fate could befall her in Algiers?

Had I not a responsibility to this girl? Was it not my duty to assume my father's responsibility—as I should have assumed my father's debts?

Am I my brother's keeper? My sister's keeper?

Of course I am—and most especially when that term is literal.

In the Street of Houzen dwelt my sister . . . my sister . . . my sister.

My father could hide behind the fact that he did not know—ignoring the fact that he had never tried to find out. I could not so hide.

I had found out. I knew. In the Street of a Thousand Delights in Houzen dwelt my sister, so I went to her rescue, sought her at her home.

With a little cry, she sprang up from the divan on which she was seated beside a low Moorish coffee-table, the amber mouthpiece of a narghile between her lips, rushed to me, and flung her arms about my neck.

"I knew you would come," she said. "I knew you would come. I prayed to God, and I knew you would come."

"My dear," she said, "take me away from here. Help me to be all white, a European woman. Help me to be your sister, like your other sisters."

And she kissed me softly, gently, sweetly—entirely the kiss that a devoted sister might give to her brother.

"And I want you never again to call me Zaza," she interrupted. "What was your mother's name?"

"Consuela," I told her.

SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 18

"May I take her name? Zaza was my name and my mother's name, but I don't want to be Zaza any more. A heathen name. A name fit for this street. Would your mother hate it, and hate me, if I took her name?"

"I think my mother would love you if she knew you, Consuela," I said.

And that is how it comes about, Senor Manoel Maine, that this lady is my half-sister, and is known as Miss Consuela Vanbrugh.

Spanish Maine yawned prodigiously, stretched mightily, and consulted his wrist-watch openly.

"A very interesting story, Mr. Vanbrugh," he observed, pouring himself another drink. "What's the point of it?"

Otis Vanbrugh, with level gaze, eyed him straightly.

"The point is," he replied, "that I don't intend to have my sister made unhappy. She has had quite enough unhappiness. I don't intend to let her chance be destroyed. Her chance of complete social re-establishment; her chance of winning to security, safety, peace. I don't intend to see my work undone. Since the day I went back to her, I have devoted my life to saving her from what seemed to be her fate. So far, I have succeeded, and with an ever-increasing success. Final success is near. Do you think I am going to be defeated now—and by you? Do you for one moment think I'm going to see my sister's happiness destroyed, her life ruined? . . . That is the 'point.'"

Spanish Maine smiled.

"And my story?" he said. "That had a point, too. Did you see it? Did you notice it? Did you feel it? It was fairly sharp. You've been good enough to ask me what I think. Do I think this and think that? Let me ask you in return—do you think that, fate having given me this literally golden opportunity, I'm going to reject it? Reject it for a woman whose fault it is that I am poor; whose fault it is that I am peddling drugs to make a stake big enough to enable me to undo the harm she did? You talk of this . . . this dancing girl's . . . chance and opportunity. What of mine? Am I not as deserving of rehabilitation as she is? Isn't my return to my proper social sphere and status as important as her achieving a social position she never knew? I'm a gentleman . . ."

Otis Vanbrugh coughed somewhat artificially.

". . . a gentleman of birth and breeding. And it is my right and due that I should regain my proper station. This girl was born in the gutter, in the bazaar, and that is her proper place—and she can return there for all I care."

OTIS VANBRUGH'S face hardened, as his eyes narrowed and his lips pressed yet more firmly together.

"Besides," continued Spanish Maine. "It is not merely a case of what you call blackmail. It is not merely a matter of my having learnt a valuable secret and intending to use it for all it is worth. It's not that at all. It's a case of, I won't say vengeance, but punishment; proper and fitting punishment; poetic justice, in fact. She's the cause of my not having recovered my buried treasure, and now I am going to make her the means of my doing so."

"You are not," said Otis Vanbrugh.

"Oh? We'll see. Haven't you been telling me how immeasurably precious to you is your half-sister's happiness, peace of mind, and social security?"

"I have."

"Well, then. What's the trouble? What are you boggling at? The matter is in your hands—not mine. You can secure her happiness, all right, I'm not the obstacle—it's you. You are refusing to pay for what you want. All good things have their price in this world, you know."

"Including yourself, eh?" observed Otis Vanbrugh.

"Well, I don't actually profess to be good. No; on the whole, I don't claim to be one of the good things of this world, but I certainly have my price—in this connection. Oh, yes, I have my price, or, rather, my silence has. And this is going to be a real exemplification of the proverb that silence is golden. Yes, I'm afraid she has got to pay all right, Mr. Vanbrugh. She or you. I don't care which."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Well, if we are going to waste our time supposing anything so silly, I'll tell you. If I don't have the satisfaction of endorsing a cheque, I shall have the pleasure of indicting a letter. I'm a bad man to cross, Mr. Vanbrugh. I have my pride, and I don't forgive quickly, easily, and foolishly. Your 'sister' did me a very great wrong. She not only robbed and swindled me; but she cheated, insulted, and fooled me.

Please turn to Page 22

Summer means romance now

...Dot's learned to guard against ugly Cosmetic Skin!

"I'M having the time of my young life this summer," thinks Dot to herself as the men rally round.

"But gracious, what chances I *used* to take! Using cosmetics, but not removing them the *right* way! Leaving my pores choked with stale make-up . . . risking unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

"I know I'm safe now, because I always remove make-up *thoroughly*—the way Hollywood does, with Lux Toilet Soap!"

Summer will *never* mean romance to the girl with ugly Cosmetic Skin! Use all the cosmetics you wish, but *don't* leave stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them—enlarge them, cause dullness, tiny blemishes.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather reaches deep into the pores, floats out every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Every night—and before you put on fresh make-up during the day—use this pure, fragrant beauty soap!

JOAN BENNETT

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TWO STORES: Main Store, Castlereagh Street. New Men's Store, George Street, opp. G.P.O.

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88WW1, 2, 3: Pure spun and novelty silks in stripes or checks, white or pastels. Spirited styles to put on for lighthearted jaunts. Gallant the way they'll wear for you. Bust sizes 33 to 40. Each,

WOMEN'S SPORTING FROCKS—SECOND FLOOR.

42/- English Blue Willow Pattern 34-pce. UTILITY SET

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63WW5: That same Blue Willow pattern that always gives you a glow of satisfaction—printed in a dark, rich blue on fine quality, lasting sort of china. 34 pieces, including covered Vegetable Dish. Usually sold at 42/-, now specially reduced to only 28/6.

35/6 English Tea Sets

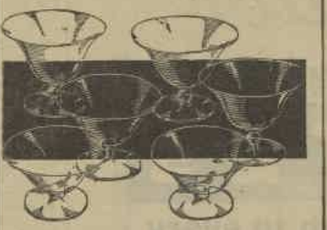
63WW6: First quality English bone china with Crown Derby coloured border designs . . . you'll like them! 21 pieces, including 6 cups and saucers, 6 plates, sugar basin, milk jug. Set now priced at only

29/6

13/6 Water Jug

7/6

63WW7: A very limited quantity at the price though. The "Pall Mall" design, finely executed in clear glass. Two-pint size. Now each, 7/6.



1/6 & 1/11 Sweet Dishes

63WW8: Sweet dishes they are, amber or pink glass, footed, and just set for feathery summer desserts. Note the reduction—as pleasing as the design. They are priced, each,

1/-

10/6 Cut Water Set

7/6

63WW9: Finely cut, gracefully-shaped jug with 2-pint capacity. 6 equally graceful matching tumblers. Good big ones, nice for your cool, long drinks. 10/6 set, now priced at 7/6.

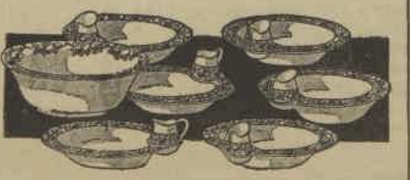
"ST. JAMES"

Spectator Ghillie

23/6

35WW4: Design is one we can recommend for autumn dodgings—about. Lighter than a winter shoe, but not too light and summery. Blue or brown Calf, smartly detailed with white. Sizes, half sizes, 2 to 7. Exclusive to David Jones'.

Shoes re-heeled while you wait, 6d. a pair.



13-pce. Fruit Salad Set

Usually 21/-

15/6

63WW10: The newest kind of fruit salad set—has an individual cream jug at the side of each plate, which is all very quaint and convenient. Creamy English china with floral borders. 13 pieces included in the set. Now priced at, set,

6/11 Fruit Salad Sets

63WW11: Only 40 sets to clear at this price, so your part of the programme is to order right away. Good quality English china in a variety of pleasing modern designs. 7-piece set,

4/11

MAIL YOUR ORDER. It's a really perfect opportunity to do your china cupboard a kindness, with such reductions flying about. And do notice those frocks! But order early. Postal Address: Box 503AA, G.P.O., Sydney.

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INSIST ON
FLY-TOX
THE INSECT SPRAY THAT
KILLS

There's a big difference in insect sprays: a difference in quality. But by insisting on genuine Fly-Tox, you can be sure that all insects in your home will die. Flies and mosquitoes menace the health fo your family; moths, silverfish and ants destroy your property; spray Fly-Tox in your home, and be sure that they *die*.

Fly-Tox is recognised the world over as the most effective insect spray made, and because of its quality it is economical.

Insist on Genuine Fly-Tox.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

It pays to buy FLY-TOX – it KILLS all insects.

F3-36

SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 20

"WELL, she pays me—or I pay her. She pays me back or I pay her out."

"As a matter of purely academic interest, what are your terms?" asked Vanbrugh.

"Ah! Now you're talking sense," approved Spanish Maine.

"Oh, I don't know about 'sense.' Merely a matter of idle curiosity, amusement. Simply of passing interest to the psychologist."

"It will be of interest, all right," Spanish Maine asserted. "My terms? Well, let's see. First of all, there's damages. Damages for what she did to me in Bouzen, leaving me stranded, penniless, and in the greatest danger; leaving me without any option but to go into this drug-smuggling, dope-peddling business; causing me to embark upon this extremely risky and unsuitable way of life. I think for material, mental, and moral damages there, we will say—let's see . . . I want to be reasonable and just; just before I am generous perhaps, but, at any rate, just."

It was Otis Vanbrugh's turn to yawn and consult his watch.

"For damages, I think we'll say a hundred and twenty-five thousand pesetas—say, five thousand pounds. Then for my silence for the remainder of my life—er—what shall we say?"

"Say anything you like," murmured Otis Vanbrugh.

"Thank you. Yes. Quite so," agreed Spanish Maine. "Your sister must have made a lot of money, oh, a lot of money, one way and another—especially another. Her jewels alone must have been worth a fortune. I think perhaps . . ."

"Interrupting you for a moment," observed Vanbrugh, "though the fact is in no way relevant to our present conversation, I might mention that my sister sold the jewels to which you refer, capitalised all her property, in fact, and gave everything to the Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart."

Spanish Maine laughed.

"I'm sure she did," he said, and laughed again.

"I'm glad you are sure," said Vanbrugh. "It helps you to understand how utterly my sister renounced her way of life. She cut herself off from her past completely, and dissociated herself from everything connected with it. Everything and everybody."

"Except me," smiled Spanish Maine.

"No, particularly you, and people of your type," was the reply. "So in making these interesting and amusing calculations, you must bear in mind that my sister is penniless. She has nothing at all of her own, and is dependent entirely on me. The jewellery she now wears, I gave to her. She can, and will, pay you nothing."

"And you propose to transfer the burden to the wealthy milord, eh? To Sir Harry Vane?"

"Have you any Spanish proverbs that warn one against judging others by oneself, Senor Maine?"

"Oh, yes."

"YOU have mentioned once or twice that you are a gentleman of birth and breeding. Personally, I make no such claim, but would nevertheless like to state that my sister is not a burden to me, and that, if she were, I should not be concerned to transfer the burden to Sir Harry Vane or anyone else."

"No?" smiled Spanish Maine. "No? But perhaps you might like to transfer the burden of Senor Manoel Maine's just debts and righteous claims to the wealthy Sir Harry Vane, eh?"

"I am not ashamed to say that I don't quite follow you."

"No? You surprise me. Is it not obvious that if our little Zaza marries Sir Harry Vane it will be he who does the paying?"

Otis Vanbrugh moistened his lips.

"Why should Sir Harry Vane pay you anything in the event of my sister marrying him?" he asked.

"Oh, come, come, Mr. Vanbrugh. You are trifling with me. Sporting with my simplicity. You are not as dense as all that. The gold would be Sir Harry Vane's, but the giving hand would be that of our little Zaza. She'd do the actual disbursing—if she wanted peace, that security and safety of which you speak; and untroubled nuptial bliss."

"I see."

"I'm sure you do, Mr. Vanbrugh. You will also see that if the dear child were so foolish as to thwart me, and Sir Harry Vane learnt the ghastly truth about her, my income would be unaffected. Unless, of course, it were increased. Do you know, I fancy Sir Harry Vane—title conferred by James the First, I believe; name and estates conferred by God at the Creation, no doubt—I fancy Sir Harry Vane would pay quite a lot to keep society and the general public from knowing that his wife, Lady Vane, had been a . . ."

"That's enough. Hold your filthy tongue, you damned . . ."

"My dear Sir! My dear Sir! Why this heat? Facts are facts."

"Yes, and there are certain facts concerning you that I shall . . ."

"Come, come! Don't let's descend to personalities. It is vulgar. Do let's remember we are gentlemen. As I was saying—I fancy that Sir Harry Vane would pay quite a lot to keep certain facts concerning his wife from becoming public property. Well now, we were making calculations, weren't we? Let's leave idle speculation and return to facts—and fictions—concerning your sister and the status quo. We were considering the question of the annual income, weren't we? I think perhaps we might put it at, what shall we say? The same as the damages? A hundred and twenty-five thousand pesetas, say, five thousand pounds a year?"

"Say anything you like," repeated Vanbrugh patiently.

"Well, then, five thousand pounds damages. And five thousand pounds a year for my silence. Now about recovering my buried treasure. Inasmuch as our little Zaza prevented my getting that, and deprived me of its usufruct all this time, we will say . . . what? Twenty-five thousand pesetas for expenses? One thousand pounds. That's a very reasonable estimate."

"Most reasonable," murmured Vanbrugh, unsmiling. "Do go on. There's more, surely."

"Well, yes. Naturally. You refer to the possibility of the treasure being stolen. Of course, as you realise, your sister's action has gravely jeopardised the situation. Suppose it has been stolen while I've been collecting the money that she . . . stole. As a reasonable man you will be the first to admit that if, through her, I have lost it, she must replace it. That would be, say, three-quarters of a million pesetas. Call it thirty thousand pounds."

"Yes, do call it that," said Otis Vanbrugh.

"So we have a total of nine hundred thousand pesetas. Say, thirty-six thousand pounds lump sum, and an annual hundred and twenty-five thousand pesetas—say, five thousand pounds.

Please turn to Page 46

Mothers Sacrifice all for their Children

Mothers the world over stint nothing—leisure, comfort, energy—to make their children happy. But mothers the world over rely on Wincarnis—the great tonic wine that brings back health, and replaces the vitality and energy that the care of children uses up. Wincarnis is the reliable friend of all housewives and mothers whose work is heavy and exhausting. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist *to-day*. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

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Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

Famous for over 60 years

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

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Are you feeling sorry you sought too long, too often, the hot kiss of the sun? Those freckles! those rough patches! Yet, you needn't worry. Night and morning application of pure mercolized wax will quickly set all right. Let this soothing, wonderful wax remove the discolored, coarsened surface skin . . . beneath, a clear and lovely skin but waits to show itself! Let pure mercolized wax banish skin blemishes, renew your natural good looks.

Your hair needs restoration, too. Rid your scalp of salt, sand, and dust particles, also suspicion of dandruff and your pretty hair will gleam again, soft, pretty, shining. Ask your chemist for stallax granules; these make the simplest yet certainly the best of all shampoos. And how sunshine increases superfluous growth. Remove unwanted hair at once with pheminol. Harmless, painless, it also discourages future growth. Worrying grey hairs are harmlessly restored to their natural colour by the use of tammalite lotion. What a joy to use is the new Dearborn face powder.

Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the new, powerful yet harmless germicide called Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well-stocked chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal. It is so powerful that old chronic cases of Pil... are often speedily absorbed. The leading chemists are now selling lots of it, under strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied.

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Tortured Back
BLADDER WEAKNESS

End Such Troubles Fast, without dyes, dope or danger. Harrison's Pills best Proprietary Remedy for even Bad Cases.

Cleanse, soothe and heal your raw, inflamed Kidneys and Bladder—get rid of uric acid, rheumatic germs and poisons—get peaceful, healthy sleep at night, with no more disturbances from urinary pressure, by taking Harrison's Pills. Best for young or old, either sex. In a few minutes, Harrison's Pills start their beneficial work. In a few hours you feel better. In a few days you're a new person. Get Harrison's Pills at any Chemists—2 inexpensive sizes. Money back on first bottle if it isn't miles better than any other remedy you've ever tried. Get genuine Harrison's!

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(Mrs. A. P.........East Malvern, Vic.)

"I have tried many medicines, etc., but none equal Laxettes. I think Laxettes are safe and are nice to take and to give to children and adults. I can thoroughly recommend them to anyone."
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Pascoe Vale, Vic.)

Triumph in every Single Case

Constipation can quickly sap your energy—poison your entire system—rapidly ruin your health and well-being. Check it without delay—with the safest of all remedies, Laxettes. Effective where other medicines have only aggravated the condition. Laxettes are endorsed by thousands of users throughout the country. Not only are they the perfect laxative for children, but they have proved invaluable to adults where the best of other remedies have failed.

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1/6 PER TIN

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MOTHER! Send for Free BOOKLET on WORMS

Thread worms, round worms, etc., may attack any child, no matter how clean its habits or how carefully it is reared. Authorities state that five out of ten children in all stages of society suffer at some time or another from worms. Ignorance of the signs of worms is dangerous. Get this Free Authoritative Booklet, giving all the symptoms and details of the safe simple cure. Baxter's Worm Tablet Booklet is supplied free and WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Write for it to The Laxette Manufacturing Co., Dept. W.W.8, 366 Swanston Street, Melbourne, C.1.

Unique Radio Pictures of the King's Death

THIS STRIKING beam wireless picturegram from London shows how the crowds lined up outside Westminster Hall waiting to pay their last homage to the dead King lying in state within. Throughout the day a mile-long queue, four abreast, passed the coffin at the rate of ten thousand hourly. The Royal standard is seen at half-mast on Victoria Tower. Other unique radio pictures of poignant scenes in London appear in the five-page pictorial supplement which opens on this page. The photographs were taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613650

POIGNANT ROYAL SCENES—BY RADIO

King George Passes Through His Capital for the Last Time!

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special London Representative—By Beam Wireless

The depths of heartfelt sorrow were plumbed when the body of George V passed for the last time through London, his beloved Capital.

To the millions of reverent observers the sadly-quiet cortege was profoundly moving. For Londoners it drew forth other pictures to the mind—pictures of the smiling King and his gaily-caparisoned escort going to some State occasion; the father on his way to Westminster to the marriage of his sons; the King-Emperor among his people on the glittering days of his Jubilee.

AND then this last. A man being borne to his final rest followed by his family, made one with the Empire in the universality of sorrow. King George came to his Capital for the last time in clear, frosty weather, with sunshine peeping through a slight haze which began a dull afternoon.

When the cortege set out from King's Cross station King Edward was accompanied on either side by his brothers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester, with the Duke of Kent and the Earl of Harewood, husband of the Princess Royal, immediately behind. They seemed more than ever simple citizens performing a sad family duty.

All four brothers looked tired and distressed. The Duke of Gloucester was particularly pale and wan as he has not yet recovered from the illness which kept him from his father's bedside during his last illness.

Reverent Crowds

THE crowd which stood solemn, silent hours beforehand, still stood long after the procession had passed. The only brilliant colors on the coffin were of the Royal Standard. The delicate yellows and mauves of the Queen's wreath of spring flowers, and the deep blue velvet and dull gold of the crown relieved the all-prevailing funereal black, save when a ray of wintry sun set sparkling a thousand facets in the jewels of the crown.

There was no military pomp about the occasion, the guard in grey overcoats and busbies enhancing the prevailing note of sombre mourning.

He was King, yet kept the common touch. This sums up the popularity of the late King George, which was evidenced at his Jubilee celebrations, which not only astonished the world, but even the British people themselves. Americans in trying to fathom this sincere and deep-rooted feeling declare: "His Majesty's emotional reaction in crises exactly mirrored the emotional reaction of the ordinary Englishman."

Englishmen trying to explain to themselves King George's tremendous popularity in an age where monarchies tumble overnight, agree that his position as unostentatious head of his own family, a devoted husband and kindly father and genial grandfather, was more than anything else the secret.

Endeared Him To All

THIS attitude—the attitude of the ordinary English middle-class man—endeared him to his own generation and won admiration from the younger generation who, although themselves under the stress of modern conditions, nevertheless feel the essential soundness of the true ideal of family.

In no age has a monarch ever brought such an intimate contact to the people. How well King George stood the test is revealed in his sure touch during the Empire broadcasts, when he spoke direct into homes the whole world over. It is this man who was also a King that the nation is mourning. It is to a King such as this that his eldest son succeeds. When Edward was proclaimed from the balcony of the Tudor Palace of St. James with the age-old ceremonial of the fanfare of trumpets and the crash of 41 guns, the people were remembering the last words of King George: "How is my Empire?"

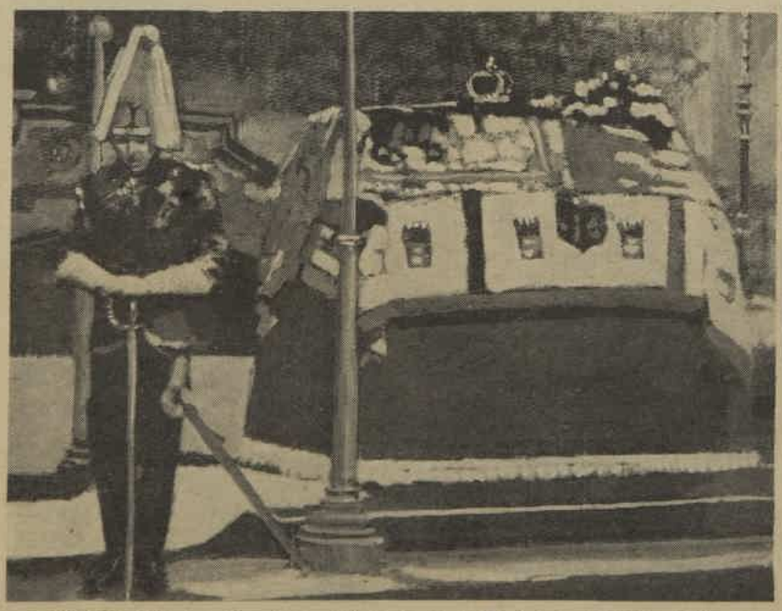
The first utterance of King Edward, "I am determined to follow in the footsteps of my father," gave them the answer. "All is well."

SPECIAL RADIO PICTURES by Beam Wireless of the poignant scenes in England. Above is seen the gun-carriage bearing the body of King George from King's Cross station to Westminster Hall. The Crown of St. Edward, which suffered temporary damage on the journey, can be noticed resting on the King's catafalque.

KING EDWARD VIII, with his brothers, the Dukes of York, Gloucester and Kent, and Lord Harewood, husband of the Princess Royal, following the body of King George to Westminster Hall for the lying in state.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613651

A SPECIAL BEAM WIRELESS picturegram from London showing the body of the late King George V lying in state at Sandringham Church guarded by workers of the estate.



THE BODY of the late King George V lying in state in Westminster Hall. (Special beam wireless picturegram from London).

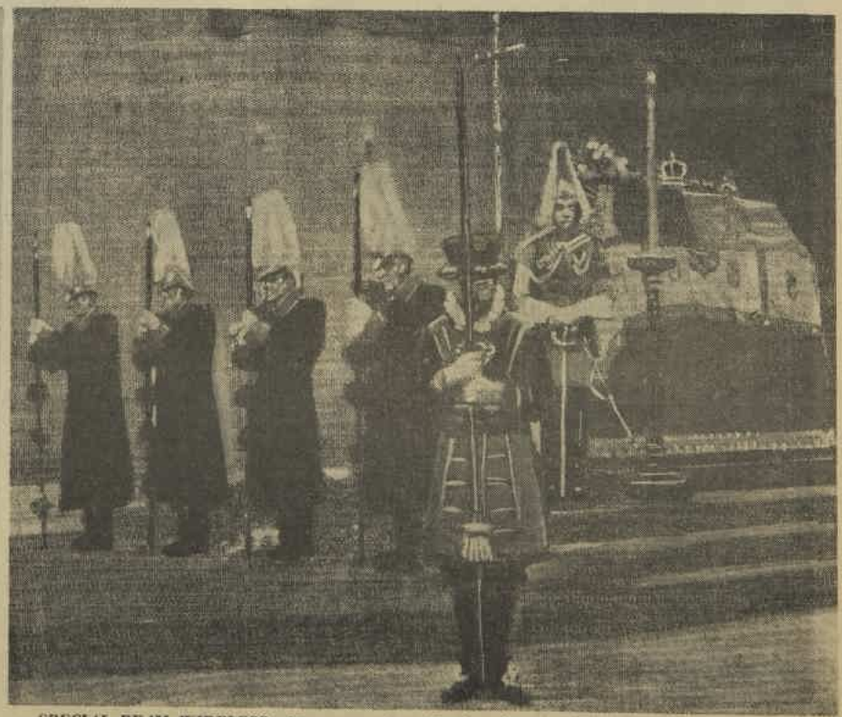
THE GARTER KING-AT-ARMS reading (from the balcony of St. James' Palace) the proclamation of King Edward VIII's accession. —A special beam wireless picturegram from London.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613652

ROYAL CORTEGE *Passing Through* LONDON

THIS SPECIAL BEAM WIRELESS picturegram from London conveys a vivid impression of the vast crowds which lined the route as the body of the late King was borne through London to Westminster Hall.

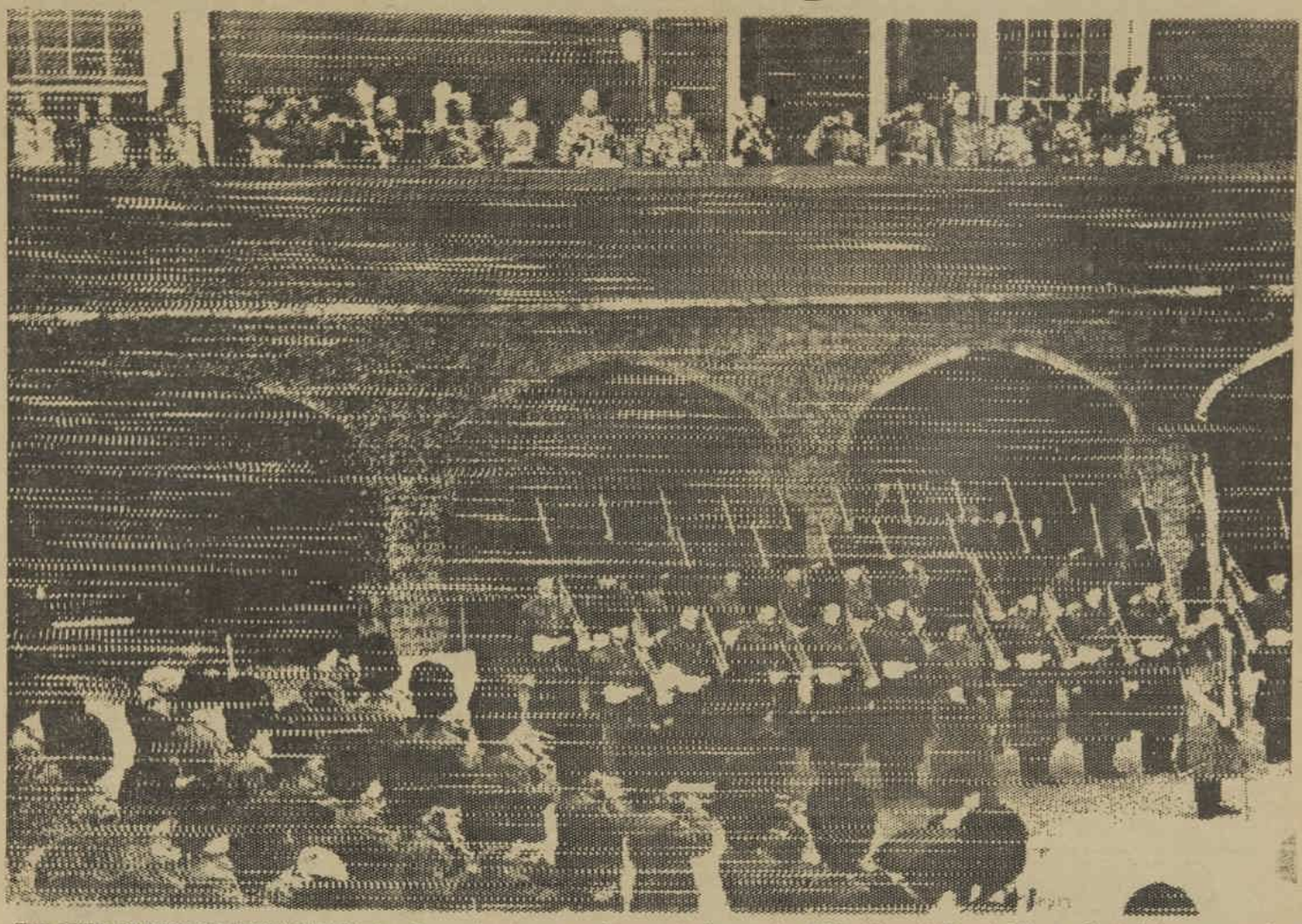
THE HISTORIC CROWN of St. Edward which was damaged by the vibration of the gun-carriage during the removal of the body of the late King from Sandringham to Westminster Hall. The Crown, which is used for the coronation of all British Monarchs, rested on the coffin during the sad procession. The Maltese Cross which became detached from the Crown is clearly shown in the picture. A firm of London jewellers promptly repaired the damage to the Crown.



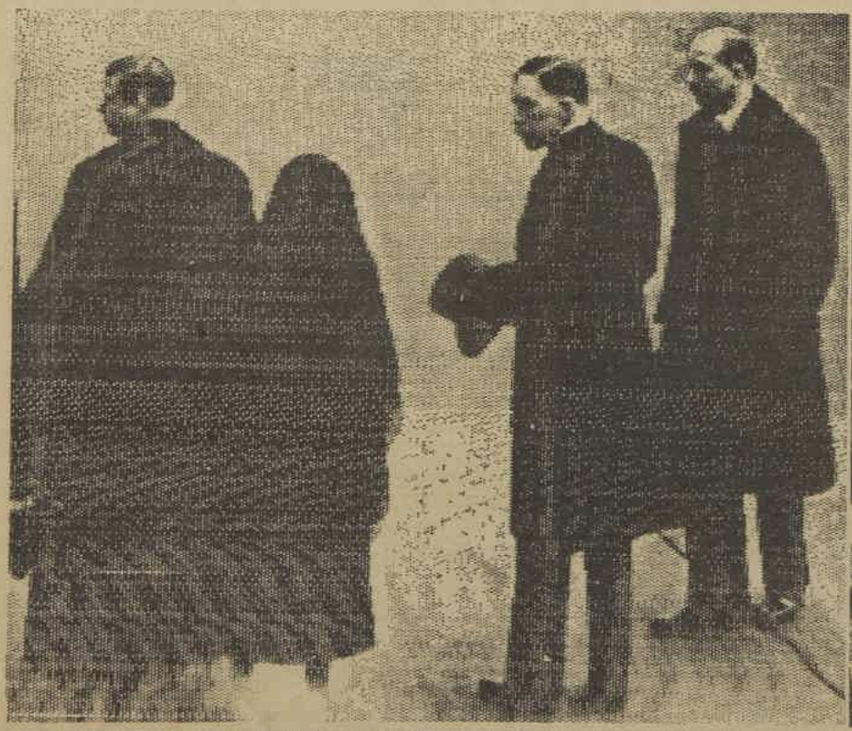
SPECIAL BEAM WIRELESS picturegram from London showing the body of King George lying in state at Westminster Hall. This picture gives some idea of the solemn ceremonial attendant upon such an occasion.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613653

Radio Picture of New King's Proclamation



THE SCENE OUTSIDE ST. JAMES' PALACE when the proclamation was read announcing the accession of King Edward VIII to the Throne. On the balcony are members of the Royal Family and high officials of State, and below the Guards and the London populace.



ONE OF THE SADDEST SCENES of a grief-filled week. This special beam wireless picturegram from London shows a group of the Royal mourners on King's Cross platform. From the left they are the King, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Earl of Harewood, and the Duke of Gloucester.

THE KING and his brother, the Duke of York, following the cortege of their father. Special beam wireless picturegram from London.

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LADIES!—There are many kinds of Dandruff. Are you sure that the dandruff which you are troubled with is not caused through dry Eczema of the scalp? Watch your face for spots—many are disfigured with it to-day. Why not get expert advice on the matter now before you are disfigured for life. Consultations are free. Take advantage of it now—the time comes when it is too late.
Ramsey-Williams, Manufacturing Chemist & Scalp Specialist, Metropolitan Bldg., 56 Hunter Street, Sydney.

TOO LATE

What a lot of sadness these words often convey. If you are suffering from Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flushes, Exhaustion, Failing Memory, &c., &c., that's

BLOOD PRESSURE

Why wait until it is too late? Be on the safe side and avoid a stroke (which may mean sudden death) by taking Dr. Neubauer's German

ARTERIOL TABLETS

They will make a new man or woman of you.
Mrs. Pitts, Toorak, says:—
"Since taking Arteriol Tablets I have been in splendid health. My blood pressure has decreased from 220 to normal."
Price, 12/, 5 weeks; 22/, 10 weeks; 5/6, trial size.
All leading Chemists or direct from
C. WINTER,
62 Wellington Street, Kew, E.4, Victoria.

FOR COMFORT
PETTY'S HOTEL
YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

COLMAN'S *Big Part* in New Picture

Flying Again . . . Cousens Returns

The word "flying" seems fated to be associated with Eric Colman's histrionic career. In "Splendid Fellows," his first talkie, Eric Colman created the part of "The Flying Padre." Now he has been engaged to play a part in the ambitious Australian talkie production of "The Flying Doctor" alongside Charles Farrell, the famous Hollywood star, with pretty Australian Peggy Maguire as the leading lady.

THIS time Eric Colman has been billed as the jealous husband, though whether he is to be jealous of Charles Farrell, or Don Bradman, who has been engaged to appear in a series of cricket sequences, he has not yet discovered. Listeners to 2GB, knowing the dignity which this popular radio star brings to his announcing, coupled with the experience he gained in "Splendid Fellows," will look forward to a fine, sincere performance. Incidentally, Eric Colman served in the flying force during the war.

CHARLES COUSENS, popular radio announcer, who has returned to 2GB.

Charming Hostess

HOLLYWOOD lost one of its most charming hostesses when Eileen Robinson returned to her native Sydney, and joined up with 2GB. Owing to her work at her Little Theatre, in which she was associated with Theresa Carmo, she could not entertain much during the day, but her after-theatre suppers were well known for their fascinating repasts, and among her guests were to be found the Boris Karloffs, the Charley Chases, the C. Aubrey Smiths, Mrs. Fredric March, the Warren Williams, and Helen Hayes. Another well-known guest was the Australian dramatic actress, Judith Anderson, who has been acclaimed as the Eleanore Duse of Broadway.

Back to the Microphone

AFTER twelve months' absence, Charles Cousens is back on the air with 2GB, and thoroughly delighted with the reception he has received from listeners. Hundreds of telephone calls and letters welcomed his reappearance. If you have ever wondered why once a man gets radio into his blood, he finds it difficult to get it out again, Charles Cousens will tell you there is a magic lure to radio work which cannot be resisted for ever. That is why he is back.

Chats About Books

BROADCASTING is a new adventure for Miss Evelyn Bennett, daughter of 2GB's managing director, although she admits that radio has been the chief topic in the family for years. She is doing the radio book reviews from 2GB on behalf of the 2GB Public Library each Monday, Tuesday, and Friday at 12 noon.

Miss Bennett only recently returned from a world tour, and has many interesting things to tell about places and people abroad. She confesses she met only one famous literary figure. It was at one of those typically English tea-parties, and after chatting gaily for half-an-hour to her partner she discovered that he was John Buchan, famous creator of Richard Hannay and his adventures, and now Governor-General of Canada.

CAN YOU WEAR TO-DAY'S DRESSES?

Here is a proved way of keeping a fashionable figure

Is your figure too "full" for those charming stock-size creations which you gaze at so enviously in the shop windows? Why continue to tolerate such a condition? Hundreds of women who were once stout are now able to wear modern, stylish frocks after taking a course of Kruschen Salts.

One lady, Mrs. D.S., writes:—"Only a few months ago I weighed 13 stone 5 lbs. and could not get a nice dress to fit. Now I weigh 9 stone 12 lbs. and can wear stock size. Many thanks to Kruschen. I have recommended it to all my friends."
(Original letter on file for inspection).

Here's the recipe that banishes fat—take one half-teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast. When you take Kruschen daily, every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system. Then follows "that Kruschen Feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity, and charming figure.

Kruschen is based on scientific principles—it is an ideal blend of mineral salts found in the aperient waters of those European Spas which have been used by generations of over-stout people to reduce weight.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all chemists and stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Ladies Who Value Their Skin Always Choose the Best . . .

LET

Parys Beauty Face Cream

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From Paris Comes This "Revelation" Cream

The very latest scientific skin preparation used extensively on the Continent and which is thoroughly recommended for the climate of Australia.
Pary's Laboratories, France, after several years of study and experiment, evolved a perfectly harmless beauty cream containing the newly-discovered "neodermine."
This cream is specially recommended to sensitive skins, being superior to cold creams and vanishing creams on account of its marked soothing properties known to be essential for cultivating a lovely skin; and is delightfully perfumed with nature's fragrant essences.
Parys Beauty Cream is actually the most perfect preparation to restitute the skin to its freshness. Its daily use gives a delicate whiteness and softness to the skin and eliminates the tendency to pimples and redness. It helps the tissues to regain their original firmness and removes the cause of a dry epidermis.
It gives new life to the skin, closes unsightly, enlarged pores, and is an excellent foundation for rouge and powder.
SUITABLE FOR DAY & EVENING. YOU REALLY MUST TRY IT TO PROVE ITS WORTH
3/-, 3/9 and 7/- per jar. Posted, 1/- extra.
For a sample, post this coupon at once together with 5d. to defray cost of mailing and packing.

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I enclose herewith 5d. in stamps. Please forward sample of PARYS BEAUTY CREAM.
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Reflects the Smile of Satisfaction.

What Women Are Doing

Fashion Reflects

FRANCE'S partiality for Russia at the moment is visible even in hats, according to Mrs. E. V. Saint, who is visiting Australia on one of her numerous trips to see her son in Victoria.

Mrs. Saint has "a treasure of a milliner" in Madame Alphonsine in the Champs Elysees, who, during the winter, had some lovely Mussolini hats for those of her customers they would suit. But, according to Mrs. Saint, nobody wore "Abyssinian" hats in Paris, even though they have become a fashion in other parts of the world.

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Philanthropic Woman's Generous Donation

MRS. M. A. WHITE, of Devon Park, Dunkeld, has just donated through the Administrator of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria (Rev. J. A. Barber) £2000 to the Australian Inland Mission. The gift is to be used mostly for the medical work that the mission engages in.

Mrs. White is the widow of Mr. James White, who may be remembered as the donor of £5000 to the Presbyterian Church some few years ago; and she has given privately various sums in charity's cause, one of her happiest thoughts being to found Brocklesby Rest Home at Lilydale (Vic.) for Protestant gentlewomen.

This property was her own home and is set in enough land to cultivate gardens. The house and land, valued at £20,000, Mrs. White gave with an annual income of £1000. So that her gift will not appear as a charitable institution nor have a pauper atmosphere her wish is that the small charge of 10/- weekly be made to inmates.

Since its establishment two and a half years ago over 700 women have received an average of over two weeks' holiday at this delightful home and benefited much by an environment so ideal for rest and recuperation. It is a rest home for women of all ages, married or single, and all are appreciative of Mrs. White's goodness.

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Appointed to Free Kindergarten by Wire

A TELEGRAM inviting her to apply for the job of senior assistant at the St. Kilda (Victoria) Free Kindergarten was answered promptly by Miss Marjorie Coultas, of Adelaide, and the next thing she knew was that the job was hers!

Miss Coultas was, until the end of last school year, in charge of the junior school at Riverside, which has now closed down. She graduated at the Free Kindergarten training school in North Adelaide, which course included two years of work among the children in very poor districts. But one of her main qualifications is that she recently visited America, where she went over a number of schools of various kinds, and, consequently, brought back numberless new ideas with her.

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Tourist Trips Are Her Daily Job

MISS OLIVE NORMAN, who has been acting travel hostess at the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau during Mrs. L. Drexel's absence in New Zealand, has a very interesting job of her own.

Miss Olive Norman —Broadbarn photo

She has piloted numerous notable visitors to Victoria to the various beauty spots, and she recently acted as cicerone to Grace Patullo, the Canadian schoolgirl, on her three weeks across Australia.

She has travelled in every part of this Continent except Central Australia, and is frequently in demand to pilot parties of schoolgirls on holiday tours. She has taken Melbourne school children to all manner of places, and other parties from Queensland and Adelaide have seen Mount Buffalo under her guidance.

Miss Norman was sports mistress at Fintona before she joined the staff of the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau.

Her other interest is amateur theatricals. She played with the Melbourne Repertory Theatre for some years. Now she produces plays for amateur dramatic societies, and often plays in them as well.

Quaint Wedding in China

MELBOURNE can probably top the list for the biggest weddings in Australia; but even so none of them have equalled that of Butterfly Wu, the Chinese film-actress.

Mrs. M. Colless, Brisbane, who recently paid a visit to China, was one of the two thousand invited guests. She said the ceremony aroused great interest, and the Cathedral was thronged with spectators in the morning. They simply swarmed like ants all over the place, and most of them were entering the Cathedral for the first time.

Mrs. Colless also saw a massed wedding at Hangchow, when sixteen couples were married at the same time!

London, Four Times In Seven Years

MRS. J. S. HUTCHEON, of Brisbane, has returned after her fourth visit to London in the last seven years. Besides adoring London and everything about it, Mrs. Hutcheon likes to see her son, John, who is on the staff of the London Hospital.

While away this time Mrs. Hutcheon visited Ireland for the first time and was in Dublin to see a drawing of the Irish Sweep. Crowds of people took part in processions through the streets, and the actual ceremony was most impressive.

Talking of fashions, Mrs. Hutcheon says we can look forward to a "military winter." Nearly everything is trimmed with braid and buttons, and hats have a military appearance, too.

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Visiting Queensland After Long Stay Abroad

MISS MOLLY BYRNE is back in Brisbane, after many years abroad, and we shall have the opportunity of hearing her beautiful soprano voice over the air.

Miss Molly Byrne —Norton Trevaire

She was educated at the Church of England Grammar School, Melbourne, and left Australia in 1920 for Lausanne, where she completed her schooling. Later she went to London and attended the Royal College of Music for the piano. Then she took a course of singing under Miss Anne Williams, late of Melbourne.

Miss Byrne had the good fortune to live with Mrs. Patrick Campbell for eighteen months while she studied diction. In 1930, Miss Byrne went to Salzburg and stayed for two years studying and singing there in concert and opera. She has also toured Austria in opera.

Teaching Half-Castes Is Her Fascinating Job

EDUCATING 80 half-caste children at The Bungalow (as the institution is invariably called), two miles from Alice Springs, is the fascinating job which Miss M. B. Robb, of Glenelg, S.A., undertook a year ago. She is at present holidaying in Adelaide, but will return to the north to resume duties at the beginning of February.

Miss Robb

In her school (to which she is driven daily from the town in a Government car) some of the children are practically wild when they are first brought in from the outlying camps, but it takes only a day or so before they become used to their new life, according to Miss Robb. Eighteen months are allowed them to do what a year would be allowed white children. Both boys and girls are very fond of sport and are good at cricket, athletics, tennis, and their own weird game of hockey played with mulga sticks and a ball—and it is a terribly fast game, too.

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Taking Over Y.W.C.A. Secretaryship in Auckland

MISS ELSIE BENNETT, of the Y.W.C.A., Melbourne, has gone to New Zealand where the Auckland "Y" will have the benefit of her fine organising ability. She is to be secretary of the organisation there.

Miss Bennett introduced sports into the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney, and this department to-day has a membership of 300. Her sister, Mrs. Peatfield, is now in charge of this branch of association work.

Miss Bennett spent a few days in Sydney, en route to New Zealand, and was given an informal party by the sports council the night before she left.

Measuring Buildings for Floral Week Decorations

MRS. ANDERSON POTTER is a source of information on anything connected with floral decoration, and is one of the chief advisers on the South Australian Centenary Floral Committee. From Pasadena, in America, Mrs. Potter has obtained designs and information for decorated floats, and pictures of elaborate decorations actually arranged in floral festivals there.

The suburban floral committees are using these as a basis on which to work and, combining original ideas with Mrs. Potter's advice, have decided on designs which are to be kept a close secret.

Together with advice on these floral floats Mrs. Potter is doing some of the measuring up of different business houses for planting window-boxes with flowers and greenery, and now has everything in working, or, perhaps, more correctly, growing order.

The general color scheme of each building and its architectural structure have to be taken into consideration, and Mrs. Potter has arranged that the flowers will suit and add to the beauty of both—an enterprising task when one considers the varied designs in only one block of buildings!

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Travelling With Viennese Choir

MRS. MARSI, the charming wife of Captain Fred Marsi, of Melbourne, himself a Viennese, has the interest of the Viennese Boys' Choir very much at heart, and is in her element at present, for she journeyed to South America to meet the boys and help them along on their tour of that country. The choir is giving concerts in all the leading cities of the Argentine and South America, taking in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, where Mrs. Marsi plans to meet friends and remain with them for a while before leaving for South Africa with the choir. Most of the important cities in that country will hear the glorious voices of these Viennese boys.

Mrs. Fred Marsi —Broadbarn photo

This choir is not the one that Melbourne music lovers heard last year, but is equally convincing.

Conditions permitting, Mrs. Marsi will probably go to Europe before returning to Australia at the end of August, but it is more than probable that she will go abroad in March of 1937, when her schoolgirl daughter, Rosemary, will accompany her.

Holiday School With 300 Scholars

FOR months before the long school vacation arrives children look forward to it with great eagerness. But in many cases, after the first few weeks are passed, the same children are at the end of their resources, and parents find difficulty in keeping them amused.

Mrs. H. A. Bean, realising this, organised eight years ago two holiday schools at Clifton Hill, Melbourne, for the final two weeks of the Christmas vacation. These have proved so popular that this year 300 scholars have attended.

Mrs. Bean has provided mental and physical relaxation in the programme she maps out, and no attempt is made to follow the ordinary school curriculum. One school is for children from three to eight years of age, and the other for scholars up to about 17. There are three paid leaders on the staff, and 20 voluntary helpers.

This school is made possible by well-organised evenings and concerts for six months before its opening, and costs £40 each year to maintain. Mrs. Bean takes a class of boys, and, besides this, she holds the office of vice-president of the Northcote creche and kindergarten.

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Acclaimed As "Australia's Mae West"

WITHOUT any thought of stepping suddenly into the limelight, Miss Thelma Smith, of Mildura, S.A., went to a fancy dress dance as the screen star at the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, where she was holidaying, won first prize for the most original fancy costume, and immediately found herself "paragraphed" and photographed for all the papers as "Australia's Mae West."

The Boxing Night fancy dress ball at the Raffles is always one of Singapore's biggest social gatherings of the year, and, all agog to see the splendid sight, Miss Smith decided to attend, with most unexpected results.

She left some months ago for a holiday in Indo-China, the Malay States, on a tea plantation with friends, and other parts of the East, and expects to return to Australia quite soon. The oddest thing about her costume, she informs Adelaide friends, was that, although the Raffles was crammed with about 1000 people, some of them in gorgeous fancy costumes, she just "made ordinary clothes over" for the night.

❖ ❖ ❖

Notable Service With Salvation Army

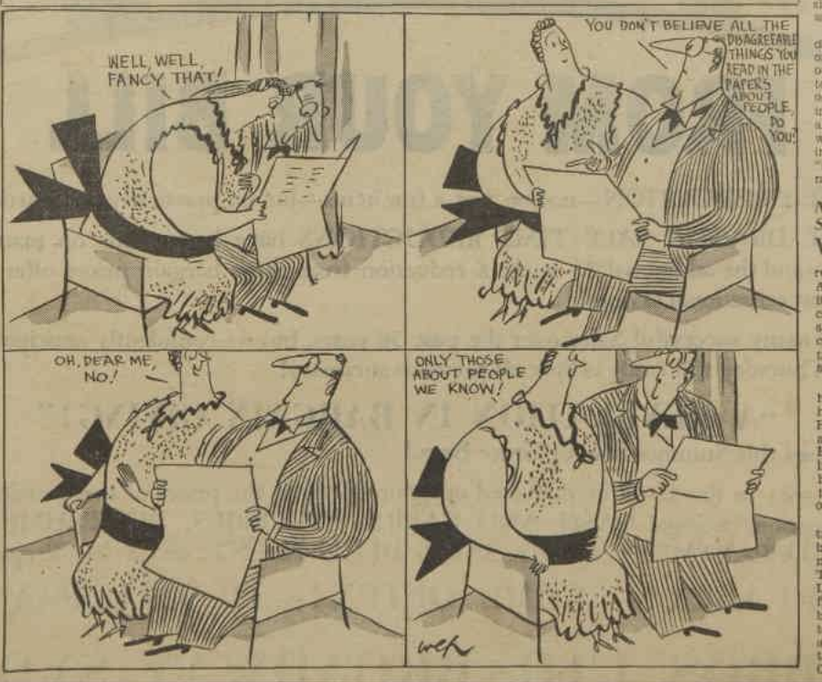
WITH a notable record of 36 years' service, Mrs. Colonel Howard has relinquished her work in the Salvation Army. In the initial stages of her career in Victoria she was mainly concerned with the immigration section.

Mrs. Howard.

In recent years her main work has been with the Home League, and as secretary Mrs. Howard has been indefatigable in her efforts to further this branch of the Army's activities.

Mrs. Howard is a firm believer in the tremendous good that can be achieved by the united efforts of women, internationally and in the home circles. The league, which was originated in London by Mrs. Commissioner Hay five years ago, now has a total membership of 1,000,000, all of whom strive to help their neighbors in needy times and prove by their practical Christianity the teachings of their leader, General Evangeline Booth.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP



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We have held many successful Sales over the past 50 years, but we confidently anticipate that the Sale commencing Thursday will easily eclipse all previous successes!

"A REVELATION IN BARGAIN GIVING!"

aptly summarises this Summer Sale of Grace Bros.!

REMEMBER—2/- in the £ will be deducted on your bill from the prices of every article purchased—the only exceptions being:—CASH AND CARRY GROCERIES, REFRESHMENT ROOMS, PROVISION DEPARTMENT, QUICK SALES DEPARTMENT, and a few Proprietary Articles.

COME EARLY! — COME OFTEN! — IT WILL PAY YOU!

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THE MOVIE WORLD

February 1, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 31

CALLING *Australia!*

King George's Last Picture

By Cable from JUDY BAILEY, our London Film Representative.

The last occasion on which King George attended a picture theatre was to see "Mutiny on the Bounty." His late Majesty expressed his pleasure in the film, showing the interest with which he followed anything pertaining to the sea by criticising one or two minor points, such as uniforms slightly out of period. He also remarked that at a court-martial an admiral does not wear his hat.

Hollywood News As It Happens

By Cable from JOHN B. DAVIES Our Special Representative

CHARLES FARRELL, who has left to make a film in Australia, should reach you nearly as soon as this cable.

It is understood here that he is to receive thirty thousand dollars for playing the role he is to take—at par, about £6000 of your money.

☆ ☆ ☆

●● Leatrice Joy, second wife of the late John Gilbert, will contest the actor's will on the grounds that insufficient provision has been made for their twelve-year-old daughter, Leatrice.

☆ ☆ ☆

Despite rumors that Paramount is tired of paying Mae West a huge salary and suffering her extreme temperamental outbursts, the company yesterday renewed her contract, giving her a free hand with stories, direction, and casting.

☆ ☆ ☆

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Senior, is once more back in Hollywood, brimming over with health and vitality. He is planning to produce a screen version of Marco Polo. Doug and Mary Pickford are the closest friends again, and are discussing the selection of a suitable actor for the colorful Marco Polo role. Both deny all possibility of a reconciliation, and Buddy Rogers keeps in the spotlight by declaring that after he marries Mary they won't live at Pickfair, the home in which Mary and Douglas spent so many happy moments.

☆ ☆ ☆

David Freedman, professional joke-writer, is suing Eddie Cantor for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, asserting that he wrote the jokes, gags, and dialogues which made the actor famous. Cantor doesn't deny that he used many Freedman jokes, but claims they were all paid for. Freedman has a library of nearly a million gags.

Claudette Colbert, world-famous Paramount Star

●● Pauline Frederick, famous star of the silent screen, and celebrated stage actress, is critically ill. Three of Frederick's five marriages ended in divorce. The fourth was annulled. Her fifth husband died recently.

☆ ☆ ☆

SYLVIA SIDNEY and her husband, Bennett Cerf, New York publisher, will shortly be divorced.

☆ ☆ ☆

A SON has been born to Fred Astaire and his wife a New York society girl formerly Phyllis Potter.

Some time ago Edward Arnold suffered a severe heel infection. After a great deal of treatment it cleared up and Mr. Arnold heaved a sigh of relief. Then came "Sutter's Gold," in which he has to wear fancy, high-heeled boots. In no time the heel started its old tricks, and now production is held up till Edward is patched up and someone figures out a way of getting atmosphere for the film without the trick boots.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN Will Rogers was alive he always wished that if his daughter Mary desired to continue her dramatic career, and perhaps leave the stage for films, Winfield Sheehan should guide and advise her. Mary has been very successful on the New York stage, and Sheehan, though no longer in charge of Fox studios, has offered to help her in carving a screen career.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE career of Lupe Velez in the French cinema was very brief. She went all the way to Paris to make a picture. First thing she did on arriving at the Parisian Cinema Company was to demand a guarantee of £10,000. When they failed to produce the guarantee she turned them down without further ado.

Lupe can scream louder and longer than any other temperamental movie star. Apparently the Frenchmen were not frightened.

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CHARLES FARRELL Fought to Retain PERSONALITY

AN ATHLETIC TYPE. Charles Farrell is never happier than when he is sailing, or, at least, enjoying himself near the open sea.

AN EXCLUSIVE STUDY of Charles Farrell, who is to play the lead in the Australian production, "The Flying Doctor."

Intimate Story of Newly Arrived Star!

CHARLES FARRELL is in Sydney. . . a real six-foot-two screen star is right here among us, bringing with him the glamor that is Hollywood and recalling those days when this loose-limbed young Adonis first sprang into world favor as beloved Chico with Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven."

Wherein lies a story... a story little known to film fans outside Hollywood, and one which nearly wrecked the career of this earnest and thoroughly sincere young actor. But...

IT was in 1928, just after sound-on-film revolutionised the entire entertainment world and caused such drastic changes in motion picture production!

Charles Farrell was just a good-looking young fellow with nothing but lots of experience, and a versatility born of the knowledge of many walks of life . . . who had finally gravitated to that Mecca of most well-proportioned youngsters with wanderlust . . . Hollywood!

As he stood leaning on a post outside the Fox Studios in Sunset Boulevard, his lucky break came. Attracted by his physique, an official of the studio asked him if he would care to pose for "still" photographs for publicity purposes.

The young fellow accepted with understandable alacrity—and that was the commencement of a career which has led him along the high road of film fame, and has finally culminated in his visit to our shores.

Too Much Publicity

AND now to tell you the story which nearly, so nearly, had a tragic ending.

Charlie met, fell in love with, and married Virginia Valli. His screen sweetheart was, of course, Janet Gaynor . . . a fact which, of necessity, was accorded no end of publicity, for the duo meant tremendous net profits to the Fox studios.

It was the amount of publicity that they were accorded throughout their long and successful run together that nearly wrecked a marriage that was—and STILL is—a particularly happy one.

It was in 1932—and Charles was walking about the Fox lot, haggard and nervous. Normally, he was sitting on top of the world. Yet force of circumstance had prompted such mental unrest within him as to jeopardise his entire acting future.

He was—and still is—very fond of Janet Gaynor! But he did not love her—he loved Virginia Valli, his wife. Yet the force of public opinion was forever pushing the screen-lovers together. They ate lunch together almost daily, and saw each other constantly.

Everybody, even studio executives, their dressers, the waitresses at the cafe, conspired to leave them alone together until what had started as a splendid friendship and a deeply sympathetic common feeling for working together had become a smothering nightmare from which neither seemed able to escape.

The position, such as it was, had become so acute after eight pictures together that Charlie was scarcely able to talk, he was so nervous and depressed. He was thin, and there were deep lines in his face—lines which demanded all the skill of the best make-up man to hide from the camera's far-seeing eye.

"He's finished," thought studio executives. And many of the public thought so, too.

AN EMOTIONAL SCENE—Farrell with Ginger Rogers in his last Hollywood production, "Change of Heart."

Screen Divorce

AND then the divorce came! No, not a REAL divorce, but a split-up between the two famous screen partners which prompted the general outcry of "Farrell is through—this will finish him in pictures." And the man about whom all the conjecture raged disappeared . . . vanished entirely from the film colony!

Then came the news that Charlie was to play in "Aggie Appleby—Maker of Men," for R.K.O. Radio. He finished the picture, and it was so good that, before it was finished, Warner Bros. had signed him for the lead in "Shakedown."

Good news certainly. But it was a different Farrell who was at work on the R.K.O. lot. He was thicker set, vital and robust . . . an exuberant, healthy being, nourished by close on a year's free happiness with his wife, and plenty of boating, swimming and polo.

And that is the actor that we see in Australia . . . a man who will do justice to "The Flying Doctor," and who will do more, lots more, towards making it something far more preposessing than "just another Australian picture."

Charles Farrell, before he broke away, was becoming a part of Janet Gaynor's accessories, like her powder-puff or her mirror, and, being a man, he didn't like it, although he liked her. His parts in her pictures were getting smaller and hers bigger, and being a fine actor his pride was hurt and his ambition thwarted, although he genuinely and generously admired her talents.

Goody-goody

HE was typed as a saccharine goody-goody, whereas he is a very good character player. This set up a nervous irritation, a sense of frustration which made him wretched, even though he knew how popular were these portrayals of virtue with fans. He knew he had a wider public somewhere, and wasn't being allowed to reach it.

And if you think Charlie wasn't caught in a silken tangle of typed success, it might be interesting to learn that when he broke away from Gaynor no fewer than six of the screen's best-known juveniles flatly refused to step into his shoes for fear of having the same fate overtake them.

Since the break, Charlie has seen less and less of Janet. Though he still is very fond of her, in an almost brotherly fashion, he got so sick and tired of those fool rumors about them both that it was almost awkward seeing anything of her.

Fog of Sentiment

SOME time before he left Hollywood he received an offer to do three pictures with his former co-star, thus re-creating the former famous companionship—but he refused, not because of any change in personal admiration for this little lady, but because to play opposite her would have put him right back in the same position as previously. And that break had meant a hard fight for the preservation of his own life and career, and he was not willing to go back into bondage. Gaynor and himself were "divorced" . . . and the public simply had to get used to it.

Then last, but by no means least, was the persistent, almost uncanny, association of sentiment between the famous two . . . a position which was most awkward for Virginia Farrell, though her husband does not like to mention it.

Virginia and Janet always had a lot in common and had been the best of friends. But no relationship could stand up indefinitely under the onslaught of such an avalanche of public opinion.

At first husband and wife treated the matter trivially, almost jokingly. But after a while it became a real danger and had to be washed out before it wrecked a marriage that was completely harmonious. They were living in a sticky fog of false sentiment. Janet understood as plainly as did Charlie—she is a most understanding little person.

But now, Farrell is happy. He's got HIS sort of work, the path ahead is clear and free, and it's good to be alive. A man can't help making a success of anything, let alone a picture with a philosophy like that.

And Charlie Farrell is that man!

Farrell Facts

BORN at Onset Bay, Massachusetts, on August 9, 1902.

Hair brown, eyes blue. Weight in the vicinity of 13 stone.

Educated at Walpole High School and Boston University, a preliminary to career embracing dish-washing, clerking, and, finally, acting.

Sports: Swimming, tennis, golf, and, above all, sailing. Owns a beautiful yacht.

Last American pictures, "Shakedown" and "Change of Heart." Went to England to make a film, and now — Australia.

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WHO IS HOLLYWOOD'S REIGNING GLAMOR QUEEN?

HOLLYWOOD abounds in glamorous personalities, but here are three outstanding figures, each of whom has her own mystery and fascination. Above, left, lovely Norma Shearer, beautiful, but different in type to Greta Garbo (in circle) and Marlene Dietrich (right). Garbo, great actress, has built up a legend of herself by the secluded life she leads away from the studio. Dietrich's lure is a combination of her own personality and that grafted on to her by Director Sternberg.

Many Stars Lay Claim to Coveted Honor

By JEANNETTE MACMAHON

WHO is Glamor Queen of Hollywood? Who, in that tinselled city of make-believe, romance, and hard work, wears the mantle of the foremost siren of the modern screen?

Among those scintillating, gorgeously-gowned stars who gained their popularity through provocative, personal lure as well as undoubted histrionic ability, who reflects the most lustre against the nearly-but-not-quite background of her sister artists?

TRULY, difficult questions to answer. With such star-names as Anna Sten, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo, and some of the lesser portrayers of tempting or tempted ladies to conjure with, the choice is difficult for a mere onlooker.

True that great god, box-office, never-failing barometer of the show business, upon which movie moguls are able accurately to ascertain a star's drawing power, can give us some indication.

But not, in every case, a correct one!

You know, as well as I do, that a star can be glamorous in one particular picture and never-to-be-forgiven in her next. Between times she's as attractively mysterious as her press-agent would have you believe.

Anyhow, let's analyse the pros and cons of this glamor business. But, first of all, what is it?

Is glamor an aura that surrounds some fortunate individual with that personal magnetism that has been, and is, called personality? Or is it a hidden sense of mystery — sort of "I-can-see-you-through-a-mist" feeling, which the lovely Dietrich cares to adopt?

Psychologists tell us that "you don't have to be born glamorous to possess glamor. You don't have to be famous. You don't have to be wealthy—or even beautiful. All you need is intelligence."

Heartening words, surely. There's hope for you and me yet. Let's see how true the psychologists are . . . by tracing back the careers of Crawford, Garbo, Shearer et al—and at the same time, maybe, discovering for ourselves just upon whom should the mantle of Hollywood's Glamor Queen fall!

Joan "Homely"

LET'S talk about Joan, with a host of fans to vote for her as the loveliest, most glamorous of them all. Perhaps they're right! But the fact remains that Joan (Mrs. Franchot Tone to you!) wasn't born lovely. She, along with many of the other charmers of the talking screen, wasn't the kind of baby you see on the magazine covers.

Far from it! She says so herself! !

"I was so ugly my mother wouldn't take me out," says the glamorous Crawford. "I cheated her of all those proud moments by which young mothers lay such store."

Hair-ribbons she abhorred. Invariably there was a bulge in the back of her dress where she bunked her bows the minute she was out of sight of her house.

A pretty picture for one of the ace players on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, isn't it? But true, nevertheless!

And that's one up to the psychologists. Joan is a living example of what a relentless ambition can achieve. Now, in her Hollywood hey-day, she has risen from a "homely" little lady to what the box-office says is "tops."

FROM a Stockholm department store to, perhaps, the "Glamor Queen of the Movies" is a far cry. If you had been served with a hat some 12 years ago by Greta Gustaffsen, would you have sensed that glamorous aura that now surrounds no less an austere personage than Garbo? I doubt it! And the lady who has earned so many million dollars for her studio in 11 years of filmdom had freckles in those days, too! Freckles, and two sisters who were far more attractive than Greta ever thought she could be.

But Fate and the indomitable driving force of ambition have wrought the inevitable. To-day, la Garbo still endeavors to shroud herself in the mystery that means so much to a star who has a rightful claim to being ace-high for glamor.

Garbo's Glasses

THAT she is a superlative actress goes without question. Perhaps it is the smoked-glasses and seclusion in which she hides herself while in the film colony that helps the box-office.

But there's not much glamor in a department store, surely!

Most, if not all, of the feminine screen luminaries combine acting talent with pronounced physical attractiveness as an aid, if not an all, to their glamorous personalities.

Anna Sten is a case in point. In the months before the Will Hays organisation yielded to the demands of the Purity League for a general clean-up of motion pictures her come-hither look was a decided asset. It was glamorous! In fact, in the advertisements for her first picture for Sam Goldwyn—"Nana"—she was proclaimed as such in bold headlines.

That was in B.C.—Before Censorship. Now her slee-eyed glances towards the opposite sex might still be glamorous—if they were allowed, that is, because the Purity League now says "out."

Continued on Page 40

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HERBERT MUNDIN to Visit AUSTRALIA!

Ex-"Desert Song" Comedian to Renew Old Friendships

By
BARBARA BOURCHIER
Our Special Hollywood Correspondent.

ANOTHER Hollywood celebrity to visit Australia in 1936 is Herbert Mundin, who, after three years in the colony, has won for himself a reputation as a comedian that assures him of a busy and highly-prosperous future.

Unlike Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Farrell, Mundin is not leaving America to take part in any Australian production; at least, that is not his idea at the moment. It will be a purely holiday visit, to allow his Australian wife to breathe her native air once again, and, for himself, to renew old and valued friendships.

HERBERT just loves to talk of his last visit to Australia, when he spent a year and a half touring the Commonwealth with "The Desert Song" company. He tells of arriving full to the teeth of the conventions of the British stage, on which he wasn't even allowed to touch his own wife in a play, and of being sent to see a comedy played Australian fashion, so that he might ascertain what local audiences like.

He went. Gus Bluett was the comedian. He made a great impression on Mundin, who still considers him Australia's finest comedy star.

Herbert and his wife will leave here as soon as the former finishes his big part in the Ronald Colman film, "Under Two Flags," work on which commences this month.

One characteristic which will endear Herbert Mundin to a large section of Australians is his interest in horses—racehorses. Not so much from a financial point of view, as from a sportsman's. He loves the lean lines of a thoroughbred, the sheen of a perfectly-groomed, satiny coat, the wild beauty of the horses as they swing round, all out, to thunder up the straight.

So much so, that, during his holiday he intends to shop for an Australian horse to bring back with him.

"Takes an Australian horse to show 'em how to run here!" said he, when discussing his plans with me. Then he launched into a vivid description of how he flew to Agua Caliente to see the great Phar Lap run. It doesn't go so easily with anyone who dares suggest Australian horses aren't the world's best when Mundin is about.

On the lot, or off, he is always good for a story guaranteed to banish gloom from the breast of the most melancholy. His funny stories really are funny. While most comedians are supposed to be nursing repressed desires to play Hamlet, and generally to go into the tragedy business, Herbert is perfectly content as he is, and is just as amusing off-screen as on.

When I walked on to the set of "Message to Garcia," Mundin was just doing his big scene, in which, as a pedlar of tinware, he dramatically saves Wally Beery from a firing squad. Clad in a ragged old suit, and leading a melancholy donkey loaded down with tin pans, the comedian went through the long scene without a stumble, speaking dramatic lines in his best Cockney accent, while a fellow-player proceeded to choke him with a rough hand.

When the director called the end of the scene we looked around the set. It was an army camp in the middle of a Cuban jungle. Through the slimy water of a swamp Mundin had led his faithful donkey for a previous scene.

Mundin came over to chat. A sorry sight, indeed, was he—his shirt ripped to ribbons, great holes in the knees of his ragged pants, and scarlet scratches from the make-up department covering his arms. He told us he is such a good clothes-tearer he was given the job of putting the necessary rents in all the clothes used for the film.

Memories Are Long

HERBERT MUNDIN, apparently, is not forgotten by Australians who are on the lookout for talent for local productions. Recently, he was approached to take part in an Australian film. Unfortunately, he was so tied up with picture engagements that he had to refuse.

But, in doing so, he showed that he, too, had a long memory. Instead of recommending another Hollywood star, he immediately suggested for the role a comedian who had engaged his admiration the first time he had seen him, years ago — Australian Gus Bluett!

Hard Time Starting

WHEN he came here three years ago, Mundin had a hard time getting started, but he has been in some of the biggest pictures recently made. The first was "Cavalcade," then "Mutiny On The Bounty," and soon "Under Two Flags." He is always busy now in dozens of films. The scene we watched was his last for "Message to Garcia," and he was on his way to do re-takes on "Champagne Charlie." One of his most amusing characterisations was in the Cicely Courtneidge-Frank Morgan film, "The Perfect Gentleman." Never again will he want for work in Hollywood!

He never runs out of amusing yarns, in spite of the fact that he reels them off by the dozen. He tells this one of Sam Goldwyn, who is always made the goat in dumb-producer stories. Sam was discussing a play with its author. "It's no good," quoth he. "Too highbrow! Above their heads!" He inspected the script. "Look at this word you've used. 'Baboon.' I know what a baboon is. You know what a baboon is. But do you expect those people out there in the country who see the picture to know that a baboon is a storm in the China Seas?"

AUSTRALIANS SHOULD recognise Herbert Mundin in this picture of him in a typical character role. It would take more than this make-up to disguise the popular comedian, who made such a hit throughout Australia a few years ago in "The Desert Song."

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture — just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity — for the admiration of men for the inspiration of women!

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A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION
For greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life" . . . With CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS Sara Haden · Ralph Morgan · Henry Armetta
From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas
A Universal Picture Directed by John M. Stahl

Great Activity in the Studios

Bumper Year Forecast for 1936

By Cable from JOHN B. DAVIES.

All the big studios are humming with activity at the moment. Everywhere is evidence of record output for 1936. R.K.O., Warner Bros., Paramount, Fox, and many others have units going strong, both in the studios and on location.

Features that are being heralded as "super" are either ready for release, in production, or being planned, and the next twelve months should see quite a few reputations being made or enhanced, with, perhaps, some being shattered.

R.K.O. features in the course of production include "Follow the Fleet," a musical play in which Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have excellent opportunities. The music is by Irving Berlin, and a singer well known to American radio audiences in the person of Harriet Hilliard is entrusted with the leading songs.

Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall are engaged in a comedy-drama, "The Indestructible Mrs Talbot," a vehicle which is said to give Ann wonderful opportunities for the exercise of her dramatic powers, and flair for comedy relief. The support includes Margaret Lindsay, Walter Abel, and a recruit from the New York stage, Ilka Chase.

A comedy, "The Wild West," is being made with Wheeler and Woolsey starring, supported by Dorothy Lee, while Jean Raymond and Wendy Barry are busy on the final scenes of "Don't Bet On Life," a comedy-drama.

Warner Bros. have 16 pictures scheduled for early release, 12 of them costing over a million dollars each. These include "Anthony Adverse," with Fredric March; "The Petrified Forest," with Leslie Howard; "Hearts Divided," starring Marion Davies; and "Stage-Struck," a vehicle for Dick Powell.

Others of the million dollar class are "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Green Pastures," from the play by Mark Connelly; "Captain Blood," "The Skipper of the Ispahan," and "The Adventures of Robin Hood." In the last-named, James Cagney and Guy Kibbee are cast in powerful roles.

Opera Stars

PARAMOUNT has Jan Kiepura and Gladys Swarthout in the studios recording music for "Give Us This Night," the story of which is cast in an Italian fishing village. This unit has been busy at Laguna, on the Pacific Coast.

Mae West and Lucille Gleason are working on the production of "Klondyke Lou," an Alaskan setting.

"I Loved a Soldier" is the title of the production which is engaging the attention of Marlene Dietrich, her picture, "Desire," in which she was associated with Gary Cooper, having passed into the cutting-room.

Ernst Lubitsch is personally supervising the production of all the films in hand.

Fox Films have Shirley Temple working on "Captain January," and when this is completed will start on "Poor Little Rich Girl," a screen version of the well-known stage play.

Technicolor Feature

ARRANGEMENTS are well in hand for a technicolor, "Ramona," from the Helen Hunt Jackson story. Rochelle Hudson is in the title role, and John Boles, O. P. Heggie, and Katherine De Mille are included. Pauline Frederick was to have played in this picture, but her serious illness, reported elsewhere by me, may necessitate other arrangements being made.

Of course, mention must be made of the Dionne Quintuplets, whose appearance will be in "The Country Doctor," with Jean Hersholt in the title role. The story is based on the experiences of Dr Dafoe, who attended the mother at their birth, and subsequently supervised the rearing of the quintuplets.

Productions being handled by 20th Century are "Professional Soldier," "Under Two Flags," "Message to Garcia," and "It Had to Happen."

United Artists are ready to release "Modern Times," in which Charlie Chaplin appears. He also directed this production, but will not do double duty in the next production, which will star Pauline Goddard. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is engaging the attention of David O. Selznick. The star is Freddie Bartholomew.

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SCENES FROM "TOP HAT," dance, song, comedy attraction, in which the inimitable Astaire-Rogers team makes another appearance.

Top left: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Top right: A lovely study of Miss Rogers.

Below left: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin, the world-famous composer of the "Top Hat" melodies.

Below right: Astaire with Edward Everett Horton, whose talent for comedy is displayed in this picture.

The Strip (left) gives a sample of Astaire's steps.

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HERE'S *Hot News* from All the STUDIOS!

From BARBARA BOURCHER and JUDY BAILEY, our Hollywood and London Representatives.

GRETA GARBO'S great talents are not confined to acting alone. We hear all the way from Sweden that she has taken to writing and has just completed two years' work on the story of a saint. Miss Garbo is religiously inclined, and would like to portray the starring role on the screen.

Good authority has it that she will not return to Hollywood until March; in other words not until the very last moment before she begins work on her next picture. Some think that she is staying away to forget George Brent.

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GINGER ROGERS was so proud of the disguise she wore in her picture "In Person" that she decided it could be used off-stage as well when she preferred travelling incognito. At the opening night of "Top Hat," therefore, which was attended by everybody of importance, she donned the outfit—wig, glasses and all, and sallied forth content that she would not be recognised, and attacked by autograph fans. The moment she stepped out of her car, however, calls of "There's Ginger Rogers" assailed her ears, and she fled chagrined.

Ginger takes an active interest in the writing of her plays, and frequently rewrites entire scenes. She is a good sport, though, and when her ideas are rejected she does not complain. She thought the name of her picture, "In Person," should have been changed.

As it stands, the misleading title will cause many movie-goers to believe that Miss Rogers is appearing personally at the theatre. She will be back with her famous partner, Fred Astaire, in the forthcoming "Follow the Fleet."

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MANY of our movie-stars are experiencing the joys of motherhood. One of Hollywood's most enthusiastic young mothers is blue-eyed Gloria Stuart. All creative people should have children, says Gloria, and that goes for husbands as well. The self-effacing love that one has for a child makes for greater understanding and sympathy.

Gloria and her husband, Arthur Sheekman, scenario writer, gave a big Christmas party for baby. The fact that the tiny Sylvia slept it out in her crib did not mar the party.

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Dots and Dashes

Alexander Woolcott, who never goes to movies, telling how he has seen Charlie Chaplin's unreleased film, "Modern Times," twice... Bill Powell asking Santa to send him a cash buyer for his huge, expensive home. .. Director Clarence Brown planning to pilot Clark Gable's plane to South America next year. .. Nelson Eddy receiving 2000 fan letters from New Zealand by the Christmas mail.

JANET GAYNOR has a charm all her own. Artist Alex King has caught it in this lovely study of the diminutive star.

WHO says film-actors aren't heroes? Would you like to act knee-deep in icy water, in the open, at the tail-end of the Christmas season? No, I'll bet you wouldn't!

Furthermore, I'll bet you wouldn't do it; but Claude Hulbert and five or six other actors have been doing so, day after day, at Shepparton.

Sound City has, among other amenities not usually possessed by film-studios, an artificial lake; and over this long tunnels have been erected, dripping with sinister moisture, while local color has been supplied by fouling the water with cabbage-leaves, straw, and other refuse.

Thus have been recreated the sewers of Paris for the new Wainwright film, "Wolf's Clothing," in which Hulbert the Younger stars with Gordon the Harker, with Lili Palmer, pretty Austrian, and new to British audiences, as their bone of contention.

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THAT inveterate inventor, Warren William, has burst forth with a new idea in portable dressing-rooms. I was mildly amazed when walking on to his set the other day to see a neat Ford delivery truck parked inside the stage door. Mr. William's new dressing-room, it was explained. Driving to the studio in his roadster, Warren was stopped at every corner by autograph hunters.

So he bought a delivery truck, fitted up the rear with radio, lounge, dressing-table, hot and cold water, and all the trimmings, and now may drive from his garage right on to the set without being molested once.

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HERE'S an English star on the way—June Duprez.

I saw her in her very first scene in her very first film, and very charming she was.

Since then she has bagged a coveted role opposite Matheson Lang in "The Cardinal," directed by Sinclair Hill, who has now put her under contract.

'Cos why? She wept.

I've seen a few girls weep in their first big part—simply through stage fright; but not so June. She wept because the part demanded it—and there she was, with tears rolling down her face, while the man with the glycerine-squirt stood impotently by, murmuring to himself "Othello's occupation's gone."

June tells me she "can't help crying if the situation demands it. The only trouble is," she added, "that it gives me a Tallulah voice."

Why trouble? Many girls would cry all day long for Tallulah's voice.

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GEORGE GRAVES, Shayle Gardner, Helen Haye, and George Hayes are the supporting players in "Wolf's Clothing," and a young Hungarian with the English-sounding name of Andrew Marton is directing it.

Keep your eye skinned for this Lili Palmer. I don't know . . . but I have a feeling Gaumont-British started something when they put her in "Bad Blood."

Meriel Forbes is another up-and-coming youngster. She's playing at the moment in the new Paramount British film, "The Belles of St. Clements," which she started on before she had fairly finished her work in the Paul Graetz film, "Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk," at Teddington.

Another interesting newcomer in this same film is Evelyn Foster, playing the lead; and, by the way, Evelyn, not being as yet wholly familiar with the ways and methods of the film world, was tickled all to pieces by the decorations of one of the sets—one representing a schoolgirl's study at St. Clements.

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IF you want to see that slow-motion artist, dusky Stepin Petchit, roused to vigorous action, just try to serve him with a summons. A process server who thought that Stepin never moved faster than a crawl now has a black eye and a sore head to show for his ignorance. Stepin appeared at the court-house in a large checked overcoat, a giggling girl under each arm. He admitted that he received a summons, but denied batting the server's head.

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"Stick close to your desk and never go to sea" may be the rule by which Merle Oberon earned a post in the King's Navy. She has been appointed honorary shipmate on one of Britain's mightiest new submarines, the H.M.S. Oberon. Her ship and her mates are stationed at Malta, the centre of the Italo-Ethiopian entanglement, thousands of miles distant from Merle's movieland.

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FROM London comes the news that our handsome Latin movie - god, Ramon Novarro, has hastily closed his play, which he put on at a cost of two thousand pounds, after being hissed and booed off the stage by an angry audience and told with no excess of politeness to return to Hollywood, whence he came.

At the end of the story is the rather sweeping statement that no Hollywood actor or actress can hope for success in London.

In the following pages of the same paper one reads of the return of Charlotte Greenwood, Hollywood comedienne, after three years of brilliant success on the London stage. Further on is an item to the effect that Grace Moore, at the insistence of the British public, who fell completely in love with her during her last visit, has been signed up to sing again at Covent Garden next July. Hollywoodites can't hope for success, eh?

Failure and Successes

Uniting Two Great Stars in Glamorous Romance!

The drama of a love that lives forever . . . a romance that makes the heart throb and the pulse beat faster.

GARY COOPER
Greater than in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

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More charming . . . more beautiful than ever

"PETER IBBETSON"

JOHN HALLIDAY
IDA LUPINO
DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE
VIRGINIA WEIDLER
DICKIE MOORE

WATCH FOR DATE at the PRINCE EDWARD

☆ *Romance you should take your loved ones to see!*

Directed by Henry Hathaway
From the novel by George du Maurier

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

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STAR TURNS in Movie Fashions

(1) JOAN BENNETT wears this irresistible gown of black velvet in the Twentieth Century picture, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." A bodice moulded at the waistline has a draped, short cape effect at the shoulders.

(2) THIS attractive gown, which was designed by Bernard Newman, is made of heavy chartreuse satin, and is worn to perfection by Jane Hamilton, lovely RKO star. The panel forming the centre-front is gathered and draped, this effect being repeated in the back.

(3) CERISE-AND-NAVY shot taffeta is used in the creation of this bouffant gown worn by Jane Hamilton, RKO Radio Pictures player. Slightly shorter in front, the frock reveals a self material underskirt, which mirrors a fringed motif at the shoulder.

(4) AN ultra-modish afternoon frock, suitable for the cocktail hour, calling attention to the vogue for metallic fabrics, is worn by the charming Tutta Rolf, Fox feature player.

(5) A NEW taffeta brocade dress is favored by Virginia Bruce, playing in the Twentieth Century picture, "Metropolitan," a Fox Films release. The skirt, just missing the floor, is cut with extreme circular fullness.

INDIVIDUALITY IN COIFFURES

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Individuality and chic are always to be found at our Hairdressing Salon. Our artists appreciate that fashion is a medium for the expression of INDIVIDUALITY and devote all their experience to creating for their clients that superb CHIC which does not serve fashion, but employs it.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars— excellent.*

★★ *Two stars— good films.*

★ *One star— average films.*

No stars . . . . no good.

★★★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936

Jack Benny, Eleanor Powell. (M.-G.-M.)

THIS show starts off with a bang, and keeps going. There are no flat spots in it; when a really "hot" dance number is not being given (and do they dance in this film!) somebody is getting off wise-cracks that really have a snap to them, or somebody else is singing, and singing in a way that you will like.

The screen has given us some very fair exponents of tap-dancing, but, among the women, none comes up to Eleanor Powell. Dancing is the keynote of the whole picture, and she does it in such a fashion that the end comes leaving you still wanting to see more of her. Her final number is a triumph.

Jack Benny, Una Merkel, Vilma and Buddy Ebsen, Sid Silvers, and a ton of others provide the fun when Eleanor Powell is not facing the camera. Oh, yes, and the man who plays the expert in snores. You won't believe how much laughter can be got out of snores until you see this picture. And you will see it!—St. James; showing.

★★★ METROPOLITAN

Lawrence Tibbett, Virginia Bruce. (Fox.)

LIKE most pictures the scenarios for which are written for a singer, the story of "Metropolitan" is not remarkable for its strength or originality. Not that it matters—much—since the appeal of the show is to those who like good singing. These people will attend, good story or mediocre. Non-music-lovers wouldn't go, at any rate.

Coming to the singing—it is splendid. Tibbett's magnificent baritone must be familiar to every owner of a radio set, but to see as well as hear him performing arias from "The Barber of Seville," and "Pagliacci," or rendering the lovely "De Glory Road" is to add pleasure on pleasure. It is something that no admirer of fine artistry should miss.

No new ground has been broken with this film—the arias chosen are the old familiar favorites, but what would you? The great public, as distinct from smaller, more consciously musical circles, prefers the stuff it has learnt to like, and who can blame Fox executives for giving it to them? Indeed, they deserve praise for having kept the standard of music as high as it is. Tin Pan Alley has contributed nothing to this picture.

If you have only half an ear for music, my advice is: Don't miss "Metropolitan."—Embassy; showing.

★★ HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE

Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy. (Paramount.)

GOOD comedy that works up to an effective emotional climax. As a scaffolding for Miss Lombard to display her talents, the story is excellent; she is given the opportunity of showing what she can do with most of the emotions—high tragedy being one of the exceptions.

The real value of the show—from an audience viewpoint—is reflected in the fact that, on the opening night, the house was kept chuckling almost continually. This would seem to indicate that Paramount have succeeded pretty well in reaching the objective of every picture-producing outfit: the turning out of good entertainment.

Both MacMurray and Bellamy did enjoyable work. Apropos of Bellamy—what is Hollywood doing to him? Here is a man who, unless I miss my guess, could be made into something. Yet, lately at any rate, we see him only in namby-pamby roles that will slowly but surely kill him. In this film, his part is not so bad—he's a cripple—but it's not the sort of role to send his fan mail mounting.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ TRANSIENT LADY

Gene Raymond, Frances Drake. (Fox.)

JUDGING by some American film-offerings, there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the Australian philosophy. Apparently the "framing" of an innocent man for the murder of a lout who happens to be brother to the political boss of a southern State is nothing out of the way in Alabama or Ca'lina, while one-sided "trials" and lynchings incite only a spirit of festivity among the good townsfolk who are fortunate enough to have these exciting things happen in their midst.

These things at all events provide the meat of this picture. To us who are not so advanced politically as the favored citizens of our great sister democracy, the whole story will be unconvincing; all the more so since the acting, while fair, is not of a terrifically high standard.

All in all, a programme picture—but only just.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE EAGLE'S BROOD

William Boyd, Jimmy Ellison (Paramount.)

THIS film is a Western in which those chivalrous caballeros Hopalong Cassidy and Johnny Nelson reappear. All the usual trimmings are included: saloon, bar-tender, grog, dancing girls, an ultra-villain and his satellites and shooting—loads of it. I forget how many are bumped off before Hell Centre is cleaned up, but there are something over half a dozen violent deaths—enough to keep the more volatile members of the audience breathing hard and with a cheer ever ready to break forth.

About the title: Eagle's Brood. There's been a mistake somewhere. I suspect some unprincipled individual of having tricked the trusting hen-eagle by placing a clutch of vulture's eggs under her. Big Henry and his ruffianly henchman are about as eagle-like as dingoes are like lions.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

★ SHIP CAFE

Carl Brisson, Arline Judge. (Paramount.)

THE Swedish authorities should do something about this picture: even the squarehead of American novels couldn't be as dumb as Mr. Brisson is forced to make himself out to be as the singing-sailor hero of this effort.

I don't know who composed the four—or is it five?—songs for the production, but whoever it was, he has written four—or five—too many. Mr. Eddie Davis, New York entertainer, sings two of these numbers—one and a half too many, but still a slightly better average than the composer's.

So much for the darker side. Per contra, the audience seemed to derive mild amusement out of some of the situations, enjoying, in particular, Carl's ability to knock out fellow stokers with his shovel, or a world heavyweight champion with his fists. It is a pity the author didn't think of putting his hero into the prize-ring instead of into a cabaret.

Still, with all its faults, a fair enough support. F.A.Q. as a prelude to something better.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ PADDY O'DAY

Jane Withers, Rita Cansino, Pinky Tomlin. (Fox.)

ADMIRERS of juvenile stars should rank Jane Withers very high. Without the prettiness of Shirley Temple, or her curls, Jane gets away with her stuff; she is a fine little actress, at least as good in this department as Shirley, and in addition to a clear, true singing voice, can shake an effective leg.

The story of "Paddy O'Day" is fair to middling wishy-washy. Its one redeeming feature is that, weak as it is, it packs a few laughs; anything that does that deserves some consideration.

Pinky Tomlin, who appears as an aunt-dominated ornithologist (hope that's the right word) who, under the sweet effervescing of love, turns gay-hearted composer and cabaret performer, is not so hot. Actually he is a composer, but if he is responsible for the numbers in this picture, my respect for his talents doesn't weigh me down.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE VIRGINIA JUDGE

Walter C. Kelly, Stepin Fetchit (Paramount.)

AN amusing enough offering, laced, towards the end, by a noggin of drama provided by a weak and hysterical young man who, crazy with jealousy, breaks loose with a revolver, and lets a little daylight into his rival for the hand of Marsha Hunt.

This youthful indiscretion, however, is only by the by. The picture is really a vehicle for Walter C. Kelly to put over his famous "Virginia Judge" act, and for Stepin Fetchit to strut his own line of negro comedy.

Both Kelly and Stepin get their laughs all right. Walter C. Kelly's brand of humor is too well known (by medium of gramophone records) to need description while the sable Stepin's "cracks" have to be heard rather than read. When you can understand what he's saying, he is, of course, much funnier. My trouble, unfortunately, was that half the time that high-pitched, whining, negro voice had me tricked; Mr. Fetchit might just as well have been talking Persian for all it meant to me. But his antics are always laughable.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

THE SHIRLEY DOLL ITSELF—with one of the many thousands of little girls who would give anything to have such a treasure for her very own. One hundred of these lovely replicas of the child star constitute the prizes in our popular Shirley Temple Competition.

Beautiful Shirley Dolls For Lucky Winners

New Competition Very Popular

WIDESPREAD interest is being evinced in the new competition announced last week by The Australian Women's Weekly. The prizes, of an aggregate value of £200, are for the best letters from our readers setting out briefly the reasons why they like Shirley Temple, the little wonder-girl of the screen.

We invite all our readers to take an interest in this novel competition, for which 100 Shirley Temple dolls, specially cabled for by The Australian Women's Weekly, are the prizes.

HOSTS of readers have already given their reasons for liking Shirley Temple.

You love her, too, and The Australian Women's Weekly wants to know why this amazing juvenile of the film world has made such a special appeal to you.

"I think the world loves Shirley Temple for her wonderful talent in being a natural, human, sweet child on the screen instead of being simply another child actress. In addition to a genuine gift for dancing and singing, she has that indefinable something that makes a lovable personality."

"I love Shirley because of her cute little ways. She is such a fascinating child and always wears such pretty frocks. I wrote a letter to her and she answered it."

These are typical extracts from some of the first entries received in this fascinating competition. There are two sections—one for adults, and one for children under fourteen years of age.

Beautiful de-luxe Shirley Temple dolls, miniature replicas of the little film star, complete with luxurious outfit, will be awarded for the best letters of not more than 50 words giving the reasons for "Why I like Shirley Temple."

In the adult section there will be 46 prizes of Shirley Temple dolls, ranging in value from 33/- to 95/-, and in the juvenile section 54 prizes of Shirley Temple dolls. All these dolls are beautifully dressed, and the living image of the little film actress.

THIS is an opportunity for young and old to put in writing what they have been saying enthusiastically to their friends ever since the charming baby star first swam into the Hollywood galaxy.

Somewhere in Australia are one hundred little girls who are going to get the thrill of their lives when an exquisite Shirley doll is delivered to them. Think of the joy a present like that will bring to the small recipients.

Even those who are not among the favored hundred will not be wholly disappointed. An exclusive portrait of Shirley, beautifully printed on art paper—a beautiful subject for framing—is something to be treasured by anybody. And every competitor who sends stamps to cover postage will receive one!

But stamps must be included.

All entries, giving the name and address of the competitor, must reach the judges before February 21, and should be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 137CC, G.P.O., Sydney. The covering envelopes should be marked "Shirley Temple Competition."

CHINA SEAS COMPETITION

AN amazing number of entries have been received for our Free Trip Competition, which has now closed. Owing to the great volume of entries, the task of choosing the winner will take longer than was anticipated, but the judges are doing their best to expedite the final decision.

It is hoped to announce the winner in next week's issue.

GABLE AGAIN in the MARRIAGE MARKET

Gossip Selecting Third Wife for Star

OUR SPECIAL FILM SERVICE

CLARK GABLE, beau-ideal of manhood to millions of women, is now more than ever the centre of interest, not only in Hollywood, but wherever womenfolk gather to discuss that always-absorbing topic: the domestic life of a world-famous masculine star.

His divorce from Mrs. Clark Gable number two has done it. With Clark free to make yet a third choice, the portals of hope are opened to many who, previously, could only regard, with sighs, their closely-shut exterior.

MERELY to have Clark Gable among the eligible is enough to set thousands of feminine hearts afluttering. Who will be the next Mrs. Gable? It is the burning question in Hollywood to-day. Rumors are plentiful, but, as is usual in such cases, it is difficult to obtain definite confirmation of any of them.

Clark's name is linked with several others. According to some—including many who are close to both parties—Mr. Gable looks with no unfriendly eye on Loretta Young, the beautiful Paramount star who played opposite him in "The Call of the Wild." But Loretta has been ill, and ordinary, friendly calls to inquire regarding her progress may have led to gossip. . . .

Another school of thought contemptuously scouts the Young hypothesis. According to these seers, there is nobody in the running but Elizabeth Allen, the English actress who appeared in "Men in White," as the tragic young nurse.

"Hot Tips"

STILL a third group is backing Mary Taylor, a New York society girl, apparently working on the fact that Clark has been seen with her on a few occasions, plus the theory that, having won a place for himself among the screen aristocracy, the star, like Alexander, is now seeking fresh worlds to conquer, and has an eye on "social" possibilities.

These are just samples of the "hot tips" that are making the rounds at the present time. It is just possible that Clark may disappoint everybody by remaining in single blessedness, thus proving everybody wrong.

Indeed, it is hard to forecast just what he is likely to do so far as matrimony is concerned. Up to date, his career in this direction is quite unusual, unusual, that is, for a man of his type, and for one who moves among the pick of America's beauties.

It is not unusual, for example, for a man to marry, once, a woman much his senior. But having done so, to enter, at thirty, into a second marriage, this time with a woman eleven years older than himself, augurs a point of view at least considerably different to that of the average young, successful screen star.

There have been, of course, and are, many examples of successful unions of this sort, but with a gap like that between ages—the advantage being on the male side—Gable's friends predicted that a parting of the ways must inevitably be reached. It has been.

Shy and Diffident

WHY has Clark Gable, in the past, sought out older women? This is a question that interests the layman as well as the psychologist. One explanation might be that he was brought up tenderly, first by his grandmother, and then by a step-mother. He loved them both dearly, and the very strength of his feeling for these two who, during his childhood and youth, were so much to him, may have driven him, subconsciously, to seek their counterpart later in the women he took to share his life.

It is significant that at high school he was very diffident and shy with his girl classmates. Those who knew him during this stage of his life cannot recall, in his case, any of those adolescent love affairs with girl friends through which most boys progress. This would seem to indicate that, even then, he felt at home only with older women.

Again, there is the possibility that, like some few others—actors, artists, literary men—he has felt the need in his private life for somebody to whom he could look for the support and strength which a younger, less experienced woman could not supply. This is a well-enough known phenomenon, even with men like Gable, who are the epitome of masculinity, and whose personalities and recreations are one hundred per cent. he-man.

The first Mrs. Clark Gable—Josephine Dillon—was a tower of strength to her husband. At a time when he was slaving to get out of the rock, she worked hard to help him find his way to the top. That he did achieve his goal is due, not only to his own abilities, decided though they are, but to Josephine's co-operation.

Second Break

SUCCESS had been achieved by him when forty-one-year-old Mrs. Rhea Lucas consented to change her name to Gable. Hollywood gasped: Clark was so charming, handsome, brilliantly successful, and of so dynamic a personality! Even in suburbia such unions usually cause comment, however happily they may turn out subsequently.

For quite a time the life led by the Clark Gables (second edition) put the noses of the calamity - mongers completely out of joint. They went everywhere together. Gossip writers noted their attendance at smart race meetings. At picture premieres hoi-polloi among the audiences craned its collective neck to catch a glimpse of the famous star and his wife as they made their entrance. They entertained and were entertained. Until the break came . . .

There has been the inevitable gossip about that. A man in Clark's prominent position could hardly hope to escape either that or the I-told-you-so-ing that went on (behind his back) among his acquaintances, but not his real friends. A private citizen may try to attain perfect domestic happiness without arousing comment—but a world-famous star, never.

In the meantime, the object of all this discussion goes on his way outwardly unaffected by the manner in which other people are planning his future for him. It is generally thought that years of adulation by women of all ages, and of every class of society, seem to have prepared him for the kind of marriage that is now expected of him: the traditional handsome, successful actor weds beautiful young girl stuff.

But Clark's boyhood must not be forgotten, nor the fact that it would be nothing new to him to spring a matrimonial surprise.

This being so, although three favorites are named for the Gable Matrimonial Stakes, the winner may not be Loretta Young, or Elizabeth Allen, or Mary Taylor. The latest stable news is that each denies anything more than friendship with Clark—but too much credence can't be attached to that sort of information; we've heard it before.

Another thing—the fixture might be cancelled. After all, Gable himself hasn't said that he's anxious to plunge into domesticity again. He might prefer not to give Hollywood and the public another wedding to talk about.

Elizabeth Allen, beautiful young English actress, who is regarded as a possible Mrs. Gable the third.

Clark and his last partner, formerly Mrs. Rhea Lucas, at the races.

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

THE

LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

We attended the swell premiere of "Broadway Melody of 1936" at Sydney St. James t'other night.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our bet is that all the youthful gals (and those who wish to stay that way) will be taking on tap dancing as a slimming exercise.

★ ★ ★ ★

Particularly after they've seen Eleanor Powell. This girl takes all the other dancing stars, wraps 'em up, and tucks them away in her pocket.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then she steps out amid the glorious setting of "Broadway Rhythm" and amazes everybody with a display of dancing the like of which we've never seen before.

★ ★ ★ ★

Five song spectacles give you pleasant jitters in this MGM musical.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Got a Feelin' You're Foolin'," "Sing Before Breakfast", "Lucky Star", "On a Sunday Afternoon" and "Broadway Rhythm"—with each one liable to stay in your memory for months and months.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's our bet that after seeing "Broadway Melody of 1936" you'll carry with you the memory of having enjoyed yourself more than at any other time in your sweet young life.

★ ★ ★ ★

And it was to do this very thing that MGM roped in Eleanor Powell (dancing darling)—Jack Benny for wisecracks, Robert Taylor for romance, Vilma and Buddy Ebsen for novelty, Sid Silvers for stupidity, Robert Wildback for his snoring, June Knight and Nick Long for their dancing ability, and the Albertina Rasch girls for their stream-lined beauty.

★ ★ ★ ★

You, too, will agree that "Broadway Melody of 1936" is so new it's a year ahead. Be seein' you at the St. James'.

LEO.

P.S.—Melb. Metro is offering "I Live My Life" (Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne) and "Vanessa", her love story (Helen Hayes, Bob Montgomery).

★ ★ ★ ★

Brisbane Cremorne getting ready for the romance of "China Seas" (Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery).

★ ★ ★ ★

Did we mention that "Mutiny on the Bounty" (starring Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone) is the greatest motion picture ever produced?

Did You Know That...

● CLAUDETTE COLBERT *probably will be married in the near future to Dr. Joel L. Pressman, Hollywood research specialist and reputed caveman?*

◆ ◆ ◆

● DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE *is to play the role of Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy?" This is a prelude to an effort to return her to stardom.*

◆ ◆ ◆

● ELSA BUCHANAN, *talented young British star, has had the distinction of appearing in three pictures screening in Los Angeles in the same week? The "hat trick!"*

◆ ◆ ◆

● THE FAMOUS DIONNE "QUINS" *are to appear in a film entitled "The Country Doctor."*

● JACK OAKIE *is adhering very religiously to a strict diet? Not a tall man, he discovered that he tipped the beam at thirteen stone. An S.O.S. went out immediately for a dietitian.*

◆ ◆ ◆

● ANN HARDING *has refused several offers from studios which would like to feature her eight-year-old daughter? But Ann believes that a child's place is the home.*

◆ ◆ ◆

● SPENCER TRACY *and William Wellman, noted director, recently staged a battle royal in a favorite Hollywood rendezvous? Cause: An indiscreet remark by William about a certain lady.*

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Glamor Queen of Hollywood?

(Continued from Page 33).

SO Anna's glamor must stand the acid test of whether hers is of the intelligent variety or merely of sex-attraction.

It is not Anna's fault that she is the last word in come-hither lure; it was merely her good luck before censorship and her hard luck now. One thing is certain, however: if she is going to capitalise her seductive charms and so retain the original attractiveness that made her potential "box-office," it will have to be a legitimate one-man event, with honorable intentions plainly proclaimed.

THE glamor which the Paramount studio has endeavored to place around Marlene Dietrich has, if her more recent productions can be taken as any criterion, been detrimental to her power at the box-office. There has been too much haziness in her films, just as if the camera shot pictures through a film of gauze . . . a trick of Von Sternberg's to maintain the glamor for his protegee, but which, unfortunately, has had a retrogressive action . . . at the box-office anyhow.

She will have to be set free of this shackling. The Australian public has yet to see what Marlene can really do—for she is a much better actress than she has ever been allowed to be.

BUT we haven't yet decided who is Hollywood's reigning Glamor Queen. **Which brings us to the First Lady of the Screen . . . the lady who even now is making Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" for further immortality on the talking screen . . . You know whom I'm talking about . . .**

Yes . . . it IS Norma Shearer!

Here is the actress who is fortunate enough to have the attractiveness that is threefold. Firstly, her intelligence in roles such as that which she played in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and similar types.

Then her prowess in the "unconventional," such as in "Riptide," where her feminine allure and physical beauty almost overshadowed her intelligence and restraint in a difficult part.

And, thirdly, the well-known fact that she is married to a man who is himself surrounded by glamor—no less a personage than Irving Thalberg, doyen of picture producers, with a score of box-office successes to his credit, many of which have starred his lovely wife.

Yet, to begin with, Norma was originally a Ziegfeld girl!

Which makes four up to the psychologists! There MUST be something in what they say . . .

CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for Country and Suburban Theatre-goers.

The stars indicate our grading.

✧ **AGE OF INDISCRETION. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans (M.-G.-M.).** Drama. It is unfortunate, but this picture is not good enough for two stars, although it is above the average.

✧✧ **BROADWAY GONDOLIER. Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou (Warner Bros.).** Musical comedy. Will certainly amuse.

✧✧ **BRIGHTLIGHTS. Joe E. Brown.** (Warner Bros.) Comedy. Joe E. Brown at his maddest and merriest. Guaranteed for laughs.

✧ **CHARLIE CHAN'S SECRET. Warner Oland, Rosina Lawrence (Fox).** Mystery drama. Oland's fans will not be disappointed.

✧✧✧ **CHINA SEAS. Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery (M.-G.-M.).** Drama. You won be disappointed in this picture. It is first-class entertainment and includes a perfect screen drunk.

✧✧ **DARK ANGEL, THE. Fredric March, Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall (U.A.).** Drama. Good show.

✧ **FRECKLES. Tom Browne, Carol Stone (R.K.O.).** Mystery drama. Fair!

✧✧ **GOOD FAIRY, THE. Herbert Marshall, Margaret Sullavan (Universal).** Comedy. A good show for any mood.

✧ **GUVNOR, THE. George Arliss (Gaumont-British).** Drama. Has sugary quality that, nauseating as it may be to 25 per cent. of picturegoers, is quite likely to go over big with the other 75 per cent.

✧✧ **HERE COMES COOKIE. Gracie Allen, George Burns (Paramount).** Farce. Good entertainment.

✧ **HI GAUCHO! John Carroll, Steffi Duna (R.K.O.).** Drama with incidental music. Not a show you'd break an appointment to see, but there are aspects of it that will enable you to take it in your stride as a support.

✧✧ **I LIVE MY LIFE. Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne (M.-G.-M.).** An amusing and entertaining show, with this cast well up to its job.

JOE E. BROWN, funny man of "Brightlights."

✧✧ **LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, THE. Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone (R.K.O.).** A historical drama of the Roman Empire. The production on the whole good.

✧✧✧ **LOVE ME FOREVER. Grace Moore, Leo Carrillo (Columbia).** Musical. A very good show, with singing that outclasses any other female screen star.

✧ **MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN, THE. Ricardo Cortez, Kay Linaker (Warner Bros.).** Mystery drama. Despite the stereotyped material the actors make a good job of the film.

✧✧ **MR. WHAT'S HIS NAME. Seymour Hicks, Olive Blakeney (W.B.).** Comedy. If you enjoy a thorough laugh, or feel like an evening of carefree entertainment, you certainly should consider this picture.

✧✧ **MARRY THE GIRL. Sonnie Hale, Winifred Shotter (B.D.F.).** Farce. All should like it.

✧ **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE. Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi (M.-G.-M.).** Fantastic mystery drama. Vampires play a large part in the picture.

✧ **NAVY WIFE. Ralph Jellamy, Claire Trevor (Fox).** Drama. As entertainment this picture would not win an international award.

✧ **OASIS. Travelogue by Capt. Hurley (Cinesound).** Photography good and selection of material interesting.

✧✧ **PEG OF OLD DRURY. Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (B.D.F.).** A delightful romance. Speeches from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III," provide some of the highlights of the film.

✧ **PAGE MISS GLORY. Marion Davies, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell (Warner Bros.).** Light drama. Production too long.

✧ **PADDY O'DAY. Jane Withers, Pinky Tomlin (Fox).** Musical comedy. Some good, popular song hits in this production.

✧ **RAIN MAKERS, THE. Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.).** Farce. A few good laughs to be had out of this picture.

✧✧✧ **SANDERS OF THE RIVER. Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks, Nina Mae MacKinney (United Artists).** Drama. Very out of the ordinary.

BLONDE JEAN HARLOW, who gives one of the performances of her career in "China Seas."

✧✧ **SCROOGE. Sir Seymour Hicks, Donald Calthrop, Athene Seyler, Oscar Asche (B.D.F.).** A few faults, but still good entertainment.

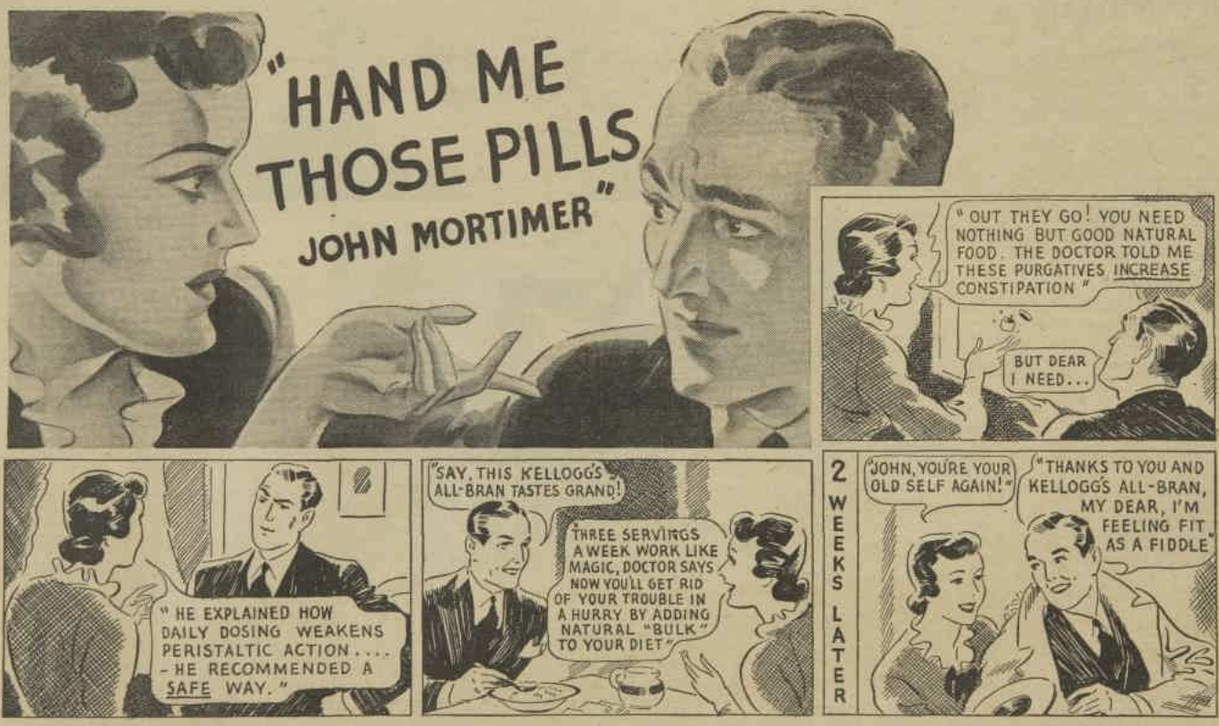
✧✧✧ **TOP HAT. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers (R.K.O.).** Musical comedy. Take this show any way you like, and it's good. Entertainment plus.

✧✧ **VINTAGE WINE. Seymour Hicks, Clair Luce (B.D.F.).** English drawing-room comedy. Ever-present humor and smart dialogue.

✧✧ **VANESSA. Robert Montgomery, Helen Hayes (M.-G.-M.).** Drama. Outside of Montgomery, Helen Hayes and May Robson contribute the most outstanding work. The direction is good. Most people will like the show.

✧✧ **WHILE PARENTS SLEEP. Mackenzie Ward, Jean Gillie, Ellis Jeffreys (B.D.F.).** Comedy. Everybody who likes to laugh will enjoy this picture. Good entertainment.

WICKED WOMAN, A. Mady Christians, Charles Bickford (M.-G.-M.). Drama. Poor entertainment.



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To begin with, eat Kellogg's All-Bran every day for one week. Two tablespoonsful, covered with milk or cream, eaten each day will relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings weekly are sufficient to maintain regular, normal elimination.

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Choosing Your Role

PART NINE

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE:

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SAKI: The world's most successful thief. Mandrake's task is not easy, as Saki is a master of disguise. A very lovely friend of Mandrake's

PRINCESS NARDA: Has been robbed by Saki of her Crown jewels, and, seeking them, Mandrake goes to the notorious Thieves' Market with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They meet

OLD KATE: Who overcomes Lothar by cunning and leaves him to suffocate in a cellar. Mandrake accuses Kate of being Saki in disguise, and after much trouble corners and disarms him, and finds out to his surprise that Saki is Turo, a supposed police stool-pigeon. They then make a bargain whereby Mandrake gets the jewels and his faithful servant Lothar back, and Saki is let go scot free.

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GETS-IT

Continuing

SPANISH MAINE

from Page 22

"YOU will notice, Mr. Vanbrugh, that I am honest, careful, precise, meticulous. I don't airily make it a million pesetas lump sum, but just the exact nine hundred thousand."

"I marvel at your moderation," said Otis Vanbrugh.

"Thank you. That's settled then. Cash down—five thousand pounds damages, and one thousand pounds expenses, and one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds as first quarter's salary. Total, seven thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. The question of the other thirty thousand pounds is, of course, in abeyance until I find out whether my buried treasure is still there, and intact."

"Seven thousand five hundred pounds now, and thirty thousand pounds later, when you choose to declare that your buried treasure has vanished, eh?"

"Say 'if,' my dear Mr. Vanbrugh. Not 'when.' I don't know that it has been stolen, but, as I said before, your sister's theft of my money may well have been the cause of my losing the treasure."

"Another point of purely academic interest, Senor Maine. Should I be permitted to have a representative present at the time of your visit to the dried-up well—someone to hold a watching brief for me?"

"Someone to watch me, you mean? Come, come, Mr. Vanbrugh. Between gentlemen! If the treasure is there, I shall not approach you for its equivalent, the indemnity."

"Then why not let my representative go with you?"

Before Spanish Maine could reply, Vanbrugh laughed with genuine amusement.

Spanish Maine raised eyebrows of surprise.

"You find the situation—funny?" he inquired.

"No. Neither will you. It was an imaginary situation that made me laugh. I fancied myself hurrying ahead, getting in first, myself securing the treasure, and using it to pay your blackmail!"

And Otis Vanbrugh laughed again.

"Very funny. Very funny, indeed," agreed Spanish Maine. "Funnier still, if you know where the treasure is, or were able to get there first."

"Oh, I could get there first, by handing you over to the police."

"And supposing for one moment that you'd been so very unkind to your beloved half-sister as to antagonise me to that extent, and to get me put away, how do you suppose you'd find the treasure? You don't for one moment imagine that I have given you any true indication of where it really is, do you?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't credit you with having given me much in the way of true indications on any subject, Senor Maine. As I told you, it was merely a joke. It appealed to my wayward sense of humor as being really rather funny."

"Well, now, let's talk business, shall we?" proposed Spanish Maine.

"Oh, no. Why talk business? Business would be so dull after these airy imaginings and fairy tales and pipe-dreams about hundreds of thousands of pesetas."

Otis Vanbrugh, studying the toe of his shoe, thought a while, sitting silent and still, with pursed lips, judgmatic.

Spanish Maine eyed him watchfully.

"Well," said Vanbrugh, suddenly looking up, "I think at the moment the best offer I can make is the business end of my heaviest boot for damages—plenty of them; a riding-whip for compensation—lots of it; and payment in kind, as purchase of silence—ten or fifteen years' free board-and-lodging. I believe they go in for silence a lot, in British gaols."

"Ah!" smiled Spanish Maine. "You may think differently to-morrow or a little later on, perhaps."

"Oh, quite possibly; especially as to purchase of silence. I'd hate to talk dramatically or threateningly, but a silly old tag occurs to me—I don't know why. A little apropos perhaps? I daresay you've heard it, both in English and Spanish, not to mention French, German and Arabic."

"Yes, what is it?"

"'Dead men tell no tales.' Good-night."

And to the accompaniment of Spanish Maine's soft laughter, Otis Vanbrugh left the cabin.

SIR HARRY VANE tapped at the door of his mother's cabin.

"Who's there?"

"Harry. Are you in bed yet, Mother? Can I come in?"

"Come along."

Closing and locking the door, Harry Vane pushed an armchair across to his mother's bed, seated himself, drew up the knees of his trousers, straightened his waistcoat and his dress tie, pulled his white silk handkerchief well into view, smoothed his hair with one hand, and

"The back of your coat-collar is all turned up," observed his mother.

"What a little liar you are, darling."

"Yes. I thought you wanted help to cover your bad confusion and all that. What is it, Harry? Looks bad to me."

"Darling, you look good to me. You look positively lovely."

"Thank you, dear. Now it looks very bad."

"Darling, you look positively very lovely."

"Harry, dear, it's worse than I feared. What is it? Money? Cards? Debts? Horses—big or little? Wine, women, song?"

"Yes, Mother. I'm singing . . . singing inside like . . . like a damned great kettle. You know, bubbling and singing and . . ."

"Letting off steam," observed Lady Drusilla, who was well accustomed to confessions from her son, who had no secrets from her. "H'm. You'd hardly be singing and bubbling about debts, duns, or cards. Apart from the fact that there are none in your fair young life. You've got all the money you want. You're not singing under the influence of wine, and . . ."

"That leaves woman, eh? Clever lass."

"Yes, and at a guess her name's Consuela, what? Kiss me straight on the brow and part with the confession."

Sir Harry Vane kissed his mother, stroked her hair lovingly, and kissed her again.

"Serious, son?" she asked. "Honest to God, and first, last, and only? Rings; wedding-bells?"

"Wedding-bell rings," nodded Harry Vane, taking his mother's hand. "You like her, don't you, Drusilla?"

"Very much, dear. Her brother, too, American gentleman in the grand manner. Said anything to her yet?"

"Well, gave her a hint that I rather liked her, you know."

"Signified in the usual manner?"

"Yes. Hugged her hard to harder—heart to hearter, I mean. Kissed her fair to moderate—immoderate perhaps."

"Harry, you're nervous. All girlish and blushful. Said anything to her brother yet?"

"No. Thought I'd come and . . . er . . . rehearse it, like . . . with you."

"Dear boy."

"Practice, you know. Get it by heart. Speech . . ."

"We don't know much about them, do we, Harry?"

"I know all I want to know about Consuela."

"You don't, my boy."

"No, you're right, Mother. I don't. There's lots more I want to know about her. That's why I'm going to marry her if she'll have me."

"Don't you think, Harry . . . ?"

"No; I never think, Mother."

"No; it's an old complaint of mine against you, isn't it? Still, there's a good deal to think of, isn't there, darling? There's the Thirteenth Baronet and Vane Court, among other things."

"Yes, among other things, there's the Thirteenth Baronet," agreed Harry Vane. "Unlucky number. Don't you think she'd be a lovely mother for little Number Thirteen?"

"LOVELY, certainly."

"Well? . . . Anything against her, Drusilla Grundy?"

"Absolutely nothing, my dear. It's only that—the knowing nothing whatever about her, really—that's postponing my bursting into weak tears of joy, going all goosey, and slobbering over you. She's lovely, witty, charming and delightful. Most piquante, with that pretty little accent. What is it, by the way?"

Please turn to Page 47

Constipation and Colitis

Conquered by Modern Medical Science

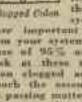
Dr. F. de Courmelles, of the Paris Society of Practising Physicians, says "Good health results from internal cleanliness."

Constipation takes many forms—it gives rise to countless ailments. Most serious of these is colitis. The colon becomes hard, strangulated, and encrusted with putrefying deposits. Modern foods, which never include sufficient roughage to properly exercise the intestines, make these troubles unavoidable unless precautions are taken. Regular bowel movements are no protection—the colon walls have grown too weak to rid their folds of the daily increasing addition of waste matter . . . opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, and extract essential vitality from the walls. Note how liquid your fæces become after a severe dose of ordinary laxative. Science, however, has now found a sure and effective remedy in *Coloseptic* (Wayne's Improved Formula).

COLOSEPTIC'S Vitalising Action

The clogged colon, which results from the non-digestion of modern foods, forms virulent poisons that seep into the blood stream and attack every vital organ in the body. This introduces a state of autoxima, or self-poisoning. That is why Dr. de Courmelles declares that a clean colon is essential for perfect health. Natives, eating natural foods, are safe, but civilised people need the protection that only *Coloseptic* can give. It tones up the walls of the colon, giving them back the power to easily and naturally remove encrustations, it corrects acid conditions and stimulates the action of the pores of the skin, the respiratory system, and the kidneys—the three other important organs which eliminate poisons from your system. Remove Constipation—the basic cause of 95% of disease—drink *Coloseptic*.

Look at these two illustrations. One shows the colon clogged and ineffective. It can no longer absorb the essential body-building minerals from the passing matter. It is powerless to eject putrefying waste. Nausea, dizziness, bloating, headaches and stomach gas are some of the warning symptoms that this partial constipation gives. Nine people out of ten suffer. Colitis and similar serious complaints must follow. Now look at the other illustration. All danger is ended—the colon has been cleansed by *Coloseptic*. And autoxima, the dread self-poisoning which results from a clogged colon, and which undermines all your functions, has been banished. Take *Coloseptic*, put an end to constipation, avoid the danger of serious troubles like colitis, diseases of malnutrition, weakness, exhaustion, emaciation, etc. You'll know real health again . . . you'll feel fit . . . you'll be well.



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Kathleen Court's Complexion Pills

They take the "Inferiority Complex" out of the Complexion

SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 46

"OH, Taal – Yiddish–Esperanto. You know, Mother, one of those Patagonian Basuto dialects spoken in the Aleutian Islands."

"Yes, darling, I thought it was something like that. I suppose there is some good reason why she has it—and her brother hasn't."

"He's her half-brother; and the other half picked up the accent at school somewhere. . . . Shows you you can't be too careful. . . . Mother, I shall burst in a moment . . ."

"Not in here, darling."

"Simply blow up; burst; dance; sing . . ."

"No, not that, darling. Don't sing."

"Well, old lady, what about it?"

"Nothing about it to-night, darling—except that I hope she'll turn out to be a fairy princess, and make you as happy . . . as happy . . . as I would have you be."

Harry Vane kissed his mother's hand. She stroked his sleek and handsome head.

"DON'T do anything—sudden—will you, son? And I'll have a long chat with her brother by and by. Don't do anything drastic and final yet. Not engaged . ."

"You won't wave flags and drink three bottles of champagne with me to-night then, Mother?"

"No, darling. I've said my prayers and done my face up, or I would. Good-night, sweetheart. I wouldn't talk solemn for worlds when you are all bubbling and singing—but there's the torch, old man. Got to hand it on, nicely. We want all the possible best for Number Twelve, but we've got to do all the possible best for Number Thirteen, haven't we?"

Of course, Spanish Maine and Lady Drusilla had to meet—it being on shipboard.

Senor Maine made a most favorable impression; and, at the end of half an hour, with bright smiles and graceful bows, he withdrew.

"Charming man! Charming man!" observed Lady Drusilla. "Most agreeable. And how handsome—in the Spanish style. Brilliant conversationalist, too—most thoroughly interesting . . ."

"My God!" observed Mr. Vanbrugh to himself, behind the impenetrability of his poker face.

"DO YOU KNOW Mother, my lass," observed Harry Vane to the Lady Drusilla, a few days later. "I've either read somewhere, or heard that it's a fact, a very remarkable fact, that even the nicest, most experienced and otherwise discriminating women very often find great difficulty in distinguishing between a greasy bounder and a person of quality."

"Is that so, dear? How interesting. And do you think Consuela shares that failing with the other nice experienced and discriminating women, in 'taking up,' as they say, with Sir Harry Vane?"

"No, Mother. I don't. And if you can't help being feeble you can try not to be flippant, fatuous, futile. I was alluding to this Eye-talian ice-cream merchant or organ-grinder, or whatever he is. This Spanish Maine fellow."

"Oh, is Senor Spanish Maine an Eye-talian? Well, well, how deceitful! Going under false pretences like that."

"What do you see in him, Mother?"

"Haven't looked far, my child. I find him a most amusingly naughty man. He makes me laugh. I like him."

"Like him when he combs his hair?"

"Well, darling, we haven't got so intimate yet as to sit and watch each other combing our hair. . I like him, but we don't visit. Though I told him I hope he will come and see us at Vane Court."

"Good Lord, Mother! What did you want to do that for?"

"Why not, my dear? He's a gentleman and . ."

"He's what?"

"Oh, don't be so insular, Harry. What if he does carry a comb in his pocket? He's a foreigner. Most foreigners think we are the most mannerless barbarians in Europe."

"Well, good form and good manners are . ."

"My dear boy, one of the most delightful kings in Europe, a truly great, noble, and chivalrous gentleman, always wipes his fingers on his trousers after he has eaten anything juicy or sticky. Never varies. Yes, he does vary, though. Sometimes he wipes them on the front and sometimes on the back; but always on his trousers. And his family have provided kings in Europe since B.C."

"Well, Consuela doesn't like this Spanish Maine, anyhow."

"Then she can leave him to me, can't she, darling, and there'll be no jealousy. Present company always excepted, there is nobody on the ship I'd sooner talk to. He knows my beloved Spain, of course, like the back of his hand; Germany, France, Algiers—all the places I know. I'm quite sure he is no saint, but he knows the world. He has lived, and he has done things."

"Well, go your own foolish way, Drusilla. Don't say I didn't warn you. If you want to know what I think . ."

"Of course I do, darling. Who doesn't? Why don't you like him?"

"Partly because Consuela loathes the sight of him."

"Why should she?"

"My dear Drusilla, I don't wish to be pointed, but the answer is because he's a shocking bounder, and no sensible, decent woman would be seen dead in the street with him—or anybody else."

"I wonder why Consuela takes the trouble to loathe him."

"I wonder why you take the trouble to be civil to him."

"Does Mr. Vanbrugh share Consuela's repugnance and hatred of Senor Maine?"

"HE certainly doesn't like him. Always refers to him as that 'dirty Dago.'"

"Not always, darling. I've heard him refer to him as a 'goddam Wop.' Curious."

"Jolly sight more curious that you should chum up with him, Drusi."

"Oh, darling, we're not positively chummy. He amuses me."

"And you've invited him to Vane Court."

"Yes. I hope he'll invite us to his place in Spain afterwards."

"His Castle in Spain?"

"No, darling. I believe he called it a ganderia. He's a landowner, you know, with a few miles of vineyards and, as a hobby, a ranch for breeding fighting bulls for the bull-ring."

Please turn to Page 48

BACKACHE

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bed-ridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that awful Backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

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SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 47

"HULLO! Who's that casualty?" inquired Captain Alexander Angus Browne, of Surgeon MacDonald, as a man on crutches made his careful, laborious way from the Amazon to the tender that was to take the passengers ashore at Plymouth.

"Damned if I know, sir," replied the ship's doctor. "Nothing to do with me. I've had no foot or leg case. Queer."

Fortunately, the angle of the broad gangway, stretching between the open sallyport in the side of the Amazon and that of the tender, was slight, and the cripple had but little difficulty in crossing from the ship to the boat.

"There's been nobody about the ship on crutches either," continued the surgeon. "Must have been very sudden."

"He'd come prepared for it all right," observed Captain Browne.

"How d'you mean, sir?"

"Well, look. Pretty obvious, isn't it? He's got his foot bound up to the size of a Christmas pudding, and a pair of crutches big and strong enough to take him round the world. He was anticipating that accident, wasn't he?"

"OH, I see what you mean, sir. Of course, it may not have been accident."

"No, indeed it may not," agreed Captain Browne.

"I mean, he may be subject to sudden attacks of gout or rheumatism, and has to be prepared; or he may have some sort of wound or sore that breaks out from time to time."

"Aye?" observed Captain Browne non-committally.

But Otis Vanbrugh, even more sceptical than Captain Browne, took out his pocket-knife as he followed Senor Manoel Maine across the gangway to the tender.

Watching him until he had ensconced himself in a quiet place on the lower deck at the stern of the boat, Vanbrugh, depositing his despatch case at the feet of Consuela, made his way to where Spanish Maine sat, his crutches and bandaged foot extended before him.

Opening his knife, he came up to the cripple and, with the back of the blade, rapped the stout leg of one of the crutches smartly. It was, as he had expected, of steel.

"And might one ask what the devil you think you're doing?" inquired Spanish Maine softly.

"Very bright idea that," replied Vanbrugh. "Very bright. I wonder how many pounds of cocaine those crutches hold, and how many tons of it you've got wrapped round your foot. I call that a really brainy notion. You know, I've half a mind to let you get away with it."

"I'm sure you have," replied Spanish Maine. "More than half. In case you haven't, I'll mention that that bag of golf clubs contains about as much. You notice the large proportion of drivers and brassies. All dummies; all hollow. So are the balls in the pouch, and at the bottom of the bag. They won't fall out because, as you see, the bag's lashed nice and tight round the top."

"Another bright and brainy notion," observed Vanbrugh.

"Yes. That cylindrical case carelessly attached contains a thermos flask. That's full, too."

"And you've nothing to declare, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, I have. I'm always scrupulously honest, careful and precise. Meticulous even. I've got a couple of tablespoons of brandy in this silver flask and a broken box of cigars in that suitcase. They will weigh the cigars, allow me the brandy, and charge me seven and six. Come and watch."

"I'm going to. I'm going to do more than that. I'm going to take a hand. I'm going to give you away, my friend. See you handed over to the police."

"Not you!" laughed Spanish Maine. "Not you!"

"Suppose I don't. And suppose they catch you themselves without my help? Are you still going to spin your yarn about Miss Consuela Vanbrugh?"

"Er—no. Look here, Vanbrugh. I'm a sportsman. Come and watch me through the Customs. I'll bet you a hundred to one, in pounds sterling, they don't touch me. And, what's more, if they do, I'll undertake never to say a word about our little Zaza. Word of honor."

"Done," replied Vanbrugh. "If you are pinched you don't say a word about Miss Vanbrugh, and if you get through, I pay you one hundred pounds. That's it. I believe I'm fool enough to trust you."

"Senor Vanbrugh! Between gentlemen! I have given you my word of honor."

Vanbrugh laughed.

"It's a bet," he said.

In the waiting-room into which the passengers were herded before being allowed, in batches, into the somewhat restricted space of the examination-room, Senor Manoel Maine was the recipient of much and genuine condolence from his friends, especially Lady Drusilla.

"Oh, poor, dear Senor Maine! What is this? The sins of the port-drinking fathers visited upon the nice abstemious children unto the third and fourth generation? How very odd are the ways of God, if one may say so with all respect. They enjoy the port and we get the gout. Most unfair. So that is why we did not see you yesterday? I looked out for you; quite missed you."

"Lady Drusilla, really! It's worth any pain, any inconvenience, to hear you say that. It's nothing, nothing."

"I'm sure it is," observed Otis Vanbrugh.

"What d'you mean, Mr. Vanbrugh?" asked Lady Drusilla.

"Why, Ma'am, that it is nothing—er—to so brave a hero as Senor Maine."

"Pass along, please!" boomed an enormous policeman. "About a dozen please. That's right, sir. Mind the gentleman's foot."

And with a grim smile upon his face Otis Vanbrugh watched the passage of Spanish Maine through the British Customs.

At this unfrequented port, where liners rarely berthed, the definitely easy-going Customs official, who appeared to combine his occasional work of Customs officer with that of railway porter, producing a printed card, read out a long list of dutiable articles.

"Anything to declare, sir?"

"Er—yes, as a matter of fact, I have," replied Spanish Maine. "I've got a few cigars in a box in that suitcase . . . That one. Broken box, originally fifty. I suppose I've taken a dozen out. You don't make any charge for a broken box, do you?"

Please turn to Page 49

Vibrant YOUTH

returns *quickly* to tired weather-worn faces

Amazing rejuvenating cream enables women to look from 5 to 15 years younger

Blackheads, Pimples, Blotches, Coarse, Ugly Pores—these go as correct treatment is applied. First cleanse the clogging matter from your pores with my Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Now—for **BEAUTY**: Smooth on to your skin an exquisite film of my "Facial Youth" Cream. Smooth it evenly on to those lines beneath and near the eyes—on to the nose, and at the corners of the mouth especially. See, as the distended pores close gratefully, a flawless satiny texture arrive to bring you a loveliness no other cream can bring. See, as blackheads vanish, a new thrill in the skin that formerly gave you so much anxiety . . . and, on the glamorously lovely texture thus tempted to firm youthfulness, over facial muscles toned and helped, dust a little "Seventeen" Powder and Rouge, and smile happily in the knowledge that those who pass you will wish they were going your way! "Facial Youth" and other famous Kathleen Court Aids to loveliness are sold by Chemists and Stores around the world, at moderate prices. There is no better quality.

kathleencourt

(England) Limited, LONDON

P.S.—For Liver and Blood upsets—try the new Kathleen Court Complexion Pills, additionally to outward skin treatment. Price 2/-.

When Stomach Gas Presses On Heart

If you suffer sharp pain, about the heart and a feeling of suffocation, don't delay. Go round to your chemist and get a few ounces of pure Salix Magnesia. Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of hot water after meals. Within five minutes it will relieve the pressure of gas around your heart and cause you to breathe easier. Salix Magnesia soothes, cleanses, and sweetens the stomach and neutralises the dangerous acids which are the real cause of a gassy stomach.

Salix Magnesia—recommended by doctors and chemists throughout the civilised world for more than 10 years—is to-day the most scientifically balanced form of magnesia and bismuth available to stomach sufferers—possessing fully twice the pain-relieving speed of other magnesia-bismuth preparations; tenfold the lasting curative properties; and by far the most palatable taste.

NOTE.—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia with other unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular salines, citrates, etc.—it is always wise to pronounce clearly the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia to your chemist.

YOUR GREY HAIR

It tells the tale of advancing years, not always desirable in social or commercial life. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain will restore the natural colour and lustre. The treatment is simple, private, rapid, and unfailing. You get the happiest results every time. Bring back youthful freshness and allure by using Dr. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. **In Brown or Black at all Chemists, 1/- per bottle.** Made by Felton, Grimwade & Duerdins, Ltd., Melbourne.

Piles Disappear

No Cutting or Salves Needed.

External treatments seldom banish piles.

Nor does cutting remove the cause.

The cause is inside—bad circulation.

The blood is stagnant, the veins flabby.

The bowel walls are weak, the parts almost dead.

To quickly and safely rid yourself of piles you must free the circulation—send a fresh current through stagnant pools. Internal treatment is the one safe method. Ointments and cutting won't do it.

J. S. Leonhardt, M.D., a specialist, set at work some years ago to find a real internal remedy for piles. He succeeded. He named his prescription Vaculoid, and tried it in 1000 cases before he was satisfied. Now Vaculoid is sold by chemists everywhere, under guarantee. It is a harmless tablet, easy to take, and the makers will gladly refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied customer.

Boy! I feel good

"Pulvex" fleaproofs your pets, keeping off fleas and lice for days. Pulvex kills fleas dead, but it's harmless, even if swallowed; tasteless and odourless. Use it once a week and your pets will have a flea-free summer. Pulvex costs no more—beware of imitations. Get Pulvex from all chemists and stores. 1/3 tin, or double size, 2/-.

Wholesale Distributors: WILLIAM COOPER & NEPHEWS (Aust.) Ltd., 4 O'Connell St., Sydney.

PULVEX

KILLS FLEAS OFF . . . KEEPS THEM OFF

SLEEP

Assure restful slumber—take Vincent's A.P.C. Will not affect the heart; prepared on scientific hospital formula. Proved by thousands of Australians for over 16 years. Doctors prescribe and admit it as a safe, speedy and reliable preparation to take. Powders and Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6. New pocket size tablets, 1/6 tin.

All Chemists & Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Ltd., 76-78 Liverpool St., Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

At 5 o'clock She's still fresh *and dainty*

BECAUSE SHE'S A Change Daily Girl!

Every morning she puts on a fresh set of undies, clean and sweet as clover! Every night, she sets aside just 4 minutes to pop them into Lux and out again. That's her programme for a successful summer . . . free from all worries about personal daintiness. Do you wonder she looks such a picture of cool, refreshing charm?

4 *Minutes every night* TO GUARD YOUR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

For the sake of 4 minutes every night, you can be sure no-one will ever find you guilty of unpleasant perspiration. It's so easy to offend—but easier still to avoid offending, the change daily way.

A wash in Lux every night is a kindness to undies and stockings. It saves them from having their dainty fibres ruined, and their colours faded and streaked by perspiration acids.

Follow the easy 4-minute Lux method. One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies . . . and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out. **Don't use too-warm water.** Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

A LEVER PRODUCT L.250.15

LUX YOUR UNDERTHINGS EVERY NIGHT . . . . REMOVES PERSPIRATION

SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 48

"WELL, yes, as a matter of fact, we do, sir. Cigars is cigars, and as such is dutiable."

"Oh, well, yes, but damn it all, I'm not importing cigars. They are only a few I've been smoking on the journey, just to last me from Jamaica to London. They're Jamaicana, you know. I don't suppose the duty on them is as heavy as on Havanas, is it?"

"All goes by weight, sir. Yes, I'll have to weigh 'em and charge according. Will you open the suitcase."

"Would you mind doing it? It's unlocked. Everything's unlocked. That one."

"Very good, sir."

And opening the suitcase, the official disclosed, nestling by the side of silk pyjamas and other gentleman-like impedimenta, a fifty box of Jamaican cigars.

"This is all, sir?"

"That's it. Well . . ."

Spanish Maine patted his right breast.

"I believe I've got one in my cigar-case here. Wait a minute."

"Oh, that'll be all right, sir," conceded the man. "You wait a moment. I'll take these and weigh 'em."

"Oh, here, hold on. Half a minute. Sorry—I've got a drop of brandy in this flask."

"How much, sir?"

"About a quarter full. It's just—er—medical comforts, you know. Always carry it about with me."

"That'll be all right, sir."

"Well, be as quick as you can, like a good chap. I can't stand about for long, you know. This leg . . ."

"Quick as I can, sir."

And five minutes later, hieroglyphics scrawled in chalk upon each of his suitcases, trunks, his golf bag and despatch-case, Spanish Maine passed through the little Customs House to the railway platform, where the boat-train awaited him.

SEATED at the window of a first-class carriage, he bowed and smiled pleasantly to his fellow passengers as they hurried by. Otis Vanbrugh approached.

"That will be a hundred pounds, Mr. Vanbrugh," smiled Spanish Maine.

"It will," was the reply. "But I doubt if you'll live to spend it. However, I will post you my cheque. What address?"

Spanish Maine showed his white teeth in the brightest of smiles.

"Send it to Vane Court, my dear chap, will you? To await arrival."

"To Vane Court?"

"Yes, to Vane Court. Paying Lady Drusilla a visit. Shall I have the pleasure of meeting you and our little Zaza there?"

"Miss Vanbrugh and I will be going to Vane Court, but I doubt whether our visit will coincide with yours, Senor Maine."

"Oh, I daresay we can arrange it. I'll have a chat with Lady Drusilla, and, meanwhile, where can I find you?"

"There will be no need to find me. I shan't be lost."

"My dear Mr. Vanbrugh, how literal!"

How very literal. I meant, where can I find you with a letter—to acknowledge the safe receipt of the cheque; or, in case, by chance, it should go astray?"

"Don't worry."

"I won't. . . Why should I? It's you who have to worry, you know. I want an address at which I can find you—and our little Zaza."

"By God, if ever a man went looking for trouble!" growled Vanbrugh.

"No, no, wrong again. It's you who are looking for trouble. Don't forget that I shall be staying at Vane Court. I have an invitation—casual perhaps and hardly serious—but I'm going, and I'm going to be serious. Now then, if you don't want me to be—er—indiscreet, and to gossip, shall we say, at Vane Court, let me have an address at which I can find you if I want you."

And the piercing black eyes bored into the hard grey ones.

"A letter will always be forwarded to me from Brandon Abbas, Devonshire."

"You are going there shortly?"

"Yes."

Spanish Maine produced a notebook and detached from it a pencil.

"Brandon Abbas, Devonshire," he wrote. "Is that near Exeter?"

"Not far."

"Mind you, it will be the worse for you and our Zaza if there's any hanky-panky. Address you there, care of whom?"

"Care of John Geste, Esq."

"Right. I'll probably look you up."

"I shouldn't."

"No? . . . Ah! Here comes her ladyship.

"Safe through, Lady Drusilla? Did they find anything?"

"Not a thing, Senor Maine. Got the whole consignment through safely. Did you?"

"Most of it, dear lady. Most of it. But they stuck me ten bob for cigars. Too bad . . . Mr. Vanbrugh was just saying he'd kept this compartment, for us all. Come along."

And in the six-seated compartment, there travelled to London a somewhat ill-assorted party consisting of Lady Drusilla Vane, Consuela Vanbrugh, Sir Harry Vane, Mr Otis Vanbrugh and Senor Manoel Maine, the last-named the merriest of them all, with Lady Drusilla a close second.

OTIS VANBRUGH paced the floor of the sitting-room that he shared with Consuela at the Imperial Hotel, Mayfair.

Up and down, up and down, to and fro, to and fro, he marched, as if on sentry-go, his brow heavy, his face expressive of the worry, anxiety, and trouble that oppressed his mind.

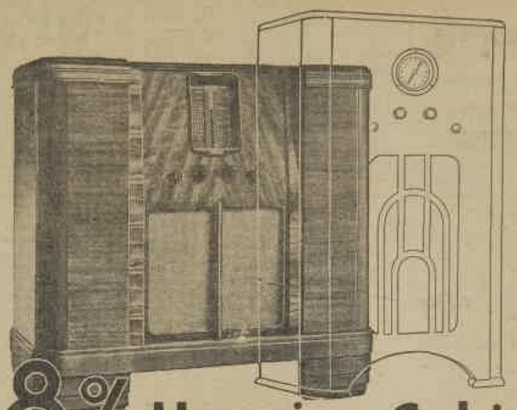
Consuela, sunk in a deep armchair, watched him uneasily.

"I don't know, my dear; I don't know. I don't know what to say. I don't see how you can go on."

Please turn to Page 50

LOUISE . . .

SHE has the slender grace of hyacinths
That grow in gardens where 'tis cool and still;
And laughing eyes, articulate yet calm
As deep, clear waters by a ruined mill;
And fiery hair where dancing sunbeams play
With gleaming amber from old autumn trees;
And tender heart where only sweetness dwells—
These gifts God gave to my dear friend, Louise,
—M. Yarrington.



88% Heavier Cabinet

BIGGER in Size . . . BETTER in Tone

The Radio Creation of 1936

Truly a magnificent "outsize" receiver, is this marvellous new 1936 Stromberg-Carlson Console Grand. Outsize in style . . . AND outsize in performance. With its impressive, beautifully-finished cabinet 35in. high and 35in. wide, it has an individuality and dignity of its own . . . beyond comparison with ANY radio on the market to-day.

And its performance is even more remarkable still.

Moscow as strong as 2FC . . . London like a local station . . . PERFECT world-wide reception is an everyday affair of this miracle performer!

With amazing clarity and richness of tone and a wealth of exclusive features, it is the ideal receiver for your home — a satisfying investment in permanent pleasure. Compare these remarkable features:—

● 7 valves ● Short Wave covers 16-51 metre bands (which includes 5 short wave reception channels) ● Broadcast covers 194-555 (all Australian Stations) ● Wide range reproduction from a whisper to concert hall volume ● Tone compensation ● 6 Watt undistorted power output ● Specially designed speaker ● Tone Control ● Cabinet weight 88% heavier than average World wide range ● Mammoth Chassis ● Selectorlite dial revolutionises tuning ● 3 way isolation switch (broadcast, short wave and pick-up) ● New non-microphonic condenser ● Full Automatic Volume Control.

Expect to be surprised when you see this sensational new radio . . . amazed when you hear it. Arrange for a demonstration now—at your dealers, or in your own home.

PRICE ONLY 39 GUINEAS

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N.S.W.: Bennett & Wood Ltd., 384 Pitt Street, Sydney. Waggs Wireless Distributors, Box 93, Wagga. Heron & Smith (Balonnia), 91 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

Queensland: Noyes Bros. (Sydney) Ltd., Burton House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Lawrence & Hanson Electrical Co. Ltd., 87, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.

S.A.: Savery's Pianos, Ltd., 39 Rundle Street, Adelaide. Radio Wholesalers, James Place, Adelaide.

Victoria: Warburton Franki (Melb.), Ltd., 380-382 Bourke Street, Melbourne. M. Brash & Co., Pty. Ltd., Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; 186 Royle Street, Geelong. Veals Pty. Ltd., 243-249 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

Tasmania: Findlays Pty. Ltd., 86 Elizabeth Street, Launceston. Wills and Co. Pty. Ltd., 7 The Quadrant, Launceston. Findlay & Wills Pty., Ltd., Devonport.

W.A.: Musgroves Limited, Lyric House, Murray Street, Perth.

N.Z.: Gough, Gough & Hamer, Ltd., Christchurch. B.17

£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 20

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, NORMA SHEARER, the extra unnecessary letter being "T." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISSPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1936, "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O., Box 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1.	N	STARHERE SHEARER	No. 9.	L	HARDHOW
„ 2.	C	BBEENNTT	„ 10.	R	TEZCORD
„ 3.	G	KISSARL	„ 11.	F	HICER
„ 4.	B	OYDCB	„ 12.	L	TONERS
„ 5.	C	FORDBRICK	„ 13.	F	RAYWA
„ 6.	W	WELLPOW	„ 14.	B	NOLLY
„ 7.	F	ONETO	„ 15.	L	ENDAFAZZ
„ 8.	C	BERTCOLB	„ 16.	T	HEADYBANK

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly."

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 22nd.

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 17

RESULT

Five competitors submitted fully correct solutions, and therefore share the prize, £25 each, each receiving £5.

MISS D. TUCKER, John Street, Abermain.
MRS. G. H. NICHOLSON, High Street, Warialda.
WM. H. CHAPMAN, 113 Darley Road, Randwick.
MISS M. HAY, 30 Constitution Street, Dulwich Hill.
MRS. S. LEESE, 19 Teralba Road, Brighton-le-Sands.

SOLUTION

No. 1, Grace Moore; 2, Elisabeth Bergner; 3, Ann Dvorak; 4, Addison Page; 5, Richard Dolman; 6, George Brent; 7, Bette Davis; 8, Tom Mix; 9, Mary Treen; 10, Norma Shearer; 11, Warner Baxter; 12, Slim Summerville; 13, Loretta Young; 14, Spencer Tracy; 15, Greta Garbo; 16, Richard Dix.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613676

How to Make Your Nerves Behave

Good Advice for Tired, Nervous Men and Women.

When you are run down, out of sorts, tire easily, have lost confidence in your ability to do things, and ambition seems to have deserted you, it's a sure sign your nerve force has run down and that your nerves need a stimulant to restore to your system its old-time strength and energy, and bring back the good old "vigour" that used to make your life a real joy.

Leading chemists everywhere are selling a wonderful new nerve remedy known as Phosphorated Iron on a positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. It's amazing how quickly these Phosphorated Iron tablets tone up the entire system, calm and steady the nerves, and put vim, vigor and vitality into men and women who are fagged out, nervous, despondent and ambitionless.

Thousands testify to their remarkable value in cases of severe mental depression, nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, "jumps," "fidgets," and generally unstrung nerves, that come from excessive work, worry, lack of sleep or over-indulgence in drinking, eating, or smoking. They never fail to benefit. If you are blue, and feel as though you didn't give a hang, or are cross, irritable, and your nerves are right on edge, get a package (60 tablets) of Phosphorated Iron right away. Eat two with every meal for a few days, and see what a wonderful improvement they make in your whole nervous system.***

BABY'S HEALTH

Mother praises these powders . .

Mrs. Hart writes:—

"Your Infants' Powders proved a blessing to our baby, when cutting his teeth, as the hot climate here upsets most babies. Other powders acted too harshly on the bowels resulting in a bad form of diarrhoea; but Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders have proved over and over again to be evenly balanced. Whenever my friends come here with a sick child out comes the little 'box of cure' as used in Royal Nurseries." A fretful, crying, feverish child is quickly soothed and enjoys food and restful sleep throughout the critical stage of acquiring little teeth when Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are used. Ask for them by name.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance.*** Copyright

Her Eyes

are pools of mystic depth; her mouth a rose-bud mouth; her cheeks, not pallid, nor yet insipidly pink, are warm, satiny tributes of the Goddess of **Youth**. She used Kathleen Court's Eye-lash Grower, which gave her those long, dark, glamorous lashes of loveliness; she uses "Rose Petal" Rouge, which lends added, remarkable enchantment to the beauty of the eyes. Her Kathleen Court Lipstick makes the word "indelible" mean something! Thus, her lips provocative, her eyes starry beneath their long, deep fringes, her power of captivation doubled by this clever combination of amazingly effective beautifiers, she is the idol of all, the life of the party, the envy of her set. She has money for dresses, too, for the Kathleen Court Aids to Loveliness are **SO** inexpensive. Eye-lash Grower—1/-; "Rose Petal" Rouge—1/6; Kathleen Court Lipsticks from 1/-. Of smart Chemists and Stores, or direct from Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney. You, too, can have eyes that

are Glad Eyes!

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.***

SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 49

"OTIS, can't we do something? I could kill him. I would kill him if I had a chance. I'd kill him with my own hands. If only for making me feel like this, driving me back to what I was. I was forgetting how to hate, forgetting that ever I had hated—and now I'm talking about killing. He's driving me back to what I was; making me bad again. Oh, if he were here in this room!"

"Forget it, Consuela. Cut it right out. Don't talk like that. I'll fix him, don't you worry. Whatever happens and whatever the result is, I'll fix him. But we've got to remember this is not the Sahara and it's not Wyoming. Look here, we'll go down to Vane Court with Harry to-morrow, and from there I'll go on to Brandon Abbas, and I will talk it over with John Geste. I'll come back to Vane Court and fetch you to Brandon Abbas. John's not only about the whitest man that ever lived, but he's wise, he's sound. We'll see what he advises. You won't mind if I tell him everything, will you?"

"Oh, Otis . . . but . . . Well, you know best. I'll leave it entirely to you. If you think it's going to help."

"I do, my dear. Telling John Geste will be like telling a tombstone. He'd be just as likely to repeat it. He wouldn't even tell his wife, unless we asked him to.

"In point of fact, Consuela, I should have had to tell John something, even if we'd never met the Vanes and Spanish Maine. I wrote and told him we were coming to England, and that I was bringing my half-sister; and when he was at my ranch in Wyoming there wasn't any half-sister! He knows my sisters Mary and Janey, and as he was going to take us around in British society, I should have had to tell him something to explain your accent, and your being such a brunette, so different from Mary and Janey.

"Now, I want to tell him the whole story, and get his advice and help as to how to handle this Spanish Maine without coming up against the British law. Most law-abiding country in the world this, Consuela, and the British cop is your big brother so long as you are a good boy; but if you aren't, he gets you, and there's no escape. And once you are inside, there's no pull in the world can help you. No graft.

"You see, if we were back in the Wild and Woolly West of the U.S.A.—especially if we were on the ranch in Wyoming, this Spanish Maine would not arise. No, he surely would not. Six feet of earth would keep him down, if he tried to. But it is different over here, and we mustn't make any mistake. I want Spanish Maine to make the mistake; and the next thing I want is another man to talk to. To talk things over with. To put me wise.

"No. If you find you are sitting pretty at Vane Court, all comfortable and enjoying yourself, I'll get a car and run over and see John, first; talk it over with him, and then, according to how things go and what we decide, I can come and fetch you there, or not.

"But perhaps you wouldn't like to visit them after I'd spilt the beans, and he knew everything? . . . I wish grandmother was still alive. You knew I told you I used to come to Brandon Regis to visit her when I was a boy.

"But, mind you, my dear, John Geste is not only one of the best, he's the best, and his wife, well . . ."

"SHE'S the woman you loved so, isn't she?" said Consuela. "Yes, and but for her I should never have known you, Otis, and never have known Harry. I should still be in Bonzen. It was because you loved her that you came to Africa to look for her husband, wasn't it? Yes. Tell them, if you like. I don't care. They'd never tell anybody else, would they?"

"They'd sooner die, Consuela. They'd sooner cut their tongues out."

"Well, tell them, then, and see if they can help. Yes, tell them. I don't care. I feel everything is slipping, slipping. . . . Oh, Otis, Otis, I shall die."

And the girl burst into a flood of passionate tears.

"There, there, there . . ."

"Oh, Virgin Mary," she wept, "help me. I do love him so. And, oh, God, do help me to kill Spanish Maine. I do hate him so."

"There, there, Consuela. Don't carry on. I'll fix him. I'll fix him."

The girl rose to her feet.

"Otis! Don't you do anything to bring trouble on you! I won't have it! I've given you trouble enough. Promise me, Otis. I'll deal with El Senor Manoel Maine."

"Now, none of that, Consuela! Stop it! Cut it out, I tell you. Never mind about fixing Spanish Maine. Go and fix yourself. They'll be here to lunch in half-an-hour. Look, you'll have the whole afternoon and evening on the river with Harry. While I palaver with Drusilla," he added, a little ruefully.

And as the girl went from the room, Otis Vanbrugh seated himself in her chair, resting his chin upon his clenched fists.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know. What a mess! What a God Almighty mess. She can't get away with it. We can't—with or without Mr. Spanish Maine.

"Mr. Spanish Maine! . . . Why, hombre, I begin to think you are the one bright spot in it; for I do surely promise myself a real shining moment with you—when the time comes."

JOHN GESTE led the way into the room that had been his favorite from childhood, and was now known as his study, sanctum, and den. A big, deep armchair on either side of a log-fire; a low table, on which stood a decanter, siphons and cigar-box; a general atmosphere of luxury, peace and quiet, invited rest and relaxation.

Switching on the lights and locking the door, he turned to his guest.

"Well, old chap, here we are. Sit down. The night's but young and we have got the rest of it. What's the trouble? Prefer anything to a whisky?"

"No, thanks, John. I'd like a highball," replied Otis Vanbrugh. "Helps me to talk as well as anything, when I have to. And I have to now, John. And the tale of the trouble is a long one. I'm going to tell you everything and ask your opinion . . . your advice. I'm going to do more than that. I'm going to ask you to tell me—so far as you can—exactly what you'd do, in my place."

"I'll try, Otis. Of course I will give you my opinion and I'll give you my advice, for what it's worth. As to telling you what I'd do in your place—that's more difficult. Does one ever really know what one would do in another person's place? Anyhow, I will have a shot at it. What's the trouble?"

"Blackmail."

"Good Lord! That's a nasty thing. Nearly as bad as murder."

"Worse, sometimes," agreed Vanbrugh. "I'd make it a capital offence. Murder of happiness. Sometimes murder of mind and soul. Much worse than killing the body."

"YES, I quite agree. There are lots of people who ought to be put to death, but nobody ought to be blackmailed. Yes, I've often wanted to commit murder, but I can't say I have ever contemplated the other crime. Which does rather suggest it's worse than murder, I suppose.

"Who's being blackmailed? Not you?" added John Geste, incredulous.

"Yes, indirectly."

"For a large amount?"

"Oh, six thousand pounds cash down, and five thousand a year; with a contingent thirty thousand pounds—a contingency which I've no doubt will be made to arise."

John Geste whistled on a note of consternation and amazement.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Our friend Senor Manoel Maine, approved and admired of Lady Drusilla Vane."

"Good Lord above us! A blackmailer?"

"Very black."

Please turn to Page 58

NEWS!

With this announcement, the Pepsodent Company invite you to try Pepsodent Toothpaste in a new and larger tube at the same price as before. To-day Pepsodent stands as an example of the finest scientific toothpaste modern science can produce. Pepsodent is famous for removing dingy film, that sticky germ-laden coating that stains teeth and encourages decay. Only recently in scientific tests Pepsodent proved the least abrasive, and therefore safest, of 15 leading toothpastes.

And now we have found a way to give you Pepsodent at a greater saving. New processes have cut costs and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you with the tube alone changed and the quantity increased. Chemists are selling the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTHPASTE——*NOW IN LARGER TUBES*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

February 1, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. 51

How Simple And Yet How Sweet!

Frocks and Hats for Little Misses which you may make ... and then so swiftly enrich with Bertha Maxwell's dainty embroidery designs

EVERY time she steps forth to school, to Sunday school, to play or visit, your little girl tells tales! She tells the whole world something about her mother. It makes one thoughtful, doesn't it?

By her dress you are judged — not the cost of it, that is nothing these days with beautiful materials to be bought for sixpence a yard—but whether you have taste and discrimination in clothes, whether you are one of the great army of clever needle-workers, probably even whether you care for your little girl or not!

IF you have never thought about this before, if you cannot sew but would like to do something yourself for little expense, read this page through carefully, and then make these frocks and hats, because you can make them if you want to. And if we have omitted anything helpful in the directions, write and ask us about it.

Cotton and linen are to-day's two most fashionable materials for frocks for everyone; they have never been pretier, better woven, easier to sew and launder. Both these materials seem to belong particularly to children and young people, they are so fresh and clean, and so cheap that one can have a good selection for a very small sum of money. They are pure vegetable fibres, grown in sunny fields, and return from the tub and the iron with a fragrance of clean sweetness which is most acceptable in a hot climate.

The first little frock has been designed for girls of from ten to fourteen years of age, a difficult age to dress; too old for the dainty trifle of a frock worn by the tiny people, not old enough for the style of dress suitable to the nearly-grown-up, and still growing so quickly that an expensive garment cannot be worn out. Cottons at a few pence a yard are the ideal material to use; linen costs a little more and is well worth it. Figured materials may be used with hat and collar made from a plain material, stitched with one of these designs in colors to harmonise with the frock material. If you are using flowered or patterned fabrics, choose them carefully for the young girl; hard, angular designs, jazzy spots, large flowers and wide stripes, all these must be avoided. Dainty small designs on the cloth are best, and they should be in clear, bright colors—think of a garden and then think of its softer, lighter tones of blues, pinks, yellows, and greens. Here are the quantities you will require, and a brief description of putting them together.

The frock patterns cost 1/1 each; the hat patterns 9d. each; the transfer 1/-.

Patterns & Transfers For Every Purpose!

BERTHA MAXWELL'S exquisite designs, already featured, are always available on application to our offices. Note some of her loveliest patterns and transfers:

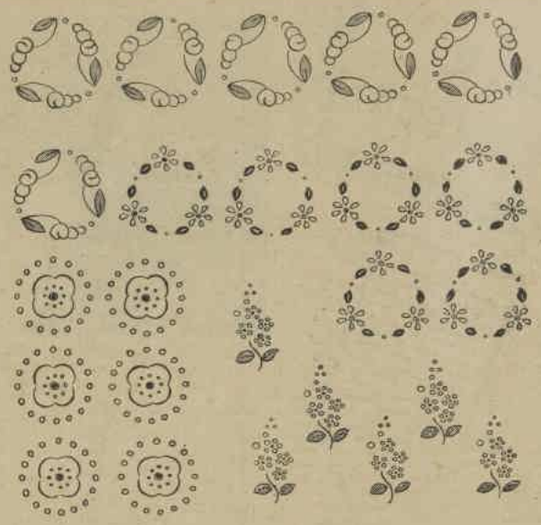
Transfer sheets, costing 1/- each, containing transfer designs for smart personal wear and for lovely house linens: 10 x 20 violet transfer; sweet eyelet design on a transfer sheet measuring 10 x 20 inches; 12 x 12 sheet of applique flowers. Bundles of colored linen or Cesarine available for use as applique patches.

Special three-piece trousseau set: Patterns for nightdress, slip, scanties cost 2/6 the set. Beautiful 20 x 30 gardenia transfer for V-neck and bordering costs 1/6.

Cross-stitched tunic and blouse design: Three strips of cross-stitching for 1/6. Two-way exclusive paper pattern for tunic and blouse only 1/-.

Hand-cut patterns of sweet pyjamas and matching short-coat pyjamas 1/1; coat 6d; 15 x 20 transfer sheet of five different designs all suitable for square-neck pyjamas, price 1/-.

THIS SWEET FROCK has been designed for girls ten to fourteen years of age. When ordering pattern please state age. Frock pattern costs 1/1; hat pattern, 9d.



LITTLE GIRLS, 4 to 6 years of age, will just adore this dainty frock, which has been exclusively designed for their wear. The frock pattern costs 1/1; hat, 9d.
LEFT: THERE are 18 motifs, each measuring about 1¼ inches, in Bertha Maxwell's lovely transfer, which costs 1/-.

The Making

THE frock and hat for the 10-to-14-year-old will take from 2½ to 3 yards of 36-inch material. There are seven pattern pieces for the frock, including half-front, half-back of bodice, sleeve and collar. The sleeve band is not given, as it is a straight piece of material, 2½ inches wide, folded in half, and long enough to fit the arm. As the front and back skirt panels are the same, only half panel is given, which must be cut on the fold of the material twice. Side-back and side-front skirt are given. These must be cut double.

Allow for seams when cutting out and note that notches match.

The hat is cut for a 21½ inch head and there are three pattern pieces: Top of crown, crown band, and brim. Half a yard of stiffened muslin is required for the brim.

After cutting the frock, join skirt seams, notches matching; join shoulder and under-arm seams, then slit down centre-back for four inches. Bind all round with a cross-way strip of material. Join sleeve seams, gather lower edge to fit band, and sew in sleeves, notches matching. Embroider collar, sew to neck, finish edge with a narrow hem or binding. Join skirt to bodice, and then turn a hem to required length.

For the Wee Girlie

THE frock and hat for the 4-to-6-year-old require 2 yards of 36-inch material. There are five pattern pieces for the frock: half-back yoke, half-front yoke, half-front and back skirt and sleeve. Allow for seams when cutting and note that notches match.

Take two 1-inch knife pleats at each side of front and back skirt, folding the pleats until the notches match; take three pin-tucks at each side of back and front yoke along tracing lines. Make 1-inch turnings on each side of back yoke; pin together as for fastening, turn a narrow hem at lower edge and sew down on to back skirt. Sew front yoke to skirt, and then join shoulder and under-arm seams. Turn a hem to required length; face neck. Join sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, gather at lower edge and finish with a narrow binding.

Lace may be added or not, as required. Sew fasteners down back.

Frock should be embroidered before making up.

Hat is for a 20-inch head, and has three pattern pieces; top of crown, crown band, and brim.

Directions for making may be followed for either hat: Cut brim on double material, then once on lining. Cut crown and band once; join back seams of brims on wrong side. Next place material brims together, right sides facing, lining on top. Tack together, and then machine round outside edge one-eighth of an inch from the edge. Press, turn inside out, and machine three or four rows of stitching round edge. These rows may be close together, or about an inch apart. Make half-inch cuts (one inch apart) round head for required fitting (make pin-tucks down tracing lines on crown band for smaller hat); join crown to band, gathering any fullness. Turn a half-inch hem at lower edge of crown, and machine on to brim.

Hats should be embroidered before making up.

The Transfer

EVEN if you cannot make the frocks, you will not be able to resist the transfer.

There are 18 small circular designs, measuring about 1¼ inches, and six little sprigs of forget-me-nots of the same height. They are perfect little bits for underwear and blouses.

The transfer measures 12 ins. by 12 ins., and costs 1/-, from this office only.

Anyone can stitch these simple patterns, so that they are very suitable for a learner; and if the learner is the young wearer of the frock, the first lesson will be an easy one, encouraging the amateur to try her hand at more work of the same kind. There is nothing like hand-stitchery for adding that note of charm which draws attention and approval, especially in the delightful frocks of simple materials worn by children.

The Designs

THE first group of six shows a circle of quaint berries, reversed stems and leaves; stitched in rather carefree style, unpadded satin-stitch or light buttonholing, this pattern will rely on color for its effect. Scarlet or blue berries with green stems and leaves will suit most tastes; yellow berries to tone with yellow in the material are also very apt.

The next group consists of tiny eyelet flowers with leaves, an old favorite type of stitchery well known to all workers. A tiny open eyelet with the rest of the flower in slightly-padded satin-stitch will do for this; or if there is not much time to spare, the whole may be lazy-daisy.

Then there is a square flower effect in a circle of eyelets, this circle to be clipped away if not wanted. The flower looks well in deep buttonholing or satin-stitching all round, with an eyelet in the centre surrounded by satin dots. Satin-stitch or eyelet the ring all round the outside.

Six sprigs of forget-me-nots for pale blue-and-green work will please any little girl; they are the merest touch of satin-stitching and outlining, very sweet on a white collar for a blue dress.

The eyelet circles with the black leaves and the six forget-me-nots are both adorable for dotting about a sheer linen, voile or muslin dress for a baby; for use also on bonnets or bibs.

CLEVER IDEAS

FOR CIGARETTE HOLDERS: If your cigarette holder has become stained and yellow-looking, clean it this way: Make a paste of whiting and peroxide of hydrogen. Rub this well over the ivory and then, after a few minutes, brush it off and polish the ivory with a piece of felt.

BEFORE USING BROOMS.—Soak new brooms in strong salt and water before using them, and they will last much longer.

TORN RUBBER APRONS. — Make gardening or household gloves out of torn rubber aprons. Out of the best parts cut gloves, and sew up on the sewing-machine.

WASHING BRUSHES.—Do not use hot water on brushes when cleaning, but keep it warm. Make a lather with soap flakes, add a teaspoonful of vinegar to it, then wash the brush. Add a teaspoonful of vinegar to cold water for the rinsing, and your brush will have bristles snowy white.

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Even one bottle of Clements Tonic can make a really amazing change. However tired, run-down and "nervy" you may be, you, too, will "feel a different person" after taking Clements Tonic—the natural nerve-food.

"I am writing to tell you the effect your Clements Tonic had on me.

"I suffered with muscular Rheumatism in both arms for nearly twelve months. Some days I could not lift a cup of tea across the table, and to write a letter was a real effort, having to rest between the pages for my arms ached so.

"Have tried all sorts of Lotions and Salts, which seemed to have no effect. I have taken two bottles only of your tonic and feel a different person, and I am entirely free of pain.

"Am keeping a third bottle in the house and will recommend the tonic to my friends. It is a splendid thing for nerves." (Mrs.) H.M.R.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

CT35-105

FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

Baby's Sensitive Skin Needs Careful Handling

BY MARY TRUBY KING

It can readily be understood why the skin of a new-born baby should be treated with respect. It is particularly delicate immediately after birth and remains sensitive for many succeeding months.

One cannot use a towel on baby's body as one would use it on oneself—the delicate skin must be dabbed, and not rubbed, dry.

CARE should be taken, however, that the skin is thoroughly dried by the dabbing process.

Don't say to yourself, "It doesn't matter—the powder will soak up the rest." The careful drier seldom needs to use a dusting powder.

Be particularly careful with the folds of baby's skin—under the arms, behind the knees, between the legs. Sore buttocks are far too common and may be prevented by simple means.

Do not let baby lie for hours in wet napkins, even though he appears to be quite happy about it. The wetness softens his skin and makes it very liable to inflammation and rawness.

Never dry wet napkins and use them again without boiling them.

Be careful in your choice of dusting powder. The best dusting powder is made by adding a drachm of zinc oxide to an ounce of finely-powdered starch. Any chemist will make this up for you quite cheaply.

For the first few months it is as well to use butter-muslin napkins next baby's skin, with a Turkish towelling napkin folded round the buttocks, but not going between the legs. Always use butter-muslin napkins if there is any soreness. You can make very satisfactory napkins from four thicknesses of strong, washing butter-muslin.

THESE THREE BONNY AUSTRALIANS were all reared by the Truby King method. They are Geoffrey, Carmel and Pamela, children of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wood, Queensland National Bank, Beaudesert.

If your baby has sore buttocks, go through the above list carefully, so that you may find the CAUSE.

It is useless to go on treating the skin with ointments, etc., if one does not at the same time seek and remove the cause of the soreness.

If you are feeding baby at the breast, give him a little boiled water before each feed. It may be necessary to have a test made of your milk to find out if it is too rich in fat. Regulate your own habits and take a sensible diet.

It is sometimes beneficial to take off baby's napkin for a short time daily, and gradually expose the skin to the mild early morning sun. Don't make the mistake of doing this when the sun is hot, or you will make matters much worse. **Exposure should be of only a minute's duration at first, increasing by half a minute each day to a total of ten minutes daily.**

If baby's motions are frequent, fermentative, greenish and very acid, give a dose of castor oil, followed by a meal of boiled water only. For the next feed use half milk mixture and half boiled water, and then return very gradually to full-strength milk mixture.

Do not make a habit of putting rubber knickers on baby. They are convenient when travelling and visiting, but should be used as temporary expedients only, and not as a reason for changing the napkins less frequently.

Save Old Linen

KEEP all your scraps of old soft cotton material. Boil them, and put them away in a pillow-case. If baby has red or raw buttocks, smear a little ointment on one of the squares of old cotton, and place it over the affected area before putting on the napkin. Ask your chemist to make up the ointment as follows for you: White vaseline, 1 ounce; zinc oxide, 1 drachm; almond oil, 1 drachm; lanoline, ½ drachm.

While baby's buttocks are sore, thicken his bath-water slightly by moving a small muslin bag full of oatmeal about in it.

When baby has passed a motion, do not wipe away any adhering pieces with the corner of the napkin. Such methods are liable to scrape off the tender external cells. Cleanse the buttocks with a butter-muslin cloth dipped in warm water. Use a trace of the best superfatted soap. Then dry thoroughly, with dabbing movements.

Sore buttocks may be caused by any of the following: Loose, frothy motions; strong, acid urine; lack of proper hygiene; sudden weaning; the use of cane sugar in baby's milk mixture (sugar of milk should be used); too high a fat percentage; the use of sugary patent foods; the use of blue, strong soaps, washing soda or washing powders when washing the napkins; over-feeding; bacterial infection; infection from a circumcision area or from the umbilical cord; as well as by the use of harsh, irritating clothing placed next to the skin.

Now I can tan without burning

since using Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Sun Brown Oil

You can now tan your skin a beautiful golden brown, smoothly and evenly—without any painful burning or blistering. The method is simple. Rub Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Sun Brown Oil on your face, neck, shoulders, arms and all other exposed parts of the body before and after bathing or exposure to the sun. The sun need no longer hold any terrors for you, and your skin will take on a beautiful shade of golden brown that will make you so attractive during the summer months. Large bottle, 3/-.

Daggett & Ramsdell

MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"'Varex' treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varex Booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney; 82N Collins St., Melbourne.★★★

CORNS LIFT OFF... Pain

Curbed in 3 Seconds

Works as an Anæsthetic.

AH! What relief! One tiny drop of amazing liquid scientifically deadens all pain in 3 seconds. Then shrivels up and so loosens the horny growth from healthy tissue you can soon lift it off with finger tips. Why endure corns when you can now get new, improved, safe, FROZOL-ICE with its local anæsthetic. A small bottle removes every corn—hard or soft, root and all—callouses, too.

Doctors urge it for safety,—no danger of blood poisoning as with razors. Famous dancers, golfers, etc., swear by it. No painful pressure as with plasters or rings.

Chemists now have the new, quick, safe, FROZOL-ICE on its makers' guarantee to do the job or money back.

for furniture and woodwork. Dries in a few hours with a rich, lasting, washable gloss. Also use "QUICK" Stain—"QUICK" Silver— and "QUICK" Clear Varnish.

Sold by all Paint and Hardware Stores

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ART *of* PASTRY MAKING

Recipes for Tarts You'll be Asked to Make Again and Again!

By RUTH FURST, Cookery Expert to the Women's Weekly

NO wonder tarts are looked upon with favor at any time of the year, for they are equally delicious served hot or cold; they so adequately meet any emergency and, well made, never fail to tempt the appetite.

IF you would gain a reputation as an expert in the art of pastry-making, which is essential to the success of your tarts, heed this advice: Before measuring, sift the flour, baking powder and salt together (or self-raising flour and salt). Measure accurately; keep everything as cold as possible and handle ingredients lightly.

BAKED CUSTARD TART.

Four ounces shortcrust, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon sugar, nutmeg.

Make the shortcrust (using plain flour). Line a sandwich tin evenly with it. Beat the eggs well, add the sugar and milk and beat well. Pour gently into the pastry case and bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set.

The following are hints on how to prevent the pastry from rising: Always use plain flour and baking powder; do not stretch pastry when putting it into the tins; see that there are no holes in pastry; make the pastry dry; pour custard mixture in gently so as to prevent making a hole in the pastry.

TRELLIS TART.

Six ounces shortcrust, ½lb. golden syrup, lemon juice, heaped cup breadcrumbs.

Make the shortcrust. Turn on to floured board. Roll into a round, and line a well-greased sandwich tin. Ornament edge. Pour in the syrup and lemon juice, and sprinkle in the crumbs. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Roll out remainder of pastry, cut into ½-inch strips and arrange them in open lattice design. Bake ½ hour in moderate oven. To be eaten cold.

BALMORAL TARTLETS.

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. cake crumbs, 1oz. candied peel, 1oz. S.R. flour, 2 eggs, ½lb. shortcrust.

Make the shortcrust, cut into rounds and line greased patty tins with it. Cream the butter and sugar, stir in the eggs, cake crumbs, flour, and peel. Place a small quantity of jam in the bottom of each patty tin, fill with the mixture. Cross 2 narrow strips of pastry on each tartlet. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler.

BUTTERSCOTCH TART.

One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup cold water, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 dessertspoon honey, good squeeze lemon juice, 1oz. shortcrust.

Make the shortcrust. Roll out and line a deep pie plate. Pinch the edges and prick the centre. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Mix the flour and sugar well together, add the 3 tablespoons water, and mix till quite smooth and free from lumps. Add the cup of water. Put into a saucepan, and stir over the gas till it boils and thickens, then cook well for about 3 minutes. Add the butter, honey and lemon juice. Pour into the tart. Cover with meringue made with 2 whites of eggs and 4 tablespoons sugar. Heap roughly over the top. Place in a cool oven till the meringue is a pale brown. Serve either hot or cold.

HAVE you ever tasted gramma or butterscotch tarts? They look delicious, don't they?

Children simply adore tarts, but wise mothers will not allow them to eat too many. Too much rich pastry may upset wee folk.

YAMBA TARTLETS.

For Pastry: 4oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. cornflour, 3oz. butter, yolk 1 egg, ¼ cup milk.

For Centre: 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup coconut, juice 1 lemon, jam.

Sift flour, cornflour, baking powder, rub in butter, add sugar, make into dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll out, cut into rounds and line deep patty tins—place little jam in each. Cream the butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, lastly, coconut and lemon juice. Place spoonful in pastry cases. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler.

CRUMB TART.

Two ounces butter, yolks of 2 eggs, 4oz. any stale cake crumbs, pinch of mixed spice, 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon milk, 2oz. plain flour, 4oz. shortcrust.

Make the shortcrust. Turn on to a floured board. Roll into a thin sheet. Line a deep sandwich tin with the pastry. Trim the edges and pinch a frill round. Place a thin layer of jam in the bottom. Cream the butter, add the sugar and beat till as white as possible. Add the yolks, then the milk, crumbs, flour, and spice. Place in the pastry case. Glaze with egg and milk and sprinkle thickly with icing sugar. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve cold.

MINCE TART.

Shortcrust, 2 apples, 2oz. currants, 2oz. sultanas, 1oz. peel, rind and juice 1 lemon, 4oz. brown sugar.

Peel and core and grate the apples. Add the other ingredients, mixing well. Allow to stand 1 hour before using. Make the pastry, turn on to floured board. Cut one-third off. Roll out the larger piece and line deep sandwich tin, fill with the mince mixture. Roll out small piece and put over the tart. Pinch the edges to form a frill. Glaze with water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle with icing sugar. Serve hot or cold.

GRAMMA TART.

Large piece of gramma, sultanas, ½ teaspoon ginger, rind and juice lemon, 1 cup sugar, currants, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, shortcrust.

Prepare the gramma like pumpkin. Cook till soft. Drain well, and mash. Add to it sugar, sultanas, currants, ginger, cinnamon and lemon. Mix well. Line a deep sandwich tin with the pastry, fill with the mixture, and cover with pastry. Ornament the edge. Glaze and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve either hot or cold.

SPANISH TART, No. 1.

Puff pastry, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 2 apples, apricot jam.

Make the pastry and line a deep plate with it. Spread the bottom with jam. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, then grated rind of lemon, and the grated apple. Mix well. Pour into the pastry shell. Bake in moderate oven half hour. Serve hot or cold.

MACAROON TARTS

Shortcrust, 4oz. ground almonds, 2 eggs, essence, 4oz. sugar, little milk, raspberry jam.

Make the pastry, roll out, cut into rounds, line deep patty tins, and place a little jam in each. Mix the almonds and sugar, add the beaten eggs, milk, and essence. Mix well. Pour a little on top of the jam. Put strips of pastry on each. Bake in a moderate oven 18 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

POLO TARTS

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 6oz. S.R. flour, ½lb. shortcrust, red currant jelly, 3oz. finely-chopped nuts, little apricot jam.

Line patty tins with the pastry, place a little jam in each, then place in a spoonful of cake mixture (made with the butter, sugar, egg, milk, and flour). Bake in moderate oven till a pale brown. Turn on to a cake cooler. When cold, brush cake mixture over with currant jelly, and sprinkle with the chopped nuts.

Make delicious Fruit Junkets *this easy way*

No mixing of flavours and several ingredients—no mess—no failures! Just add the required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets to lukewarm sweetened milk, pour out, let set and chill! Fragrant, delicious, healthful fresh fruit Junkets are ready to eat—sweets that are light, easy to digest and tempting to jaded appetites. Good for the children—popular with guests—easy to make—economical!

Order some Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets to-day and surprise the family with a new sweet to-night!

● *If you prefer plain junket you can get Hansen's well-known Junket Tablets at all grocers.*

HANSEN'S

Essence for making

FRUIT JUNKETS

ORANGE—LEMON
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

BEST RECIPES

Six Cash Prizes Given Away Each Week!

Recipes that they know neighbors and friends have tried and not found wanting are valuable to good cooks. For this reason, and because we want to reward suitably those very important cooking labors, each week we give six cash prizes for the best recipes of the week.

First prize is £1, second 10/-, with four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

THIS week's prizewinners are given below.

EGYPTIAN CAKE

Quarter-pound butter, 3 eggs, 1 small cup milk, ½lb. sugar, ¾lb. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carb soda, ½ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon treacle, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, some candied peel, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs, then milk gradually, with flour, and cream of tartar, and soda sifted in. Divide into three parts, and cook two plain ones in two sandwich tins about 30 minutes in good moderate oven. Add the remaining ingredients to the rest of the mixture. Mix well. Cook in another tin about half an hour. When cold, put together—the dark cake in the middle—with sweetened whipped cream or with white Vienna icing.

Vienna Icing: Three-quarters pound of icing sugar, half butter and half wine-glass of brandy. Mix all together for 15 minutes. Plain icing may be substituted.

First Prize of £1 to Margaret Stammer, The Vicarage, Inverell, N.S.W.

ALMOND HORSESHOES

Half-pound self-raising flour, ¼lb. butter, ¼lb. ground rice, ¼lb. castor sugar, ¼lb. ground almonds, or finely-chopped, 2 egg yolks, 2 dozen almonds.

Cream sugar and butter, and mix in thoroughly dry ingredients. Bind with egg yolks. Roll out thinly, and cut into narrow strips about four inches long by one inch wide. Shape into horseshoes and rind with coin. Place on greaseproof paper on buttered tin. Bake 35 minutes in moderate oven. Makes about 40 delicious and unusual biscuits.

Second Prize of 10/- to Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Rockhampton.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

Quarter-pound gelatine, ¼ pint milk, ½ pint hot water, 2 eggs, 2lbs. sugar, 2oz. grated chocolate.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Mix chocolate with ½ pint milk. Add sugar, and cook together for seven minutes. Add a little vanilla flavoring. Cool this and add to the dissolved gelatine. Make a custard with the other ½ pint of milk, and the yolks of the two eggs. Stir over the fire until it thickens, let it cool a little, then add to the other mixture and whisk well for a few minutes. Pour into a glass dish and decorate with preserved cherries or desiccated coconut slightly browned in the oven, or with blanched and shredded almonds. If this cream were made thick enough to turn out of a mould, it would lose its soft, creamy flavor.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. A. Parbery, Rosedale, Bermagui, N.S.W.

COD MERINGUE PIE

Cut 2lb cod into slices, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, and steam 10 minutes. Pulp ½lb tomatoes, add 3oz. grated cheese melted in a little hot milk, and heat well together, then season with pepper and salt and a little Worcestershire Sauce. Pour the mixture into a fire-proof dish, arrange the steamed fish slices on top, cover with bacon cut in dice, and cook half-hour in moderate oven. Whisk two egg whites to a stiff froth, spread on top, and put in oven to brown. Serve hot with parsley sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 7 Greathead St., W. Brunswick N.12, Vic.

MODERN STEAMED PUDDING

One cup mixed fruits, sponge fingers, ½ cup sweetened condensed milk, 1 cup hot water, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Butter mould, place layer of finely-cut fruit in bottom, cover with layer of sponge fingers. Repeat until fruit is used, and mould three-fourths full. Sprinkle nutmeg or cinnamon between layers. Mix together the sweetened condensed milk, water, beaten eggs, melted butter, salt, and vanilla. Pour over fruit and sponge fingers in mould. Let stand one hour or longer. Steam over hot water 1½ hours. Serve with sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Bauer, 10 Oxford St., Hyde Park, S.A.

AUSTRALIAN SALAD

Wipe six tomatoes, cut off the tops, and scoop out centres, taking care not to break the cases. Sprinkle the insides of each with salt and pepper, and a little sugar. Mash the tomato pulp and mix it with three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a dessertspoonful of finely-chopped pineapple and chopped nuts, four tablespoonfuls of very finely-shredded lettuce, and one teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, and, if liked, one teaspoonful of spring onion. Fill cases with mixture, sprinkle the top with little cayenne pepper, mask with a thick mayonnaise. Set each tomato on a crisp lettuce leaf, and serve chilled. A delicious dish for a summer tea.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Brickwell, Leura, Piper River, Tas.

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ORANGE AND MINT WHIP:—

1 Packet White's Orange Jelly. 1 Packet White's Lime Jelly. Dissolve Orange Jelly in a pint (3 cups) of water and put in mould and allow to become nearly set. Dissolve Lime Jelly in 1 pint (3 cups) water and when beginning to thicken whip until frothy and thick. Pour in on top of Orange Jelly and chill until firm. Serve with Sliced Oranges and sprigs of fresh mint.

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White's Pure Fruit Jelly is just the food to delight a child's healthy appetite on a hot summer's day. The real fruit flavour is the secret of White's finer flavour. For nearly 90 years White's has made pure Jelly Crystals . . . ask for them by name . . . none other is "just as good."

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M1118

WHITE'S *Pure Fruit* JELLY CRYSTALS

HOME-LOVERS AND GARDEN enthusiasts will study the above picture with interest. This is the Spanish-style home of Una Merkel, M.-G.-M. star, who is smiling at you gamin-like from the gateway. Shrubs, succulents and decorative palms hug the house, while a blaze of annuals follows the left-hand side of the semi-circular drive, but they, unfortunately, are not visible in this picture.

RANUNCULI for SPRING GLORY

Says the Old Gardener

Set them in long, narrow beds, and border them with showy anemones. These exotic-looking plants are strikingly beautiful when grown together. . .

If you have been following the Old Gardener's advice, you will have already planted the seed of stocks, pansies, violas, and be now watching the young plants shoot up. Now to continue your planning for your late winter and early spring display, you must get ready the seed of ranunculi so that you may produce your own healthy, strong plants.

RANUNCULI take a long time to germinate, so you must not get despondent if they seem very slow in coming through.

In growing this beautiful flower one should acquire the habit of sowing from seed. It should be gathered when the flowers turn brown, and be kept loose in a drawer, box, or some dry place. Ranunculus seed, if well saved, will retain its vitality for at least two years.

When sowing the seed, select a good sheltered position where it is cool and moist and facing the east or north-east. It should have the morning sun, and shelter during the hottest part of the day. Soil must be free and light, and the seed sown on a level surface.

Prepare the seed bed well by digging. Remove every weed possible, press the surface firm with a flat piece of board, cover the seed lightly with well-decayed manure, broken up fine and rubbed through a sieve. This makes ideal material for seed-raising. When germination commences, the tiny plants have no difficulty in pushing their way to the surface through such a light covering.

When you have sown the seed, soak the ground well, using a watering can with a very fine rose. Heavy watering or flooding will wash off the covering and, in all probability, wash the seed into one corner.

Slow Germination

THE young plants take at least a month to make their appearance. During this period the soil must be kept moist, but not too wet. When large enough to handle the little plants should be pricked out into boxes and spaced an inch apart, as directed for other seedlings. Then, when transplanting time comes, the bed can be planted much more easily by carrying the box of plants to the bed, and using a knife to lift the plants out with the soil.

Such is the method of raising the ranunculus from seed. There is another method of increasing any particular variety, by division of roots.

Unlike the tulip or other bulbs, the root of the ranunculus usually attains maturity in one season, and can be divided up into several plants. At planting time bulbs can be purchased at any florist's or seed merchant's. Plant in boxes which are well-drained and filled with good, rich, loamy soil.

In a very short time they will begin to shoot. When about two inches high they can be taken out of the seed boxes, and with a very sharp knife all the young plants should then be removed from the old bulb.

These you will find have a good root system, so very often from one bulb one can secure as many as three or four plants. These in their turn are transplanted into their permanent positions, and with care and attention grow into strong, healthy, robust plants.

Ranunculi do much better when moved a second time in this fashion, so strike the bulb in the boxes first, and then transplant.

For Very Best Results

TO produce good, healthy plants the bed must be thoroughly dug and prepared, and this can be done whilst the young plants are growing in the nursery. A good plan is to remove the soil in the bed for about 15 inches, throw this on one side, then fill in the bed with prepared compost until it reaches about three inches from the surface. Leave for about one month, and then add the reserve top soil.

Remember, the ranunculus thrives on a firm base, so the compost must not be disturbed at the time of planting more than is needful. People growing them in sandy soil should make special note of this method.

Ranunculi always look best in long, narrow beds with a border of anemones. These two flowers always look best when planted together.

And, by the way, you may follow the same method for seed-raising of anemones as for ranunculi. So whilst you are sowing ranunculus seed, you must make room also for the anemones, so that you may transplant them together. Anemone bulbs can be purchased, but they will not stand dividing up. Plant them a good three inches deep as a border for ranunculi.

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Nemesia "Improved Blue Gem" will weave a broad band of glorious sky blue as an edging to the bed. Still further enhancing an already colorful effect.

Sow Nemesia seeds now for best results.

We thoroughly recommend Triumph Compacta and Improved Blue Gem, at 1/- and 2/6 per packet. Post Free.

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SLEEP PEACEFULLY

Just TRY

'ASPRO'

AND FORGET SLEEPLESSNESS

SOME people sleep but are still tired the next day—some people "cannot sleep at all." Others have refreshing sleep and wake full of vim for the daily task. This 'ASPRO' message is for the SLEEPLESS or for those whose sleep fails to refresh. The message is this: TAKE 'ASPRO' AND YOU WILL SLEEP—furthermore, you will be refreshed, soothed and invigorated. You will wake with the pleasurable feeling that yesterday's troubles were half illusions. You will be ready to "dictate the terms" for the new day. For those whose sleep is unsatisfactory, the same applies—'ASPRO' will bring the sleep of peace and harmony. 'ASPRO' does not drug you to sleep, it has no deadening effect. Its action is of a peaceful, soothing nature, leaving no harmful effects whatsoever. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart, and can be taken by all. If you don't sleep well, give 'ASPRO' a trial.

USE 'ASPRO' FOR—

HEADACHE	INFLUENZA
RHEUMATISM	EARACHE
SLEEPLESSNESS	COLDS
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ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Win Extra Points for Yourselves

You sportsgirls, radiantly healthy, so vital, don't let continuous exposure to sun and wind spoil natural beauty.

STRANGE it is that the sportsgirl, who should be the most beautiful thing in the world, because of her love of the out-of-doors, and her physical prowess and her love of fair play, should yet have such criticism as muscular, unfeminine, unappealing, applied to her. And yet it is so easy for the sportsgirl, with really the minimum of trouble, to be as dainty and pleasing as the lass who forgoes outdoor pleasure "for the sake of her complexion"!

A MAKE-UP tip from Rosina Lawrence, Fox film star: Don't use cream on the face under your make-up when setting forth for a day's sport. Use a liquid powder containing calamine lotion.

THE sportsgirl, because she exposes her skin, her hair, and her arms and legs to sun, wind, and strenuous exercise, must take especial care of herself if she is to retain her beauty and feminine charm.

Whatever her sport she must not let herself develop into the hard-faced, hard-baked, muscular type. Sport must be taken in the stride of personal activity and not allowed to dominate and overwhelm natural beauty.

It is quite easy to be a champion at some sort of sport and to be appealingly dainty at the same time. You can take care with both preventive and curative methods.

First and most obvious item of beauty to be ruined under the Circe-like kiss of the sun and exposure is the complexion. Remember, even as the sun kisses beauty awake, so it can kill it off very quickly.

Exposure to sun bakes our skins dry, and the skin becomes sensitive, harsh, and rough from being parched. It peels, flakes, sometimes cracks, because, lacking moisture, it is no longer pliant and resilient. The skin is healthiest and most beautiful when it is moist.

"You must have a daily routine. Devote a few extra minutes night and morning to the care of the skin.

Every night you should clean your skin with cream or almond oil, and leave on a small quantity of almond oil. When making-up your face, it should be well-protected. Leave a very small quantity of almond oil on as powder base.

After Exposure

WHEN you have exposed your skin to the sun all day, first wipe the face over with a pad of cotton-wool, then dip the fingers into a good cleansing cream and work it gently into the skin. Allow the cream to remain on the face for a few minutes (you can spend these in brushing your hair to bring back its gloss), then wipe off with a tissue or fresh pad of cotton-wool.

Give yourself a weekly face pack. Mix a tablespoon of powdered oatmeal with enough almond oil to make a paste. Carefully dab on the face, leave for 20 minutes, and rinse off in cold water. Then you may smooth cream over the skin.

Another excellent idea, if your skin is dry and parched, is to smooth cream over the skin and neck, use lemon rind as a massager, and work cream well in. Leave a quarter of an hour, then lie down to rest, and relax. Soak two little pads of cotton-wool in tonic—a mixture of equal parts of rose-water and witch-hazel—and lay over your eyes.

Not only does the complexion suffer under the strain of sport. Hair, eyes, and arms are also affected.

The hair should be brushed every night on going to bed, with long, sweeping strokes. Give a weekly oil massage if your hair appears too brittle. Warm a small quantity of olive oil or almond oil, parting the hair, rub right to the roots. Do this at night, so that you can shampoo your hair in the morning.

By EVELYN

Before setting off for the day's play:

TO achieve personal daintiness and freshness, and to win extra points for yourself or your side, do these:—

Use a deodorant under your armpits. Then in the morning's toilet dab them with a soft cloth soaked in witch-hazel extract or eau-de-cologne. Take a mall bottle of eau-de-cologne along in your handbag and you can use it to rub over "sweaty" hands—as well as using it for the armpits at the lunch-time brush up.

In the morning before you leave, dab witch-hazel on your hands and rinse them in cold water. During the day rub over with witch-hazel or eau-de-cologne.

After you have left the tennis court, and are endeavoring to look dainty, although you feel lobstered, and horribly hot, dab on a little cooling lotion to refresh and tone you up. Eau-de-cologne, again, with its fresh fragrance, is a wonderful vitaliser.

Smooth, Svelte Legs

IF you are going to wear shorts or a brief frock, with bare legs, you will want your legs to be svelte and smooth. To 3 teaspoons of peroxide of hydrogen (10 vol strength) add 1 teaspoon ammonia. Beat till cloudy. Then add powder pumice, spread, dry, and remove with cold water. Your legs will then be quite smooth.

If you are running about a good deal, pay attention previously to your feet. Bathe them in warm, soapy water, then in cold to rinse, to which a few drops of eau-de-cologne have been added. Dust with talc.

If you are golfing or hiking (or playing at any sport where your feet play up a bit), sponge your feet first with cold water after you bathe them, and then massage them with alcohol or witch-hazel.

Before you start a long walk shake a lot of talcum powder into your stockings or rub it about your feet. This gives delightful foot comfort and keeps the feet from feeling rubbed.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Why is it that people in general are so indifferent to the problems connected with insanity and the housing of the insane? And why is it that, when they do take an interest, which is exceptional, their attitude is one of abhorrence, if not of actual hostility?

Perhaps the notions that people had about insanity away back in the Middle Ages still cling.

IN order to drive home the point you apparently have in mind, we need not go back as far as that. We have only to recall the number of individuals who were burned at the stake for witchcraft.

It is a sad fact that, despite our advances in civilisation, despite our enlightenment in science, we still—that is, many of us—cling to unconscious resistances against any form of mental abnormality.

If we are loath to think about the unfortunates whose minds become deranged, we still are harboring ideas that these patients are possessed of the devil, just as they believed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

And it is also a curious fact that when abnormality of any bodily organ, such as the heart, kidneys or lungs, exists, people are never hesitant about advertising it. But when the abnormality happens to be mental, they invariably try to hide it!

Why should we be ashamed if our own mind or the mind of a relative or friend functions badly? Is not the brain the most important organ in the whole system? Is it not the brain that receives the most strain? Why should not the brain give way if other organs do? And why should there be any stigma attached to it?

Unless insanity is recognised in more sensible terms by the great majority of the population, adequate steps by State and Civil authorities will not be taken to house the insane properly, nor will it stop the increase of the malady.

DURING twenty years, insanity has increased. But our hospital facilities have not increased in like proportion.

Our modern life is growing more and more complex. We are being subjected continually to more and more mental stress and worry. Insanity, therefore, will continue to be a problem, and probably a more pressing problem as time goes on.

Specialists of the mind know more about mental disorders of all kinds nowadays than they did, say, fifteen or twenty-five years ago. It is astonishing to note how many, even definitely insane persons, are cured each year, and how many are improved sufficiently to take their places again in the home and in the community.

But we must change our attitude towards mental unbalance. We must recognise it sensibly for what it actually is—not as a mysterious and uncanny thing, but as a disease like every other disease that may possibly be cured.

Early recognition of approaching insanity is, however, of the highest importance. Insanity is no disgrace. And there are surely many worse diseases in the world!

HERE IS LASTING ENCHANTMENT
THE NEW
SAVAGE
LIPSTICK

Clear, transparent, ravishing colour . . . caressingly smooth . . . and it clings, *smugly!* Depend on SAVAGE to retain its true hue and the loveliness of your lips all day . . . all evening . . . until . . . ! Well, the glamour *IS* enchanting! There is lasting beauty, too, in the unique Savage case with its cleverly engraved dancing figures. Four stirring shades—all indelible—to stir up excitement for the lips that wear them.

2/6

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WHY BOTHER WITH IMITATIONS?

Eno's "Fruit Salt" has been bringing health to millions of people all over the world for generations, and because of its success it is widely imitated. Some of these imitations are undoubtedly harmful in their effects, others have no effect at all. Play safe—make sure you get Eno's "Fruit Salt"—it is obtainable at a price which makes the buying of imitations very false economy.

Eno's "Fruit Salt" gives just that assistance which nature needs—pleasant to take but gently effective. It suits the most delicate system and is not habit-forming. Get a bottle of Eno to-day—at the prices shown it is unquestionably the best value obtainable.

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE costs only 2'3 and double quantity 3'9

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Warns Against "alkaline" Shampoo

Miss PATRICIA MINCHIN

Lovely Patricia Minchin—possesses all the talents of the arts combined with unusual intelligence and charm of personality. Well-known to both radio and motion-picture audiences. Her dark, vibrant hair, truly a most captivating type of beauty.

IF you wish your hair to show at its very best—to bring out all the hidden beauty of wavy highlights—you can't be too cautious in washing it!

Soaps and shampoos laden with free "alkali" ruin nice hair with their drying, chemical action. Especially with such things—there is often risk of the solid matter not dissolving properly, and so burning the hair—and "flattening" out the wave.

That's why thousands of society women—who value beautiful hair — use only Colinated Cocoanut Oil. This pure, positively neutral, non-"alkaline," greaseless "beauty-salon" shampoo cannot possibly injure nor change colour of hair.

A couple teaspoonsful cleanses of every sign of dirt, dandruff, or excess oiliness—from roots to tips—completely. Its lather rinses out easily. Your hair dries quickly and evenly—coming out thick, silky, brilliant, glossy, wavy—and far easier to dress and "set."

Demand "Colinated" at your chemist—(keeps life in permanently-waved hair) — a small bottle lasts months.

TRY THIS TEST for POSITIVE PROOF

Pull a hair from head and soak for a few hours in soapy water of ordinary shampoo liquids full strength — (Fig. A)

You won't need microscope to see how limp, weakened, almost lifeless — (Fig. B) — prolonged use of an "alkaline" shampoo makes hair.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL "Natural Wave" SHAMPOO

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CHAMPION'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

BREWED FROM A 200 YEARS OLD RECIPE!

"Every Picture tells a Story"

Uric Acid

Weak Kidneys allow an excess of Uric Acid to remain in the blood and cause Urinary Disorders and Rheumatism

DO YOU become rheumatic when damp weather sets in? Many people do! Damp and cold overstrain the kidneys, and when they weaken excess uric acid soon begins to collect in the system. Doans Backache Kidney Pills should be used at the very first sign of backache, urinary disorders, interrupted sleep, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. They have helped thousands, why not you?

RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE

Mrs. F. Schroder, "Oberon Cottage," 14 Oberon Street, Randwick, Sydney, says: "For a good while a member of my family suffered from rheumatism and backache. The pain was often so severe that it was torture to move about. We felt sure the kidneys were not working properly as there were several other marked symptoms noticeable, but backache and rheumatism were by far the most painful. One day Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were recommended to us, so I went for some, and I am pleased to tell you they acted splendidly, three bottles making a complete cure. Some years have elapsed since then, but there has been no return of the trouble, so we feel safe in saying the cure is a permanent one."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

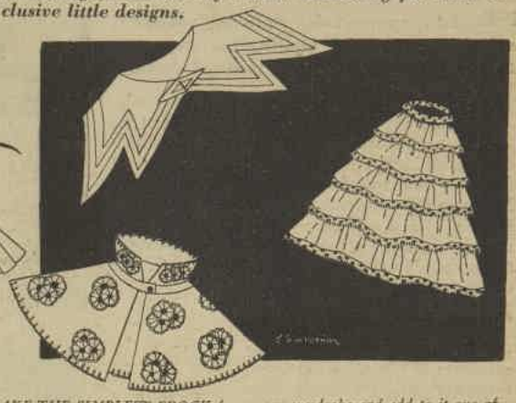
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Smart Collars Needn't Be An Extravagance

Here are four of the very nicest which you can make yourself, and for a trifle. Hand-cut patterns available. Directions for making given below.

Any one of these collars can be depended upon to give a flattering touch to the simplest frock. And as collars are all the rage, I can see my readers clamoring for these exclusive little designs.



TAKE THE SIMPLEST FROCK from your wardrobe and add to it one of these collars, or the frilly jabot, and you'll feel a different person. Even the plainest frock would take on a new interest, a new delight, in your eyes and in the eyes of all beholders. Hand-cut patterns cost 9d. each, or the four may be had for 2/6, post free.

YOU may obtain hand-cut patterns immediately on application to our Needlework Dept. They cost 9d. each, but the four may be had for 2/6.

Full details for making are herewith given.

Box-pleated smartness: You will need 1yd. of 36-inch material and the same amount of lining for the box-pleated collar. To cut: Open the material and lay the four pattern pieces on, and then cut, allowing for seams. Make a narrow hem at the lower edge of each strip, pleat into one-inch box-pleats, tack, and press. Tack the top edge of the lining and the smaller piece of the pleating together, and sew the other piece to the lower edge of the lining. Make a narrow hem round each edge of collar, sew collar down on to front of pleating; fasten at the back with a button and loop.

Cape-like chic: Half a yard of material is required; also lining. The cape collar has three pattern pieces, half cape, half neckband, and half upstanding collar. Cut each piece on the double, allowing for seams. Join together with notches matching.

Waterfall jabot: This frilly affair is cut entirely on the cross, with the exception of the lining. Each pattern piece is given in full. You will need 2 yards of lace or net for the edging in addition to the half-yard of material.

Sew lace to the edge of each frill, gather up to fit lining, and machine to lining, one under the other. Sew one edge of the neckband to the front of the jabot, continuing round to the back with a neat hem. Sew lace to the other edge. Fold over and finish at back with two tiny hooks and eyes.

Quilted charm: The pointed collar is rather fascinating, as it is quilted. In addition to the half-yard of material you will need a piece of silk lining and a thin piece of cotton-wool. If liked, the same material can be used for the lining.

Pattern must be laid to the fold of material and cut double, as only half the pattern is given. Cut the lining and cotton-wool the same. Allow for seams. Lay the cotton-wool to the right side of the material, then the lining on top with wrong side out; machine all round edge leaving neck edge open.

Turn inside out and press. Make three rows of machine stitching all round peaks one inch from the edge and one inch apart. Turn neck edge in and slip-stitch neatly all round.

Press peaks back and catch together in front with a long pin.

Young Mothers Please Copy!

This double-duty screen can be made from an ordinary clothes-horse.

The sketch given here will show you how very useful a clothes-horse can be. In addition to serving as a screen, keeping away draughts from baby during the bathing ceremony, this screen will serve as a most convenient wardrobe for the wee one's toilet needs.

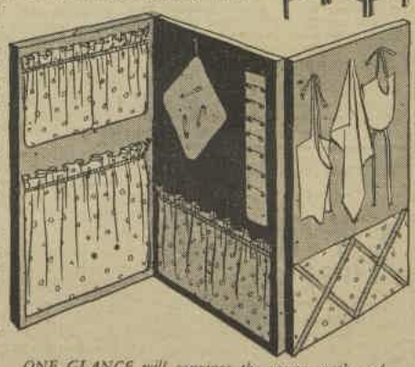
IF you do not happen to have a clothes-horse, you can buy one for a small sum, or you may be able to persuade friend husband to make one for you. Any man at all handy with tools can make a clothes-horse.

Here's the way to turn it into the useful screen: Cover the wood frame on both sides with plain casement cloth or with hessian, turning in the edges and tacking down securely.

Now cut three pockets as shown in the sketch from colorful cretonne. Make one larger than the others in order to take the more bulky articles needed for the babe's toilet.

Run elastic through the top hems of the pockets and attach these firmly to the frame through the hessian or casement cloth with large - headed brass tacks. Also screw hooks into the frame at intervals to hold pin-cushions, feeder, bibs, and other odds and ends.

And then, if you wish, make a cretonne cushion, cross it with strips of the plain material sewn down with plain buttons where the hands cross (note sketch), and attach this to one fold of the screen. This will be found useful in case you wish to set baby down on a rug or in his pen at any time.



ONE GLANCE will convince the young mother of the usefulness of this screen. Cretonne pockets hold baby's needs and hooks take pin-cushions, bibs, feeders, and other odds and ends.

Women's Backache

What can a woman do, where can she go, so long as that deadly backache sapps every particle of her strength and ambition! It's always a "trying time"—but there's no excuse for needless suffering. That backache. Those cramps. Those awful bearing down pains. These are the things you can escape! Take a little Myzone with your morning cup of tea. It's a wonderful new, drugless, headache tablet that completely ends pain in 7 minutes! Doctors say it "regulates the circulation" . . . Makes you feel much better—calms quivering nerves—and even banishes the dark shadows from your face! (Many girls say it helps keep away those tell-tale pimples, too.) Each Myzone tablet protects from pain for 12 hours—without any "doping" after-effects. Get a box to-day at any chemist's shop or pharmacy counter. Keep them handy in your bag for every sort of headache, toothache, etc.***

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Women who are martyrs to PAIN

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Glimpses of the Very Latest Royal Nursery

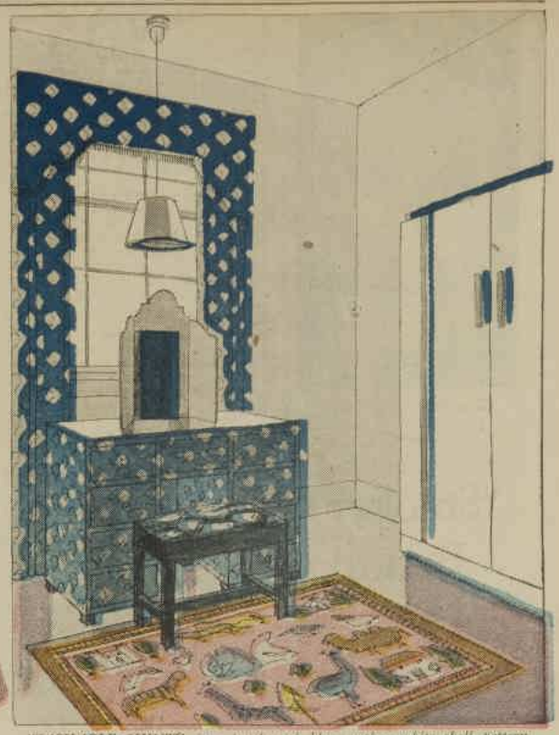
— The blue-and-white nursery of Britain's new Prince—the four-months-old son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

CONTRARY to what many of my readers may have thought, the nursery suite of the infant Prince George, fifth Royal grandchild, is almost monastic in its simplicity. Frilly luxury is evidenced only in the exquisitely-appointed cot, in bassinet and baby-basket.

Situated on the fourth floor of No. 8 Belgrave Square, and immediately above the Duchess' own lovely rooms, the nursery overlooks the winter-stripped trees of Belgrave Square. Soon, however, the miracle that is spring will arrive and replace starkness and gloom with tender green, with color. And the fragrance from a riot of tulips, narcissi, and other glorious spring blooms — and sunshine—will steal through the nursery windows.

FIT for a baby prince—the adorable sleeping cot of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's four - months - old babe. Finest cream net and lace are mounted over cream crepe-de-chine. The downy blankets are cream and satin bound.



WASHABLE CHINTZ, in a lovely rich blue, with a white shell pattern, frames the windows of the night nursery and covers the simply-designed dressing-table. The top of the little stool is worked in petit point in floral effect with "G" and Royal coronet in the centre.

Below: A GLIMPSE of the blue-and-white day nursery which is fully described in this article.

NATURALLY a great deal of time and thought went into the planning of the babe's suite, which, as I have said, is arranged with such simplicity—a simplicity almost grown-up in effect.

The little suite comprises day nursery, night nursery, bathroom, lobby, and narrow outer hall.

For Peace and Quiet

This outer hall is covered with a thick pile carpet in order to deaden footsteps; the floors throughout are covered with a white rubberised cork—hygienic, warm, washable, and quiet. Ceilings and floors are painted white, and curtains are of blue chintz, a lovely rich blue carrying a simple shell-pattern in white.

Immediately above you glimpse the day nursery. The furniture is so designed that its surface is plain and flat. No crevices or hollows to catch dust; no sharp corners to cause danger to the some-day toddling babe.

The plain wood nursery-table where, as time passes, the little prince will sit up to his meals, is painted blue to match the blue of the curtains. A line of white around the edge gives the necessary relief—bringing it into line with the general color scheme.

Table, chairs, and the low nursery chair (not shown) are upholstered with the same chintz fabric as that used for the window decoration. Sideboard, too, is painted blue, but the handles of drawers and cupboards are white.

Comfort and Hygiene

WASHABLE covers of the deep-seated easy chairs and sofa are in coarse, white linen piped with blue. The white, blue-lined bookcase, destined to hold the little prince's books, is hidden by an elaborate leather-tooled brown-and-gold screen.

Note the teddy-bear on the mantelpiece; rather amusing he looks, beside the lovely antique mirror; note, also, the reading-lamps. These, with white plaster bases, have the daintiest of pleated muslin shades smocked with blue at the top.

The writing-table for the use of the nurse holds deep blue pottery ink pots and a larger lamp matching those on the mantelpiece—and do note the rug in front of the fireplace, with its quaint nursery figures.

Next to the day nursery is the immaculately-white bathroom with its sunken bath. Quaint, colorful maps framed in blue passe partout and a mirror decorate the walls.

Spacious Night Nursery

THE largest of the three airy and spacious rooms is the night nursery. And here you see the enchantingly-lovely cot and baby basket which are pictured on this page.

Exquisitely fine cream net and lace are used and are mounted over cream crepe-de-chine. The cot itself is padded and satin quilted—luxuriously comfortable—and fit for a sleeping prince. You will observe the large rosettes of narrow cream which decorate the cot, and also the adorable baby basket placed on the low white stand beside the cot.

There is also a dainty bassinet matching identically in its decoration the night cot. The baby prince sleeps in this bassinet, which can be carried from room to room, during the day.

At the top of this page you glimpse the blue chintz shell-patterned curtained window and the charming dressing-table covered in the matching chintz.

The top of the little stool is marked in floral petit point with "G" and royal coronet in the centre.

Close by the prince's cot is the nurse's bed, with a coverlet of the same blue, shell-patterned chintz. Beside it is a table, painted blue, on which stands a little lamp, matching those on the mantelpiece in the day-nursery. There are also a folding screen and two capacious cupboards in this cosy, yet airy room.

In a cream wicker basket, lined with cream lace and ribbon, reposes the beautiful layette, the Queen's gift.

A white trolley adorned with blue stands in the lobby. On this are to be seen a spirit stove, a flask containing warm, boiled water, and other nursery indispensables for this healthy, quickly-growing, very important and lovable babe.

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"WELL, as I'm going to tell you exactly what I think and feel, give my opinion and advice, my immediate reaction to that, is—Police. What about the Police?"

"Yes," smiled Vanbrugh. "I supposed so. There is a different attitude, relationship, between the public and the Police in Britain, though, isn't there? Aren't they a sort of universal uncles?"

"Well, in a case of blackmail, our Police and Law Courts are particularly sound and helpful. If you run a man in for blackmail, your name is suppressed if you wish it to be."

"What? A conspiracy of silence between Police, Press, and Judiciary?" asked Vanbrugh.

"The plaintiff is referred to as Mr. X, and the real name is not mentioned in Court at all. I'm not sure whether it is a penal offence for a newspaper to publish it, or whether the Law Court reporter never hears it; but, anyhow, if you prefer to be Mr. X, the public never knows you as anything but Mr. X."

"Amazing," observed Vanbrugh. "Excellent and admirable, and should go far to putting an end to blackmail. But what you say only refers to the general newspaper-reading public. The blackmailer always has the postal facilities at his disposal. You can prosecute and punish him for blackmail without public exposure, but you can't prevent private exposure; you can't stop his tongue and his pen until he goes to prison—if he does go."

"No, I suppose not," mused John Geste.

"Of course not," continued Vanbrugh. "It's bound to be known in one's own circle; and one's own circle is really a sphere. It is one's world. The world we move in is our world, and the real agony, misery, injury and ruin accrue through our own people knowing the secret—not the general public.

"This Mr. X business, in the papers, is all very well; but, of course, one's household, family, friends, circle of acquaintances, know that one is Mr. X if the general public doesn't. You, yourself, for example, John, couldn't possibly have dealings with the police, with your solicitors, journeys to the local police court in the first place, and then to your Sessions Court or Court of Assize, or whatever it is, without Isobel knowing, could you?

"And what about such relatives, friends, acquaintances, servants, tradespeople and such, who are called as witnesses, whether for the prosecution or defence? Your own circle must simply buzz with it; and they are the people who matter. And, of course, the circle is ever widening, like those cast by the throwing of a stone into a pond. No, there is no need for newspaper reporters to tell your friends all about it. They are bound to know, anyway, once you come to prosecute."

John Geste smoked in thoughtful silence.

SPANISH *Maine*

Continued from Page 50

"Yes; I suppose it is so," he said at length. "I suppose you are right. It would have to be known to lots of people."

"Of course it would, even if the case never appeared in the papers at all, with you as Mr. X or otherwise. Your household, your friends, your relations, your servants, your local acquaintances, must know, as I have said. Both sides must call witnesses, too, and aren't the witnesses going to talk about it? They'd have nothing else to talk about for days."

"Yes, but look here—what does that matter, after all? Your household, family, relations, friends, know it's a damned lie. So do the people who are called as witnesses."

A brief silence.

"Suppose it isn't a lie?" asked Vanbrugh with a deep sigh.

"Oh! Well . . . you mean—something one wouldn't want one's people to know."

"Yes," said Otis Vanbrugh.

"But surely that would be preferable to blackmail, wouldn't it? I should imagine anything would be better than that. What's to limit it? Where's it to stop?" asked John Geste.

"The limit would be the utmost you could pay. It would stop when you died," replied Vanbrugh.

"Or when the blackmailer died," he added grimly.

"Well, then, surely anything is better than that."

"You'd think so, wouldn't you? And, generally speaking, you'd be right, I should say; but you can't generalise. You can't lay down a universal rule. Circumstances alter cases. Take this one, for example.

"Suppose someone, a girl, let's say, were, through no fault of her own, put into a horrible position, a terrible situation . . . apparently permanent. She escapes from it, and the ghastly, awful past is behind her. Later, she finds herself in precisely the opposite sort of position, as desirable as the other was undesirable.

"And she is happy and safe.

"Then suddenly, like a bolt from the blue—her new, beautiful, calm, clear blue sky—comes a blackmailer, the man who had known her in the former horrible position, situation, circumstances. He's got her absolutely; for she is about to be married. It's as good as death to the girl if he tells her fiance—as bad as death—for it is the death of her happiness. It's social ruin, too; the inevitable end of the friendship of every friend she has. It's disgrace, downfall, dishonour, a terrible scandal. It means flight, hiding, the end of all things . . . ruin, downfall, destruction, probable suicide."

John Geste rose to his feet.

"The vile devil!" he said. "The unutterable swine! I'd like to thrash him within an inch of his life . . . break every bone in his body. Poor girl! Who is she?"

"My sister."

"What? What did you say?"

"My sister."

"Your sister? Being blackmailed?"

"Yes."

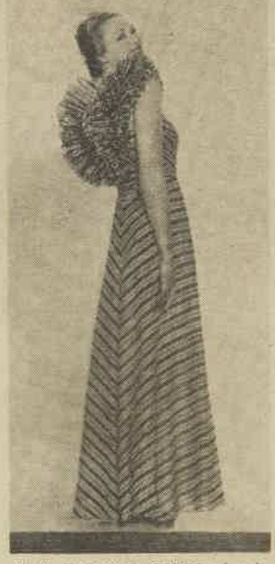
"Good God! By whom?"

"This fellow Maine. Senor Manoel Maine. Spanish Maine."

"But . . . but . . . What can he . . .?"

"I'll tell you."

(Another long instalment next week)



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"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/13/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/12/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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Mothers of Pale, Bony Children

Little Gibbs' Boy Picked up Wonderfully.

While it's no news that pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil is the best thing ever known to put flesh on to thin, pale, puny, sickly, or rickety children . . . the pity is the way this nasty, fishy-tasting liquid sickens the stomach. It often does more harm than good!

That is why thousands of mothers bless this new idea of giving kiddies all the wonderful rich, health-building benefits of Cod Liver Oil—triple-concentrated—in tiny tasteless tablets as nice to take as lollies!

Mrs. Jean Gibbs, of Geraldton, West Australia, says:—"**My little boy was very white and thin and would hardly eat anything. I got a bottle of McCoy's Tablets and he began to pick up wonderfully. Now he is quite a different child—so bright and full of life and eating wonderfully.**"

Ask any good chemist for a box of these guaranteed McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets,—and remember, if they don't add at least 5lbs. in 30 days and you don't feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—every penny of their cost will be immediately refunded!

With your child's health at stake—every loving mother will make a start to-day! But insist on **genuine** McCoy's Tablets!

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TAKE A TIP FROM A REAL WALLFLOWER

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE IN THIS SUNSHINE

IT WOULDN'T BE THOUGH, WITHOUT THOSE LOVELY LIFEBUOY BATHS

Keep Cool In Summer. The temperature soaring up and you as cool and fresh as a cucumber—that's what Lifebuoy does for you. It's rich refreshing lather keeps you feeling marvellously fit when the sun's at its hottest. No tired listlessness for Lifebuoy users, they're always full of pep.

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Summer and winter everyone perspires! An amazing fact, but true, and for this reason everyone risks offending, particularly in hot weather. Use Lifebuoy regularly, it's the only safe way to avoid that risk. The rich Lifebuoy lather deodorizes and keeps you feeling marvellously fresh and fit. Its hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

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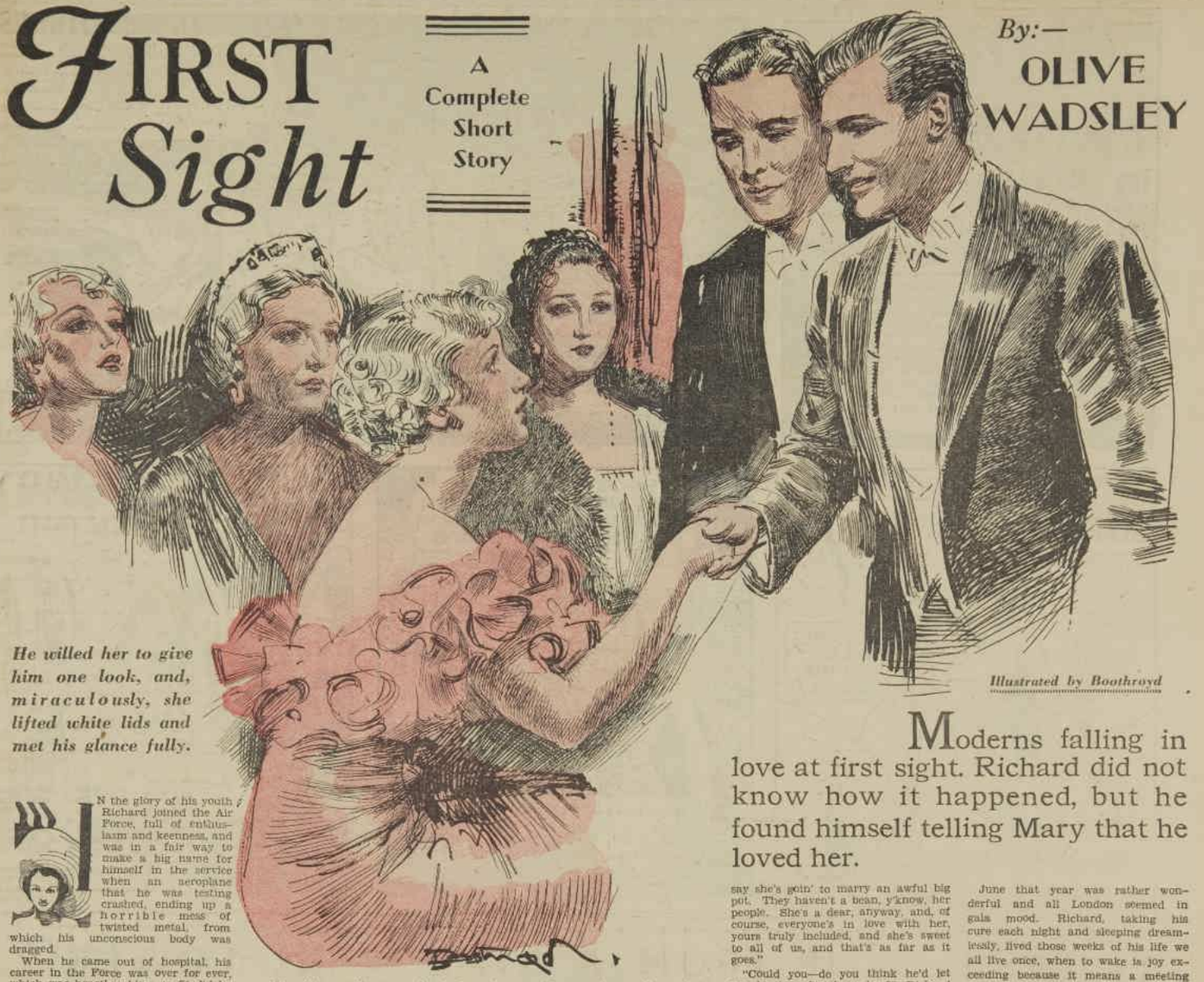
FIRST Sight

A Complete Short Story

By:— OLIVE WADSLEY



He willed her to give him one look, and, miraculously, she lifted white lids and met his glance fully.

Illustrated by Boothroyd

Moderns falling in love at first sight. Richard did not know how it happened, but he found himself telling Mary that he loved her.

IN the glory of his youth, Richard joined the Air Force, full of enthusiasm and keenness, and was in a fair way to make a big name for himself in the service when an aeroplane that he was testing crashed, ending up a horrible mess of twisted metal, from which his unconscious body was dragged.

When he came out of hospital, his career in the Force was over for ever, which was heartbreaking, so fit did he feel, so splendidly well was he—until he began to be unable to sleep.

At first he thought it was because that springtime was rather hot. Then, when April turned to December with English gaiety of heart, he thought the sudden change was the reason. Then, since he still could not sleep, he wondered whether the quietness of the country had got on his nerves.

Then he went up to town and met Somers, whom he had always disliked, but of whom he felt almost fond when Somers said he knew the very man to cure his sleeplessness.

Richard had had it then for months, and his mind, behind his tired, yet very pleasant grey eyes, was stricken with sheer terror half the time.

He had only a father to talk to, anyway. He had been the sole child of an amazingly happy but late marriage, and his mother had died at his birth.

Richard Carberett the first, who had ruled countries in his day, had no modern outlook whatever: if a man did not sleep, then damme, let him take physic or sufficient hard exercise—he'd sleep fast enough then.

Richard had been on his way to his club when he had met Somers, to ask some other man's advice about a doctor.

Somers, it seemed, had had a pal who had suffered from just this form of illness, and the doctor for it was a man called Saumarez, and he lived in the south-western district.

RICHARD went off there in a taxi, and felt keyed up with hope, with a queer sort of relief, anyhow, because he was going to see someone who really understood about these endless nights and weary, fear-ridden days.

He was a little dashed to find Saumarez a Eurasian, but he seemed to know all about Richard's trouble and gave him medicine there and then, and Richard fell asleep in his house and slept for four hours.

When he woke it was a summer evening: he could hear people talking and laughing as they passed outside, he could hear that faint and somehow rather happy stir of the street which comes when a working-day is over.

He felt happy for the first time for months, and felt, too, a quick gratitude to Saumarez.

He went in search of him, and found him in the narrow hall, just putting on a peculiarly ribboned straw hat.

Richard hailed him enthusiastically.

"Whatever the stuff was you gave me, by Jove! the effect was miraculous," Richard said.

Saumarez nodded, and answered in his soft voice with its clipped accent: "I am afraid, Mr. Carberett, you will find this miraculous drug miraculously dee-ar too."

Richard, in that "hang the expense and everything else" mood which follows so often on release from pain, said cheerily:

"Please tell me the damage, Dr. Saumarez, and I'll write you out a cheque now."

"The entire cure—you will not need to come to me again—will be one hundred pounds," Saumarez said.

A HUNDRED! A bit steep that—for sleeplessness! Even Richard's expansive gratitude felt chilled.

Saumarez had been watching the other's face, he had seen the quick color rise under the skin, he read Richard's transparent mind as easily as a primer.

He said:

"This discovery for sleeplessness is my own, Mr. Carberett. It is a great discovery really. No other medical man in Great Britain, perhaps in the world, knows it—I alone have the necessary drugs—the formula is the result of infinite research work——"

"And you can guarantee a complete cure, you say?" Richard asked.

Saumarez opened his slender-fingered hands:

"You came to me at two-thirty, it is now seven, and you woke only at half-past six. And you had not slept for two months more than an hour—two—in a night!"

"I know—yes, you are quite right," Richard said, and he felt a little ashamed of his consideration about the fee.

He wrote the cheque out, packed away his precious little box of cure in an inside pocket, shook hands with Saumarez and went out into the June twilight.

Life had suddenly grown wonderfully good once more; he felt twenty-six again, a fit twenty-six, and of late weeks he had felt a hundred.

HE hailed a taxi, and was driven to his hotel and had a bath, stowed away his cure again in the breast pocket of his dinner-jacket, and went out to dine.

After dinner he took a stall at the Ambassadors, and there, in a box, he saw Mary Moreton.

He saw her first in the shadow, just a slender white throat and arm, and profile, and a wave-back of fair hair, but a something Richard could not for the life of him have defined attracted him in an extraordinary way about that shadowy outline.

Then the scene ended, the lights lit all the theatre with soft clearness, and Richard looked up as Mary looked down, and their glances locked.

Mary turned away first, and instantly Richard rose, and raked the house for a friend: he saw Barclay a few rows back and signalled a greeting.

They met in the gangway.

"I say," Richard asked point-blank, "who is the girl in the box to the left, Johnnie?"

"Goo' Lord, Dickie, where've you bin," Johnnie Barclay asked, "that you don't know the tearin' beauty of the season, Lady Mary Moreton? They say she's goin' to marry an awful big pot. They haven't a bean, y'know, her people. She's a dear, anyway, and, of course, everyone's in love with her, yours truly included, and she's sweet to all of us, and that's as far as it goes."

"Could you—do you think he'd let me be introduced to her?" Richard asked.

"Well, well!" said the world-hardened Johnnie. "What must be must be, I suppose, but don't say I didn't try to save you, young feller me lad! For you're on a hopeless quest, Dickie me boy. You and me, and such as us, ain't Lady Mary's choice! However, you asked for it, so you'd better have it. Come on!"

All his life Richard remembered his entry into the box, the faint, faint smell of jasmine, the half light, and Lady Mary's hand touching his for a second, the sound of her voice, the extraordinary, maddening sense of her nearness.

He stood beside her and talked with her, and never knew what he said.

Richard held Lady Mary's hand again, he made her give it him, and he bade her a conventional good-night.

He willed her to give him one look, and, miraculously, she did lift white lids and met his glance fully, as she had met it once before, and in that locked look Richard's spirit went out to her like a flame before a wind.

She Was The Beauty Of The Season

When the door had closed behind him Lady Mary said to her hostess:

"I suppose I have met Mr.—er—the fair man—what is his name, oh! Carberett? thank you, before—but I can't a bit remember where. Who is he?"

Mrs. Derrison knew everyone she should know, and she had ready a history of old General Carberett, who had adored the beautiful Mrs. Stanhope and had waited thirty years to marry her; Richard Carberett was the only child, and Lady Carberett had died in giving him birth.

"He was in the Air Force, but he had an accident or something," Mrs. Derrison said vaguely. "They've a fine old place in Wiltshire, but are as poor as mice, I believe."

June that year was rather wonderful and all London seemed in gala mood. Richard, taking his cure each night and sleeping dreamlessly, lived those weeks of his life we all live once, when to wake is joy exceeding because it means a meeting somewhere with the one being on earth you want to meet, and when sleeping is a blessing because it passes the time you have to spend apart from her.

He pursued Lady Mary, he pursued work, and he won both, strangely enough, on the same day. Willcox, a friend of years' standing, got him the billet of all billets he had desired, and despaired of getting—a real job in the engineering company which held out chance upon chance for the man who would put his back into his work. And then in the evening at a friend's house, strung-up by his luck, every atom of nervousness, even the abiding sense of his own unworthiness, swept aside by the surging sense of sweetness Lady Mary's nearness waked in him, he told her he loved her.

IT was after dinner, and they had walked aside from the others, and were sitting in the deep shade of the trees.

Lady Mary's hand accidentally touched Richard's. That slight touch raced through his being; he tried to speak and could not, he put out both hands and Mary put hers into them. They remained so for a moment, then Richard drew Mary closer, so close that across his trembling lips her whisper "Oh, Richard!" drifted like a kiss.

"Mine, mine for ever," he said between his kisses, and said the words into Mary's lips, "Mine."

Later he drove her back to town. At the door of Mary's home, Richard kissed her good-night. They stood for an instant together, and he said:

"I shall never be worthy of you, of your love. God knows why you love me, and only God, I think, and I suppose He made it possible. It's the most wonderful miracle that ever happened. Good night, my beautiful, my love; there isn't another woman in Heaven or on earth!"

Please turn to Page 61

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BRICK BRADFORD in THE LAND OF THE LOST

BY WILLIAM RITT CLARENCE GRAY

THE STORY SO FAR:

Brick Bradford and his comrades escape from the Kingdom of the Sea folk, and arrive at a strange isle governed by Queen Lamak Mayta. At the palace Brick fights and defeats Prince Gorm, a cousin of the Queen. Gorm, in his anger, threatens that Brick shall lose his life, and the Queen her throne; and to that end takes his case before a tribunal of army captains. Now read on.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS—

As so many of you are spending every spare minute of your time in the water these days, I think I shall give you some hints on swimming. Now, every learner, almost without exception, seems to get hold of the idea that the quicker he moves his arms and legs the less danger there is of sinking. On the contrary, nothing tends to lessen the floating-power of the body more than to do these quick, jerky movements. From the very beginning try to cultivate a gentle but firm movement in all your strokes.

At the commencement of the breast-stroke the arms and legs should be drawn up together, and, as the hands reach the fullest extent of the forward thrust, the legs should be as far apart as possible without the least strain. Then, on the backward sweep of the arms, the legs should be timed to come together, just as the hands come level with the shoulders.

Keep the chin well up, hollow the back a little, turn the hands slightly, so that they act upon the water as the planes of an aeroplane act upon the air.

The most serious drawback to a stylish overarm stroke is the wrong position of the head. If the head is kept down flat, almost level with the surface of the water, you will find that the actions for this stroke can be done more easily. When you take the hand from the water let it hang limply. Do not lift it more than six inches above the surface of the water, and do not extend it more than four or five inches in front of the head.

The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to JANICE THOMPSON, Newbolme, Charleville.

Good-bye for now, short week.
Cheerio. From Your Pal, CONNIE.

A GOOD TRICK

THE following is a curious little puzzle that makes your Pals rub their eyes and wonder. See if your pal can do the following:

First tell him to think of a number of threepenny bits (between 1 and 10, say, 5).

Double them. 10.
Add 3—13.
Multiply the answer by 5—65.
Second: Add a number of sixpences (between 1 and 10, say, 4)—69
Multiply the answer by 10—690.
Third: Add a number of shillings (between 1 and 10, say, 8)—698.

Now, the moment your pal says the answer (as, tell him the number of threepences, sixpences, and shillings he thought of

This is how it is done: Whatever the answer is it is always 150 too large, and all that has to be done is subtract 150 from the answer.

It will work out with any other figures from 1 to 9, but you must not exceed nine.

Two Prize Cards go to MONICA BRENNAN, Alma St., Wee Waa, N.S.W.

Dressing-up

By DOROTHY HAWKER.

WHEN mother's out we love to play
"Dressing-up," as ladies say.
Sisters Mary, Jane, and Sue.
All like playing ladies, too.

Up and down we all parade,
Sometimes holding Mum's sunshade.
Putting rouge and powder on,
Next a fashionable hat we don.

Mother's knock then seems to say,
"Play is over for the day."
Pitter-patter go our feet,
To tidy up all clean and neat.

Prize of 5/- to DOROTHY HAWKER (12), 8 Francis St., Marrickville, N.S.W., for this original verse.

Shirley's Adventure With the Stars

By HELEN FARMER

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Shirley, who was very fond of watching the stars. Often she would wish, as she gazed at the stars shining brightly in the sky, that a fairy would appear and give her wings, so that she could fly up to the stars. At last her wish came true.

It was a warm summer evening, and her mother had given her permission to stay out of doors for just five minutes, to watch her favorite stars come out. It was very interesting. She would be watching a piece of plain sky one moment, and the next—there would be a teeny, weeny star. Then she said longingly: "I wish I could go up there and see them come out to shine."

"Why don't you go, it is very nice?" said a soft little voice, and Shirley looked around to find a dainty fairy standing at her side.

"I haven't any wings," she replied, looking with admiration at the beautiful wings of the fairy.

Then the fairy waved her wand, and a pair of wings appeared, which she fastened on to Shirley's back. Suddenly Shirley found herself floating up into the air, holding the fairy's hand.

"Oh-o-h!" she whispered, and the moon smiled at her, while the stars danced round her. When she had flown up further, the fairy opened a few star-shaped doors, which she said were the places where the stars come out.

"And what do they do all day?" asked Shirley.

"They go to sleep because they get very tired playing at night, you know," replied the fairy.

"Come along dear," said Shirley's mother. "You've had your five minutes."

And Shirley awoke with a start to find it had only been a beautiful dream.

Prize of 5/- to HELEN FARMER (11), Bag 101, Morgan, S.A.

HERE YOU SEE pretty Lois Rouche, one of our Pals, who has only just come to our Australian shores.

JUST CHATTER

MARJORIE CRAWFORD, of West Hobart (Tas.), writes an interesting letter; IMELDA MORRISSEY, of Goodwood (S.A.), is welcomed as a new Pal; DARILA WHITEHORN, of Koolunga (S.A.), has a black and white kitten called Whiskey for one of her pets.

LORNA TAYLOR, of Wee Waa (N.S.W.), has fair hair and blue eyes; JUNE MOORE, of Inverell (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; A. G. BAILEY, Geranium (S.A.), would like to correspond with a Pal (about 16 years of age).

EVA CORNELISSEN, of Five Bough, Leeton (N.S.W.) is welcomed as a new Pal; DORA ATLEY, of Tongala, lives on a nice farm; ELVA EVANS, of Forrest (Vic.), is a keen tennis player.

SOPHIE ROSS, of Thompson Estate, Brisbane (Qld.), is fond of jokes; BETTY WILKINS, of Pilligo, is another new Pal; GLORIA McCLELLAND, of Nyngan, is fond of riding, reading, and painting.

BETTY ROWE, of Tweed River (N.S.W.), lives on a farm and is fond of playing tennis, cricket, yigaro, and swimming, riding and painting; P. DAVEY, of Oakleigh, is welcomed as a new Pal.

RUBY PASCOE, of Raywood (Vic.), left school last year; BETTY AND MARJORIE WARDROFF, of Aberdare, are both new Pals; NANCY COBBY of Wellington (N.S.W.), is 13 years of age, and attends St. Mary's Intermediate High School; GWENDA WALTERS, of Merbein (Vic.), lives about six miles from Mildura, in the centre of the dried fruits industry.

JOAN ANSCHAU, of Parramatta (N.S.W.), always reads about Mandrake the Magician; KEVIN RAYMENT, of Windsor, is nine years of age, and is a new Pal; JUNE COLLINS, of St. Peters (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes.

FOR FUN & FANCY

"MET a chap to-day who said he was an old school friend of yours—name of Brown."

"Brown?"

"Yes, tall chap with a red moustache."

"I never went to school with a tall chap who had a red moustache."

Prize Card to CELESTINE McNAMARA, Queensland National Bank, Forest Hill, Qld.

Manager: We cannot proceed with the performance.

Producer: Why not?

Manager: The boneless man has just broken his arm.

Prize Card to EDNA RALPH, 16 Dent St., Merrewether, N.S.W.

Proud Mother: My son writes a great deal. His things are read with great interest by many people.

Eager Editor: Does he write humorous articles?

Proud Mother: No, menu cards.

Prize Card to HAZEL WATLING, care Mrs. E. Marsden, Auburn St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Modern Miss: I was at a dance on Monday night, out dining on Wednesday and Thursday.

Comical Schoolgirl: Weren't you dining out anywhere on Friday?

Modern Miss: No, not on Friday.

Comical Schoolgirl: One, you must have been hungry on Saturday.

Prize Card to JOYCE HAGUE, 4 North St., West End, Townsville, Nth. Qld.

Jack had been away all the morning, and when he walked into the class during the afternoon his teacher stopped him.

"Now, Jack, Jack," he said, "why didn't I see you in class this morning?"

"Please, sir, because I wasn't there."

Prize Card to JEAN HAZEL, Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A.

Bill: I could walk that rope like the man in the circus, if it wasn't for one thing.

Tom: And what is that?

Bill: I'd fall off.

Prize Card to MARIE MARSH, Kia Ora, Peak Hill Rd., Dubbo, N.S.W.

WHAT'S your dog's name?" said Bob to Jack.

"Fido," answered Jack.

"Fido," repeated Bob. "Why did you call him that common name. Every second dog you see is called Fido."

"Oh," replied Jack, "they don't all spell the word like me. Look on his collar."

Bob looked and saw in large print, "Phideau."

Prize Card to JOHN PAMEN, 22 Kerford St., Coburg, Vic.

Bill: What did that lady say to you?

Bob: She said, "Here is something for a cup of tea."

Bill: What was it?

Bob: A lump of sugar, of course.

Prize Card to BARBARA PAYNE, Wingara, Lamond St., East Brisbane.

A SAFE CHALLENGE

Here is a game that will cause great amusement at your next party. Challenge any of the assembled guests to stand with one shoulder and one ankle pressed against the same wall, and then raise the other foot. You can offer a prize for anyone who can remain in the position for longer than five seconds, as you are in no danger of losing.

Prize Card to K. W. O'SULLIVAN, 14 Hopetoun St., Camperdown, N.S.W.

THE PIEMAN.—Prize of 5/- to J. GILLESPIE, 33 Hawley St., Fivedock, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

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FIRST SIGHT

Continued from Page 59

PERHAPS it was strange he did not sleep that night, Richard decided, and now the sleepless hours were spent like a dream in Paradise. But even for the next three nights he could not sleep either, he began to feel a slight anxiety. He had finished his "cure" on the night before his happiness had begun.

He was acutely worried, if really in those days he was worried about anything, because he feared his sleeplessness might put him off his job. However, he was doing his very best, and he was intensely keen to make good. Willcox had had to pull every string to get him the chance, and his progress meant his marriage.

After a week's sleeplessness he set out for Saumarez. Despite the expense he must have another "cure," and somehow this last bout of sleeplessness had been ghastly. All day he had had the driven feeling, been conscious of a futile but blinding exasperation against everyone and every circumstance; actually, he had even felt a violent anger for a moment with Mary, because she had wanted him to drive her somewhere and he had wanted to stay in.

He felt, on his way to Saumarez' house, that prescience of relief which comes when you know that though you are beaten, yet the worst is over.

He rang the bell and waited, and was about to enter when the servant said: "No one in, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are both out, and there's no rooms to let, either."

"It's Doctor Saumarez," Richard said, "I want to see. He has his surgery here."

"Oh, him—the Indian gentleman, you mean," the girl said. "He's been took—had up—for drug traffickin'——"

Richard went down the steps; he stood in the street in the sunshine, thinking, trying to think it all out.

On impulse he told the taxi-man to drive to his club.

He found Somers entering the reading-room.

Somers gave him a very quick glance, then he nodded pleasantly.

"I want to speak to you," Richard said. "I—you remember the doctor you sent me to, Saumarez? He gave me the most wonderful cure, but I've finished it and this cursed sleeplessness has returned. I went to see him today, and was told he had been arrested for drug-trafficking. I suppose you haven't an idea where I could get some of this stuff?"

"Have you an idea what it is—which drug is an ingredient?" Somers asked.

"Not an earthly," Richard said. "Saumarez only gave me a box of so many packets, a few grains each, and that was all. There was no label on any packet nor on the box."

Somers stared down at his beautifully-cut shoes.

"What'd you pay for it?" he asked at length.

Richard told him.

Somers sat up in the huge lounge chair.

"Look here," he said, "if you can give me fifty, I'll get you this stuff. I don't know its name, but I do know the man Saumarez worked with. But he won't see any strangers now, naturally. I happen to have done these fellows a service, and that's why I think I can wangle it. If you'll meet me here to-night I think I can promise you the stuff."

"It's awfully decent of you," Richard said earnestly; he expressed great gratitude to Somers, and later, when Somers had delivered the stuff and he had taken his dose and that feeling of blessed peacefulness began to steal over him, he felt almost love for that immaculately-clad, rather shifty-eyed being.

A month later, quite calmly, Somers told him he had been taking dope.

"It's got a name," Somers explained airily, and he whispered it.

Richard backed away from him; he stared into Somers' face, his own eyes narrowed. There was a bitter hostility in his gaze, and as well a terrible fear.

He went then to a famous nerve doctor, and put himself in his hands; it meant a break from business of course, and at a very urgent time.

He could not tell Mary; he meant to tell her when he was quite cured.

But he did not get cured; he got better. He slept fitfully, he went back to work, and the sleeplessness again returned.

Mary was in Scotland then, writing Richard love-letters which wrung his soul by her trust, and exalted him by her love.

Richard went to his specialist, who gave him something which did no good; then he went North, and Richard struggled on alone.

And then, at the end of an airless day, when he felt utterly done, he saw Somers by chance once more.

"A hair of the dog——" said Somers with a grin; he bore no malice against Richard.

So Richard paid, and slept.

IT was in January he left for Waihonga, and Mary knew then, and Willcox had used his last bit of influence to get Richard his chance of recovery.

Richard no longer looked that fit twenty-six; he looked a rotten fifty.

Mary still loved him.

Her love sent him to Waihonga, where there was no drug, and no chance of any, where Richard knew he would suffer the tortures of the damned before he could hope to feel better.

"But it is the only chance of a complete recovery," the specialist had said, "and nine-tenths of your cure will be a matter of your will."

On their last evening together Mary said suddenly:

"Dickie, have you got any?"

He was kneeling beside her, and she took his head in her hands and looked into his eyes.

"Have you?"

"Yes," said Richard.

He had meant to take it—just in case—but he could not lie to her in this hour.

He went and fetched it and gave it to her.

"Come back to me," Mary said, "kneel down as you were kneeling before."

Richard obeyed her. He looked into her eyes and saw the tears in them, saw deep within each tear a tiny representation of himself—the last gift he was giving Mary for her love to keep was that.

He caught hold of her suddenly, fiercely.

It hurt his throat horribly to speak, but he rushed on: "By your tears, by that last gift of your love to me, I swear to you I will never touch it again, Mary. In a year you'll come to me. Swear, swear you believe me?"

"I do believe you," Mary said. "I do trust you, darling."

A year to the day Mary arrived at Waihonga; she came in Dyce Fordyce's yacht. Her party had met his party at Colombo, and Mrs. Derrison, and the Machlins, and Mary had accepted his offer to go on with him.

For one thing, Fordyce's yacht was of racing proclivities, and for another it was, as Fordyce said, "the very latest thing in everything."

Fordyce had things like that, and always the "very latest"; his chief life-interest was in obtaining that, and that was far too easy to intrigue him long. It is no exaggeration to say that he went mad about Mary; he did, but no one knew it save himself; but he thought of her waking, he dreamt of her sleeping, and he looked at her every second he felt he could do so in safety.

He learnt her story, hers and Richard's, from Mrs. Derrison, who had openly bewailed the engagement from the beginning.

"What does the man Carberett take—what is his special dope?" he asked Mrs. Derrison, who told him with an expression of pained disdain.

"And still Lady Mary loves him," he mused aloud.

"I don't understand it," Mrs. Derrison said petulantly. "It's one of those affairs which are past ordinary comprehension. Simply, they saw one another, and, according to Mary, fell in love. I was there, it was in the theatre—I forget what play was on. Mary told me later that the first instant she held Richard Carberett's hand she knew he was her man! And of course he was quite insane about her. I shall never forget that June; he was everywhere, he scarcely left Mary's side, and it was positively a relief when they were engaged. And then they were both so exalted about it! I suppose all that sort of thing is love, but it seems very blatant—almost indecent, to make such a fuss about it openly!"

Fordyce had been visioning that unforgettable June, and as Mrs. Derrison's pretty, pleasant voice drawled on, the fever in his veins had mounted.

Fire under snow—golden, living fire beneath that flower-petal skin—all that serene poise gone at a man's touch—this man's—a half-baked boy who had not been strong enough to keep off drugging even for her sake! And she loved him! Wanted to go to him, had wanted to give to him all the stored sweetness of herself!

He looked at her coming along the deck now and saw her with the eyes of a man obsessed, close to the heart of this man Carberett, her white eyelids drooping, her lips his for the taking.

"Never, if I can prevent it," said Fordyce to himself.

THEY anchored at dawn, and an hour later Richard came aboard.

Fordyce met him first and shook hands with him, smiling a welcome.

The clear flooding light showed Richard a royal twenty-seven, so happy and fit and hard he looked, and so immaculately flannelled; the whites of his eyes were a clear egg-shell blue and the hand which held Fordyce's was cool and lean.

Fordyce hated him in that hour with an intensity he had never felt in all his life, in any emotion.

He went below as Mary came up, but he had seen her eyes first.

"It's only a little house, but it has a garden and the bathing's divine—just in our pool we've got a shark-barrier built," Richard told Mary breathlessly.

He had kissed her nearly to exhaustion and now she was sitting on his knee, "because I can't let you go, and if anyone sees, let 'em," Richard had decreed.

No one was about to see—they had the cabin to themselves—and Richard talked like a little boy and Mary ruffled his hair and kissed him every kiss they had ever kissed, and they were utterly and gloriously and divinely happy. Also, they were to be married the next day.

Later, they were rowed ashore and Richard took Mary to the house, which, if little, had a garden and had also had hours and hours of labor spent on it, and did indeed look pretty and fresh. The sunset fell as Richard took Mary into the biggest room and said, his right hand tight in hers: "This is our room."

Mary Wins Her Battle

EXCLUSIVE OVERSEAS black velvet toque, showing the trend towards velvet used in soft, graceful swathes, for autumn and winter wear. Round the high crown wine-colored velvet is swathed full, and long black velvet ribbons fall past the shoulders.

They stood together in silence for a moment, and then Richard told Mary of his fight at Waihonga.

"I kept my oath to you," he said, "only it wasn't I so much—it was you in me, keeping me straight, your belief. I used to run, in all the heat, up and down the beach when I couldn't sleep, until I was so exhausted I lay where I fell—and then one night when I was lying like that I did fall asleep and I dreamt of you—and that was the beginning of the cure——"

Fordyce fetched Mary back to the yacht; he had brought the motor-boat over himself, and now, as they moved away, he headed her away from the yacht, ran her out to sea for a mile, then stopped her, and sat opposite Mary.

"We're alone now, you and I," he said very gently, "and I suppose it isn't any news to you that I've been wanting to be alone with you ever since I saw you first? I imagine stacks of men have said that sort of thing to you? And I suppose, too, stacks of men have said what I am going to say now. I love you. No, don't please feel you must be conventional—or even think you must be natural and cry out your indignation! I am aware this is your wedding eve, and I know every conventional creed there is. I am outraging everything. I know that too. But sometimes a man comes up against something stronger than himself. I have. It's you, and the love you have created in me. I can't get you out of my thoughts or blood or senses."

He leant forward suddenly and held out his hand in such a way that the palm was hollowed.

"See that hand, the dip in it? See me close it? That's your hold on my life. I am lost in the hollow of your hand. Mary, answer me truly, are you going through with this tuppeny-ha'penny marriage?"

Mary stood up, and the dying sunlight poured over her until every line of her showed distinct and beautiful: Fordyce drew in his breath sharply, and his hands clenched till knuckles showed ivory.

"Turn the boat round," she said quite quietly, "and—Mr. Fordyce, forget, as I will forget, that we've ever had this talk. If it will help you in any way I will tell you this. Richard is my life. I don't know why or how, but he is, and that is the truth about my marriage. You know now."

Fordyce went on staring at her for a moment; then, without a word, he started the engine and headed the boat for the yacht.

As he helped Mary to step aboard he said, just above his breath:

"I will get you yet."

DINNER was a triumphant meal, with strawberries which had been kept in ice, and champagne on it, and all sorts of out-of-season delicacies as well.

It was very late when Richard rose to go; the dawn would break in an hour.

Fordyce and Richard went towards the stairway together; they came back a moment later with Richard holding his wrist and laughing, and Fordyce apologising.

Richard had slipped on the stairway, and the lascar, going ahead of them, had, like a fool, his knife in his belt and Richard had cut his wrist. Fordyce explained easily and apologetically.

Mary bound up the cut and took Richard to the side herself. As he settled in the motor-boat Fordyce ran past her down the steps; he held a bottle in his hand.

"See Mr. Carberett drinks this, all of it, Mora," he said to the steward who was seated beside Richard, "as soon as he gets to his house to-night. Good night. Cheerio!"

Mary had been listening, she saw his face as he turned, and she called after them as the motor-boat raced on.

"It's a drug you've given him—in the wine—it's a drug," she said to Fordyce, turning on him furiously.

"It's nothing of the sort," Fordyce told her gently; "you are unstrung."

"It is, it is," Mary said, and beat her hands on the taffrail. "The cut wasn't an accident—Richard will take the drug, and he—I——"

She turned and faced Fordyce, deadly calm.

"Order them to lower a boat. I am going ashore," she said.

Fordyce smiled at her, and she drew back suddenly and moved to the side of the yacht.

"By God, you can't go—the sea's full of sharks," Fordyce shouted then, and his voice shook with terror.

"Can't I?" called Mary's voice, "can't I?" as her white body dived down.

Someone in the motor-boat heard the splash, saw the white form; it turned and sped back, and it was Richard who pulled Mary in.

Fordyce, his face sick with grimacing terror, saw her lean back in Richard's arms, the light grew just then, and Mary's hair, like a banner of gold, streamed out in the wind of dawn.

The man at the wheel of the motor-boat awaited orders.

"Take me home," Mary said, "where I belong."

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BOY'S SUIT.

WW1066—Trousers and blouse shirt for a little lad, sizes, 5 to 10 years. Note roomy trouser legs and trim, workmanlike little shirt. Material required for blouse: 1¼ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide; for knickers, 1¼ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

APACE WITH FASHION!

WW1068.—This charmingly distinctive frock is cut on slenderising lines, and has a very sweet up-to-the-throat collar. The two panels of the skirt continued into the front bodice are smartly unusual. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4¼ to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TRIM SPORTS MODE.

WW1067.—A sensible, smart dress for the outdoor girl, with unusual yoke, and open shirt collar. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1**

PRETTY FLORAL.

WW1065.—A sensible and smart frock for a little girl. If made in pretty floral linen, long wear is assured. Pleats fall from the shoulders. Sizes, 3 to 8 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

UNUSUAL ENSEMBLE

WW1069.—An inconspicuously smart ensemble. Collar of dress comes demurely over the top of the full-backed, hip-length coat. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: frock, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide; coat, 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SLIM-FITTING SLIP.

WW1070.—This trim, fitting four-piece slip has a split back and front to allow plenty of room. Finish the opera top with pretty lace. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide, 1¼ yards lace edging. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SMART DINNER GOWN.

WW1071. — Fashion - wise matrons will appreciate this graceful dinner or bridge gown. Sleeves are raglan style, full to the wrist. Bust sizes, 36 to 46 inches. Material required: 6 to 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Our Free Pattern

Our free three-in-one pattern this week provides for three very charming day frocks for 34-inch bust, as illustrated. To obtain the pattern fill in the coupon at right.

No. 1 features the new square neck and button front with straight trim skirt. Material required: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide.

No. 2 is a delightful morning frock and requires 3½ yards, 36 - inch wide material.

No. 3 frock would be very attractive for an afternoon tea-party. Material required: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide.

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This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

ADELAIDE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4155X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA. — The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

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Pattern Coupon, 1/2/'36.

FROCK AND COAT.

WW1072.—Smart, useful style, especially for cool evenings. Coat, American style, has wide lapels, slanting pockets, and is worn without a belt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards for dress, 3¾ yards for coat. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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THREE TITLE holders at the Australian Women's Athletic meeting recently held in Sydney. From left: Miss Doris Carter (Vic.) winner of the high jump, and Miss Edie Robinson and Miss Eileen Wearne, who won the 220 yards and 100 yards championships of Australia.

CLARE DENNIS *Led* MARCH *of* 500 ATHLETES!

Big National Games Pageant in Adelaide: Tribute to Late King

From Our Adelaide Representative

Divested of all possible pomp and hilarity, and reminding one strangely of purple-swathed church altars in the Lenten season, was the scene of the opening of the third national games and South Australian Centenary on Saturday.

TWELVE thousand people, representing every State of the Commonwealth, and practically all wearing some sign of mourning, honored not only young athletic Australia, but the death of their beloved King George V. Somehow all symbols of the pageantry, the trumpets, flying pigeons, hymns, and strains of martial music, became symbols of loyalty and patriotism.

The parade of five hundred Australian athletes, with which the opening ceremony was begun, was led by a woman, Miss Clare Dennis, the breast-stroke champion swimmer of the world, as well as the holder of many other championships. Marching proudly in her green and gold blazer over her white frock, she did girl athletes of Australia credit. Every participant was wearing a black armband, and the procession came to a standstill in front of the dais, which was swathed in mourning colors of black and purple. Here Lady Bonython represented the women of South Australia. She, too, was in mourning, wearing a black crepe suit with white triangular collar and cuffs, floppy white flowers, and black tam that shaded her eyes from the blistering sun.

When the procession had come to a standstill, facing the officials and flagstaff, the National Anthem was played. During this and the two minutes' silence

MISS CLARICE KENNEDY, the N.S.W. representative, who won three events on the opening day of the National Games.

that followed, flags with knots of purple and black ribbons were lowered, and heads were bared despite almost agonising heat which followed the sultry morning.

Then there was a trumpet blast and black and purple swathing was dropped from the National Games motto. The Vice-Regal box, draped in the colors of mourning, stood empty.

The Governor of South Australia (Sir Winston Dugan), who was to have opened the first official event of the Centenary celebrations in South Australia, was, of course, unable to attend. Neither were the Prime Minister, the Premier, or the Lord Mayor. Mr. V. H. Ryan, organiser of the Centenary celebrations, represented the Government, and Mr. A. G. Fenner, chairman of the Games Council, declared the third National Games open, referring as he did so to the solemnity of the occasion and the cloud that had fallen over what would otherwise have been a festive scene. The games, he said, were held in Australia once every four years, to give the selectors a chance to see all the athletes together who were available for selection for the Olympic Games, to be held this year in Berlin.

Following upon a word from Mr. S. J. Jacob, who represented the Centenary Council, the "Song of Australia" rendered by massed bands and a thousand voices was sung. As the song came to a close the flaming brands of the relay runners' torches could be seen over the heads of the crowds of people, with mounted police escort.

Unique Torch Race

THE relay runners, who had just completed a non-stop run of 480 miles from Melbourne to Adelaide, through town, country roads, and desert country, had arrived at Adelaide Oval to the second, an achievement little short of a miracle.

The men were lightly clad in shorts and colored athletic tops, and looked worn and were dripping with perspiration. Each carried a torch, the leader carrying one somewhat larger than those of the remainder. He also carried an olive branch, a symbol of peace, and letters from Victoria, which he handed to the Chairman of the Games, amid cheers that were nearly deafening. No such feat had ever been accomplished as that relay race in Australia before.

The ceremony of the lighting of the lamp of amateurism was next, and as Mr. E. Jolly held his torch to the lamp, a jet of yellow flame jumped from the lamp and burned dazzlingly. The flame of this lamp will continue to burn as long as the sports are in progress.

The Olympic hymn was sung fervently, and then Rev. C. J. Perry, the Games Padre, delivered a clear, simple and earnest address. He was hatless and clad in black robes, and mounted on a pulpit which had been erected for him on the oval. The pulpit, too, was draped with bunting and in mourning colors.

Miss Clare Dennis then came forward, and with right hand raised and left hand grasping the corner of the Union Jack, she recited the oath of amateurism.

The first national championship event of the first day was won by South Australia, when W. Ayers threw the javelin 166ft. 10½ins., and W. Melville, also a South Australian, came second in this event. Of the women competitors, yet another South Australian, M. Turner, proved a surprise packet when she ran second to Clarice Kennedy in the 100 metres women's championship.

Did Officials Blunder?

SOME surprise has been expressed that no more formidable opposition from the other States than Clarice Kennedy and Doris Carter was forthcoming.

It undoubtedly looks as if the Australian Amateur Athletic Union has blundered somewhere as regards the women competitors.

The State Women's Athletic Associations were requested to send their best performer to the Games. Victoria nominated Miss Doris Carter, New South Wales Miss Clarice Kennedy, and Queensland Mrs. Thelma Peake, whose name was later withdrawn, thus leaving only two women athletes to compete in the championships.

This unique situation must have given the Games Committee many headaches, and must have disclosed a weakness in their organising ability.

But Mrs. D. Mulcahy, secretary of the Australian Women's Amateur Athletic Association, states that, for selection for Olympic sports, competitors have to be up to desired standard, and there are few girls capable of competing against the champions, and therefore did not care to make such an expensive trip.

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2GB—The Nation's Station

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Every generation has its own love songs, but the love songs of yesterday and the day before still hold their charm for all of us. For love songs are the songs of youth, of the days when the blood runs fast and the world is a wonderful place to be alive in. Tune in to the Serenaders and hear the favourite love songs of to-day and yesterday, and of every country. Each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8.45 p.m.

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Few things in the world have changed so greatly as the methods of travel. Tune in to this new dramatic session each Monday night at 8.12 p.m., and hear the humours and drama of travel yesterday and to-day in vivid contrast. You will be delighted with the novelty of this presentation.

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CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

Here is Token K13 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer. TOKEN K13
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FARMER'S

• AMAZING CLIMAX TO THE MIDSUMMER MONEY-SPINNERS

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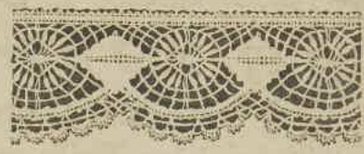
Winding up the month of January with astounding bargains in Sydney's loveliest laces

2/11, 3/6 Needlerun Lace Nightdress TOPS, 1/11

All ready to be attached! Very youthful designs in smartly shaped needle-run lace nightdress tops, with or without cape sleeves. Beige, Paris and oyster in bold designs. Usually priced 2/11, 3/6. Special Sale, 1/11



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You can make blouses just like the one above with this beautiful reproduction alencon. 36 inches wide; unusual all over design. In white, Paris or beige. 5/11 to 10/6. Now, yd. 4/6

Ground Floor, Pitt Street

A special table of NEEDLERUN LACES from across the seas

We had to go abroad for these needlerun laces—but such lovely designs were worth any amount of trouble. There they are on a special table—gorgeous laces in either straight or shaped styles. *Below* are illustrated three—there are dozens more just as attractive. . . .

A. Us. yd, 1/11. Sale 1/3

One inch wide. A very striking design in either white, oyster or beige shades.

B. Us. yd, 1/11. Sale 1/3

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One inch wide, in oyster or beige. . .

Wise women will place several yards on lay-by!

The lace illustrated is in beige or oyster Usually 10/6. Sale, 5/11 yd.

Us. 10/6 to 15/6 Special overseas purchase NEEDLERUN Lace

Special overseas purchase! 18 inch needlerun all-over lace for blouses, etc. Fascinating designs in beige, white, paris, black/white and black/grey.

US. 10/6 TO 15/6 **5/11 to 10/6**

Imported Princess SLIP TOPS

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A beautiful quality needlerun lace that was specially imported for this lace sale. . . .

Each one is all ready to be attached! Approximately 40 inches round. . . . .

Delightful shades of Paris, beige, oyster and white are there for you to choose. . . .

Available in each of the four lovely designs you see illustrated. . . . . .

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It's time to start your KNITTING

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You can make this exciting jumper for **17/6**

You'll simply have to take up your needles when you see what you can knit at Farmer's. This jumper, for instance. Made from the new "PING PONG" WOOL, it takes only 6 2-oz. hanks at 2/11 each. . . No extra for the pattern

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"Tizian"—interesting as the name suggests. 2oz. hank. 2/11

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Usually 1/-. An amazing special purchase marks the opening of the season. English Jazz marls, tweed marls and spot marls. **6½d**

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Complete Book-length Novel

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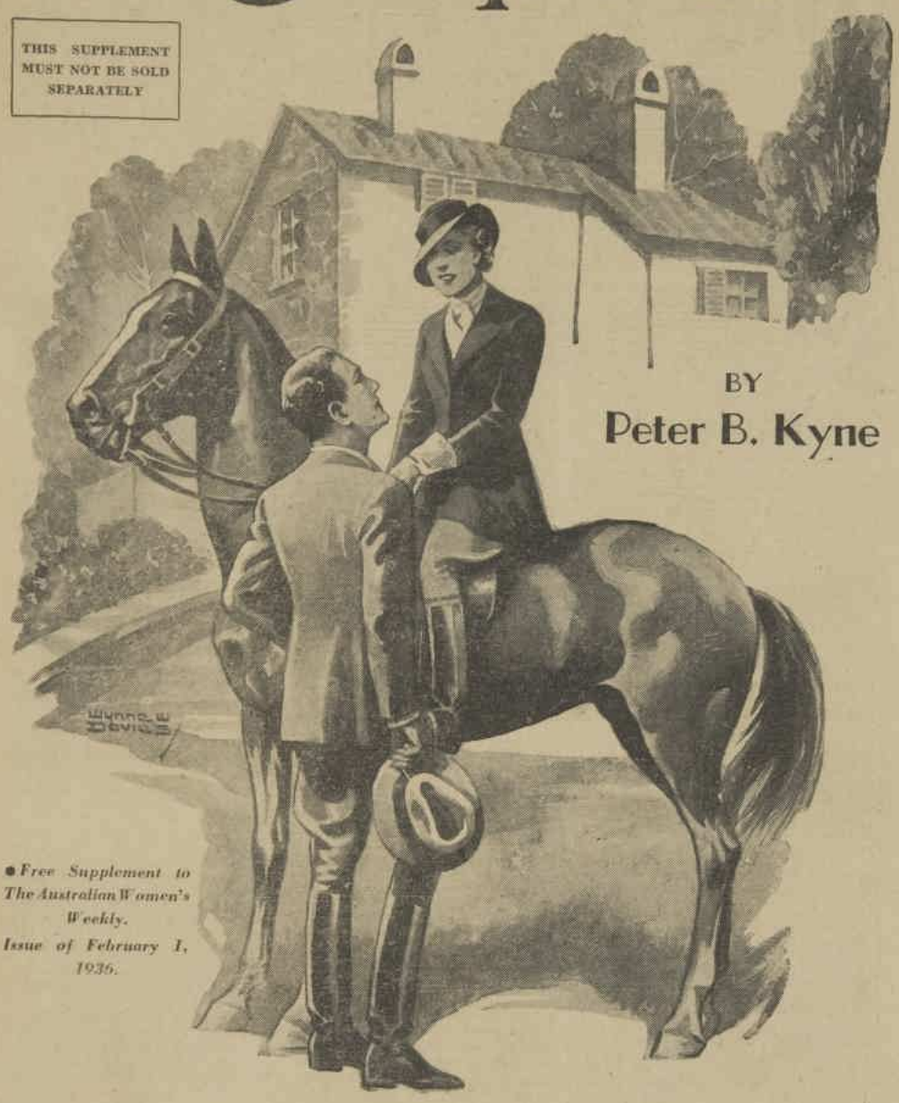

BY

Peter B. Kyne

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JIM THE CONQUEROR

By PETER B. KYNE

CHAPTER 1

OLD William B. Latham lay on a wicker chaise longue in the verandah of his country house, Hillcrest, and pretended to be asleep—a subterfuge quite in keeping with a certain salient characteristic of his which, quite early in his career, had earned for him the not inappropriate sobriquet of "Crooked Bill." Not that the old rascal was crooked in the commonly accepted sense of that term as employed in the quaint patois of our times (indeed he was a most honorable man), but because he was possessed of an uncommon degree of craft, of audacious and generally amusing slyness, in business and out of it—a sort of super-prudence born of uncanny, innate ability to read human nature.

It pleased William B. Latham this late afternoon to pretend to be asleep in order that he might, from under the drawn-down rim of his hat, watch his late wife's niece engaged in a pastime peculiarly dear to that most attractive young woman, to wit, snaring and breaking the heart of a youth whose manifest decencies appeared, to Crooked Bill, sufficient justification for receiving from the young lady in question what her uncle and guardian described as "a whole lot of letting alone."

Although attached to this Circe by the bonds of an affection somewhat more than avuncular and somewhat less than paternal, Crooked Bill was, nevertheless, entirely out of sympathy with her method of extracting from life a degree of interest and amusement necessary to making it worth the living; albeit her coquetry, so obvious to the old worldling, but so thoroughly unsuspected by her victims, never failed to titillate his sense of the ridiculous. Safely hidden behind a screen of passion vines, through an aperture in which he could see the young people without being seen (his pretence of sleep being merely an additional precaution and quite in keeping with his motto of "safety first"), Crooked Bill estimated the situation and found it not to his liking.

With the ordinary run of young gentlemen who laid their yearly hearts at the feet of Miss Roberta Antrim, Crooked Bill had little sympathy and less patience. He was of the opinion that the receipt of their passports from Roberta was not a tragedy that weighed very heavily on them very long. The majority of them were he-flirts, amusing themselves with Roberta as outrageously as she amused herself with them, or else frankly attracted to her as a moth is attracted to a candle flame. And, of course, when the candle is extinguished the moth flies away, unless, indeed, he has already foolishly immolated himself. Up to the present none of Roberta's rejects had committed suicide, although no fewer than four had vowed to do so. Crooked Bill had more than a suspicion too, that, in addition to Roberta's undoubted charms, the fact that she was his heir was not a negligible attraction to her continuous and shifting entourage.

In the case of the young gentleman who sat with Roberta on the stone bench under the elm at the end of the garden in the soft summer twilight, Crooked Bill could find no extenuating circumstances to adduce as to why Roberta should not be convicted of inflicting cruel and unusual punishment. Glenn Hackett, to begin with, was of good family where brains and money, in evidence for three generations, had always been used wisely. He was not the collar-advertisement type of man; on the contrary he was rather tall, loose-jointed and angular, with a plain, honest face like a kind horse. He was apt to be regarded as downright homely until he smiled, when one forgot his plainness of feature, for that smile invested him with a singular manly charm. One trusted him instinctively; his quiet, dry, Yankee wit, never disclosed on brief acquaintance, always made one desirous of meeting him again. He was thirty years old, a lawyer and a good one, which is to say that Crooked Bill gladly paid him a large annual retainer. The old man's highest compliment for Glenn Hackett was that he had horse sense, and was the only man he knew who appeared to be as common and comfortable as an old shoe and yet wasn't.

Crooked Bill wished he might have been privileged to hear what Glenn Hackett and Roberta were saying. However, he was a fairly accurate reader of gesture, facial expression and nods, so he was assured that Hackett was proposing marriage to his niece.

"It'll be like her to refuse him," he decided, "and him the only real man I've ever seen on the premises. Shy on small talk and society chatter, but a good listener and a speaker of words worth while when he has something to say. And for once in his life he's doing all the talking while Roberta does the listening. I know that meek, sad, resigned bend of her head while she tugs at her handkerchief, and tries to appear surprised. She must have admiration from men or life is a delusion and a snare! And now she's picked on a victim that's bound to back-fire on her, or I'm no judge of men. Hello, he's talking too much! He's getting oppressive. She's finding the going not to her liking—ah, I thought so!"

CROOKED BILL drew his hat brim down over his nose; then he rolled his head to one side, opened his mouth a little, and commenced to breathe in long, even respirations. He heard the rapid patter of Roberta's little feet coming up the flagged walk, almost felt the swish of her as she passed him and entered the house. In about five minutes he heard the firm, leisurely tread of Glenn Hackett following, and was aware, presently, that the young man had sat down in a chair beside him. So he pretended to sleep on for five minutes, then he stirred uneasily, gritted his teeth, sighed, opened his eyes, looked straight ahead of him at the passion vine and yawned pleasurably.

"Well, now that you haven't had your forty winks," Hackett observed quietly, "what's your opinion as to what my next move should be?"

"I never cared for riddles," Crooked Bill protested virtuously.

"I've just jilted Roberta!"

Crooked Bill sat up with the abruptness of a Jack-in-the-box, which, in all fairness, he resembled not a little. "Shoot me for a horse-thief!" he ejaculated, with that expression conveying to Hackett, had that young man not been already aware of the former's antecedents, the information that old William B.'s voting precinct had not always been Dobbs Ferry, Westchester County, New York. It aided and abetted the charge made by his hat that once upon a time Crooked Bill had been a son of vast horizons. Even the unobservant few who, in those days of motion pictures, might fail to have been impressed by that hat, Crooked Bill's soft, pliable leather boots with his trouser legs drawn over them, spoke eloquently of a land far beyond the Palisades on the Jersey shore. "Played fast and loose with you, eh, boy?"

"No. Just tried to."

"SO you threw the daily over your pommel and gave her the bust, eh? Three cheers for our side."

"Cheer to your heart's content. This poor devil isn't dying," Glen Hackett retorted savagely.

Crooked Bill looked cautiously around to make certain the door from the verandah to the living-room was closed, for it was instinct with him never to make a move until all the conditions were propitious. "I hadn't any idea you two were engaged, son."

"We weren't, although I think we could have been if I had been fool enough to insist. Bobby likes me tremendously. I'm sure of that.

"She's been expecting me to propose for a month, and just a little while ago I was fool enough to do it. She looked so infernally proposable to-day. And while I was doing it I looked at her steadily, and noted the triumphant glint in her eyes, and a little self-satisfied smile on her lovely lips. Something told me she was preparing the skids for me——"

"She was undoubtedly. I watched the entire performance from here. I know the signs, Hackett."

"So, no sooner had I popped the question and no sooner had she commenced to assure me that she hadn't remotely suspected this attachment, than I interrupted her and withdrew my proposition. I begged her not to think any more about it."

Crooked Bill was steeped in reverential awe.

"That got her blazing mad," Hackett continued.

"It would anger a sheep," Crooked Bill agreed. "Roberta's mighty high and handsome in her ideas."

"I told her it had suddenly occurred to me that she could never possibly consider marrying a lawyer who grubbed for a living in the heart of New York's financial quarter. I told her I was quite certain that what she was seeking was a knight-errant, and I wasn't it. I told her I'd be the last man in the world to skewer himself on a spear, like kidneys en brochette, for the sake of a lady's smile. I told her I had suddenly made up my mind that it was all a hideous mistake, and—but that's as far as I got."

"She up and left you then, son? She was crying as she passed me. I didn't see her, but my hearing's right good for my years. Continue to play your cards like that, and she's yours without a flicker.

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That girl requires a whole lot o' lickin', but she's only got to be licked once!"

"I'm wondering if I overplayed my hand?"

"What if you did? She didn't have even a dirty little deuce to trump your ace, did she?"

"I supposed I startled her."

"You jarred her conceit, that's what you did. The dearest of women have a lot o' that commodity, son, only they call it womanly pride. However, they'll all humiliate themselves to win the right man. You just keep on rollin' your hoop the way you've started and you'll win in a walk."

"I'm a little bit afraid to carry on, Mr. Latham. She plays fast and loose with a man. Doesn't appear to have a very well-formulated idea that a man is anything except an object of amusement—and I'm no jester to a queen. She's a confirmed flirt."

"They make awful good wives once you halter-break 'em," Crooked Bill suggested.

"How do you know?"

"I MARRIED one—and she was that girl's aunt. Roberta comes by her misfortune honestly. All the Barrows women were romantic. In fact, Roberta's mother ran away with an end man in a minstrel show. She adored the jokes that boy used to crack until he cracked one on her by marrying her. She didn't get back at him for two years, but when she did the laugh was on him. She bore him Roberta, and from that day until he died Roberta ran him ragged and made the poor devil like it. He was a good end man, but a poor judge of investments, and when he and his wife were killed in a train wreck, my wife and I fell heir to Roberta. She was eleven then. My wife died ten years ago, and I've been riding herd on Roberta ever since."

"I fear you've made a bad job of it, Mr. Latham."

"Well, you can't bar me for tryin'," Crooked Bill responded calmly. "The girl's sound at heart, but cursed with a face and figure that'd make Helen of Troy look like a Navajo squaw in comparison. She has brains. She has poise——"

"Not any more," Glenn Hackett interrupted gloomily. "I've just upset her poise!"

Crooked Bill indulged himself in a very mirthful little chuckle. "Well, at any rate, she's a very good, dear, sweet girl," he defended finally.

"She can't flirt with me. She wants to be pursued. I'm a busy man, and I've pursued her for a year, and you know, Mr. Latham, as well as I do, that whenever she has another swain on hand she always devotes herself to him and ignores me."

Crooked Bill stroked his chin. "Tell you what you do, son," he announced presently, and Glen Hackett leaned forward to listen to the words of wisdom from the oracle. "You stay for dinner, just as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Roberta'll dine in her room if she has any appetite at all, which I doubt, because the maid'll tell her you're still here, and she'll think that's indecent of you. Let her think it. Continue to come out uninvited and unexpected whenever the notion grips you, and when she gives you the dead face you grin at her like a Chinese idol and tell her how winsome she looks in that new dress. As the poet says:

The constant drip of water,
Wears away the hardest stone.
The constant gnaw of Towser,
Masticates the toughest bone.
The constant wooing lover,
Carries off the blushing maid,
And the constant advertiser
Is the one that gets the trade.
Continue to advertise yourself, son . ."

Pausing not an instant in her precipitate flight from the most amazing and impossible male biped she had ever encountered, Roberta Antrim fled to her room, locked the door, and lay down on her bed and indulged herself for ten minutes in that delight of her sex customarily known as a good cry.

"The wretch!" she soliloquised. "The odious boor! He had the effrontery to talk to me exactly as if I were a refractory client, instead of the girl had had but a moment before assured he loved to distraction. Oh, dear, what humiliation! I hate him, I hate him, I hate him. I'll never speak to him again as long as I live!"

When a woman has come to that conclusion, quite usually she finds it time to cease vain repining and weeping, lave her inflamed eyes with some soothing lotion, and powder her nose. So presently Roberta did all of these things, and while doing them appraised herself very critically in her mirror. At bottom she was much too wholesome to entertain a cheap vanity, so she did not waste time in an extended inventory. She knew she had a medium-sized, well-shaped head covered with the sort of golden-tinted auburn hair which so many women attempt, but which few achieve. Catty girls often said of Roberta's hair that a chemical analysis would develop a trace of henna in it, but this was not true, and even her detractors knew it. She had the sort of rich, creamy skin that goes with such hair; her eyebrows and eyelashes were darker than her hair, their luxuriance conveying a hint of Celtic blood.

Her eyes, large, brown and a trifle sleepy, owing to her acquired trick of gazing up at men from under the lids, were ideal for setting the reason of an impressionable male tottering on its throne. Her nose had just escaped being snubby, and was tilted at so gentle an angle as to confer upon her a faintly haughty expression when her face was in repose. She had a short, beautifully curved upper lip—which adorable malformation permitted much too easy a display of even, hard, white teeth. Her lower lip was full, tender and just a shade wilful. Roberta's was no sad, gentle, resigned, wise Mona Lisa smile; it reminded one of the flash of a heliograph. Her chin was full and aggressive, her body beautifully formed, lithe as a cat's and suggestive of abounding health and much outdoor exercise.

DESPITE her almost startling beauty one realised instinctively that Roberta was not (sentimentally speaking) a clinging vine. One felt, too, that she had a healthy temper, despite her perennial good nature and her tolerance for her own sex. As a matter of fact, Roberta did possess a temper readily aroused, but she had the saving grace of refusing to admit it, except under extraordinary circumstances. A certain coolness, a quiet flash of the brown eyes, a more meticulous graciousness, an infinitesimal lift of the firm chin were the signs that Crooked Bill had learned to associate with squalls from that quarter, and for her repression he loved her dearly. He, knowing the blood that was in her, was the only human being who knew also how difficult it was for Roberta, under stress, to refrain from hurling books and travelling-clocks! Also, because he had access to these private founts of information and understanding, the old rascal knew how short-lived exasperation was in that jaunty, saucy, lovable soul.

Appraising herself in her mirror now, Roberta twisted her lovely head and cocked it at various angles. No, decidedly her neck was not scrawny, nor was her skin pallid or dull. She was looking and feeling her best, mentally and physically, and she knew that the light green romaine crepe dress, the nude stockings and green suede pumps with the plain cut-steel buckles set her off to additional advantage. In the stilted language of the American fashion-writer, they constituted the dernier cri of perfect taste, for Roberta was one of those women to whom a clash of colors was impossible. She reflected with a sort of sweet bitterness that she had dressed that afternoon with an eye single to impinging herself upon the cool, quietly impersonal glance of Glen Hackett. "If I were a girl who wore diamonds to the breakfast table," she told her reflection, "there might have been some excuse for his gauche conduct. One moment he had proposed and the next he was withdrawing the proposal. I wouldn't have accepted him on a bet, nice as he is, and comfortable as he is to have around, but he might have given me an opportunity to say so! He was terrible! He gave me the impression that, in one revealing moment, he had seen something in me that revolted him and I'm not revolting, I'm not, I'm not——"

ONCE more she gave way to tears, but not for long. With Roberta tears were a sign of weakness, the weapons of the tyrannous, the first refuge of an ungallant and unsportsmanlike woman, although when her emotions were deeply stirred, as by grief or pity, she enjoyed weeping. She patronised human-interest or heart-throb plays, and avoided profound books written with an obviously greater concern for style than substance. Instinctively she wanted to get her teeth into life; at least, that is how Crooked Bill expressed it, and he had a peculiar gift for apt and illuminating expression.

She dried her tears and applied the powder rag again. And then the real reason for her charm—the reason men adored her and made love to her—presented itself. Roberta was a good sport—none better—and hated a quitter with all the strength of her vital, intelligent soul. She made a little grimace at herself.

"Well, Bobby Antrim, you took a man-size beating, didn't you? You're of a piece with the fellow who went hunting, promising to bring a bear back into camp. And he did—with the bear just six feet behind him! Well, that Hackett imbecile isn't dull, at any rate. And did I start something banal—all about never having suspected his attachment! I see it all very clearly now. Right there little Bobby went blah! Yes, that was a sour note—and he has an ear for music. That man-animal has some pride—and I had thought they all had ego!"

She sat down in a low rocker to think it over very carefully. As usual, her resentment and rage were disappearing at the double; she was only sensible now of a feeling of humiliation, not so much because of what Glen Hackett had said and done as because she had failed so miserably in feminine adroitness to meet an extraordinary situation. In a way of speaking he had demolished her; paralysed her powers of initiative and inventiveness, and left her helpless to defend herself; ground her to a pulp!

She decided now that his unusualness, as compared with the average run of men, was what had challenged her interest and attention, for, of course, she could never afford to admit, even to herself, that he had aroused every drop of sporting blood in her sporty little body. The fact that he had been indifferent, sentimentally lethargic—a bit dull, in fact—had constituted a challenge to her, and she had resolved to demonstrate to him that he was not, nor by any possibility ever could be, where she was concerned, the captain of his soul, the master of his fate!

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And he had proved to her what a monumental failure she had turned out to be in an art where, to quote Crooked Bill again, she was supposed to be one hundred and fifty per cent. perfect!

Suddenly Roberta began to laugh. Such a hearty, merry, mellow little laugh it was. "Thinks he's won a great victory," she decided. "Well, like John Paul Jones, I have not yet begun to fight. I'll bring that unusual man to his knees, and when I have him there I'll—well, I'll not do anything so unladylike as to put my foot in his face, but I'll laugh at him! I swear I will. I'll laugh out loud!"

THERE is always a feeling of comfort when one has come to a decision after wrestling with a knotty problem. Roberta had her poise back again; she felt again that she was ready to conquer new worlds and make them like it. So she went into her sitting-room and opened the door leading into the hall and the window that overlooked the verandah. Then she sat down at her little boudoir grand piano and played loudly "I Don't Care If You Never Come Back." When she had finished that, and was trying to think up another musical insult, somebody commenced whistling "In the Gloaming" from the verandah. The words of the first verse ran through Roberta's brain:

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free.

"He's a bit of a dog," thought Roberta tranquilly. Then she remembered the city of his birth, which he had long since left, so she banged out furiously: "Back, Back, Back To Baltimore!" Whereupon Mr. Hackett went back, but not Baltimore. He went back to the days of sickly, sentimental ballads, and Roberta heard him sing, or rather chant, for the man was tone-deaf:

"She was happy till she met you,
And the fault is all your own,
If she wishes to forget you,
You will please leave her alone."

Roberta stuck her red head out of the window. "Hey! Hey!" she called. "We're silly!"

"Your apology is accepted," Glenn Hackett called up to her, without showing himself.

"It's a terrible thing to have to hate a human being so," Roberta decided, and closed the window. Then she went downstairs and found Glenn Hackett and Crooked Bill in the library.

"Let's be good friends, Glenn," she said in her most ingratiating and fascinating manner. "You are so intelligent one can't help being attracted to you, and usually you're very nice. Really, if your bank account should ever be brought to the sear and yellow leaf, you should set up as a fortune-teller and mind-reader."

"I thought I had read yours correctly. I see now I did not."

"Indeed, you did. You're marvellous."

"You'll marry me when I get ready to marry you," he charged amiably.

"Why, you tell jokes, don't you?"

"Time!" Crooked Bill saw that the issue was far from clarifying. "No more of these lovers' quarrels, Roberta. Glenn is staying for dinner. You'll join us, of course, honey?"

"Why, certainly, Uncle Bill. How delightful, Glenn!"

Any man who thinks he can outfence a woman is a fool, and suddenly Glenn Hackett realised he was all of that. Such realisations always disturb a manly man. "If I remain for dinner, Mr. Latham, I fear I'll not be able to do justice to your excellent cuisine. Therefore, with your permission, Hobby, and yours, sir, I'd like to motor back to town."

Crooked Bill was upset. He had placed his money, so to speak, on young Hackett, and now the ingrate was running out on him, to employ a colloquialism. He was prepared to enter a vigorous protest, but the maid, entering with a telegram, rendered that impossible.

"A telegram for you, Miss Roberta!"

"Thanks, Minna. May I?" With uplifted brows to her uncle and his guest, she commenced to tear the envelope.

"She's very polite, no matter what her other faults may be," Hackett remarked to Crooked Bill. Roberta ignored him and read aloud:

"Los Algodones, Texas.
"June 21, 1925.

"Miss Roberta Antrim, Hillcrest,
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

"Your Uncle Tom had an argument with a cowman yesterday. There will be a funeral to-morrow. I got your address by frisking Uncle Tom, on whose person I found your letter to him of the second instant. If you insist I will send him to you charges prepaid. However, if you will take the advice of a well-intentioned stranger, you will permit him to await the trump of resurrection in the land his sheep made fallow. If you have any interest in his estate I suggest you take steps to protect it. If unable to do this immediately, wire me authority and I will take charge of it. Must usually I am honest. Reference, Federal Trust Company, El Paso.—JAIME MIGUEL HIGUENES."

CHAPTER 2

BILL LATHAM'S voice was the first to break the silence when Roberta had finished reading this remarkable communication. "It's true. There's a Providence that marks the sparrow's fall—and your Uncle Tom was a bird."

"Well, now that he's dead, Uncle Bill, you might be charitable and speak kindly of him. At least he was my last of kin," said Roberta.

"All right, honey, I'll not say another word."

Glenn Hackett thought the situation, while a bit clouded, deserved the customary consideration. "I'm very sorry, Roberta," he said.

"That's kind of you, Glenn. I never knew Uncle Tom. He wasn't a very lovable character, I'm afraid."

"He was a turkey buzzard," Crooked Bill declared with finality. "Roberta's paternal uncle," he went on to explain for the benefit of Hackett. "There was something unstable about the whole Antrim tribe. Roberta's father went in for the nigger minstrels and Tom took to raising sheep. I reckon the old bandit must have been worth considerable, and so far as I know, Roberta, you're his next-of-kin. So it looks as if you're in the sheep business in Texas."

Roberta read the letter again. "Judging by the name of the sender of this telegram, Jaime Miguel Higuenes, it would appear that Texas boasts at least one very intelligent, very thoughtful, very frank, and very humorous Mexican. He expresses himself like an educated American. Uncle Bill, you spent a great many years down there. Do you happen to know the Higuenes family?"

Crooked Bill's face had worn his most crafty smile while Roberta was speaking, but now it was blank and expressionless. "It's been twenty-five years since I operated in Texas, Roberta, Higuenes! Higuenes! I can't seem to remember anybody by that name."

"It would appear," Roberta decided presently, "that I have need to engage a lawyer to investigate Uncle Tom's estate." She glanced with frank interest and approval at Hackett.

"Certainly. Of course," Crooked Bill agreed, and thought more kindly of Uncle Tom for having provided an opportunity for these two to forget their recent differences and be friendly again in the name of business. "Hackett is the very man."

"Hackett isn't," that harassed person declared with finality, "Jaime Miguel Higuenes is. That man is honest and fearless. I can tell that much from his telegram. Also he gives bank references. If you desire, Mr. Latham, I shall telegraph the bank he mentions." He made Roberta a slight, deprecatory bow. "I am venturing to presume that you are going to entrust your Uncle Bill with the details of this case. It would be confusing and annoying to you to have to attend to it personally."

"Certainly, Glenn. Uncle Bill is the natural and inevitable bearer of all my burdens."

"If the bank's reply would seem to indicate the advisability of requesting Higuenes to take charge of your Uncle Tom's estate for the present, may I send him a telegram, signing your name, and requesting him to do so, Roberta?"

Just then the butler entered to announce dinner.

"Better reconsider your decision, and break bread with us," Crooked Bill urged their guest.

"Yes, do," Roberta pleaded.

"Thank you, I think I shall not." Then to the butler.

"Harms, will you be good enough to get my hat and coat and telephone the garage for my car?"

When Glen Hackett's car had rolled away down the driveway, Crooked Bill turned to his ward. "Round two for little Bright-eyes. I'm placing my money on the red."

"Who," the girl demanded firmly, "is Jaime Miguel Higuenes?"

"I don't know, honey. I can only suspect, and some day I'll verify my suspicions and tell you."

"Please tell me your suspicions now there's a dear," and Roberta smiled her most coaxing smile and put her arms around Crooked Bill's neck.

"Ah," he murmured, "a man can struggle along under a mystery, but it drives a woman crazy. A moment ago you stated I adore being mysterious. Honey, I'm an old man with only you, and my love of appearing mysterious making life worth the living, so I'll not tell you what I suspect and you are perfectly powerless to drag it out of me. Moreover, you're treated that boy scandalously, because he's much too fine a young fellow to be accorded the same treatment the sprays of sweet clover you've been accustomed to, have received at your hands."

"Don't scold!" Roberta pleaded.

"Then don't try to pry out of me things I cannot tell you."

"FOR two cents," Roberta threatened, "I'd go down to Los Algodones and investigate Jaime Miguel Higuenes personally."

"If you do, you'll get the surprise of your sweet young life, my dear."

Roberta's brown eyes danced. Nobody knew better than Crooked Bill how she cherished surprises. Figuratively speaking she would swim a muddy river if a surprise awaited her on the opposite shore.

"I think I should go down to Uncle Tom's funeral," she suggested. "I'm the last of the Antrims, and it would be rather indecent of me to permit strangers—and not very sympathetic strangers, I fear—to bury him."

Crooked Bill was always practical, even if mysterious. "I wouldn't do that, honey. I'm afraid Uncle Tom won't keep until you get there. I have never heard of ice or undertakers in Los Algodones, and, as for

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hermetically sealed caskets, there just aren't any. I have a friend down there, however, and I'll wire him to attend the obsequies and send flowers for you, and a wreath of cactus for me."

"Why have you always disliked Uncle Tom so?"

"Because you're his niece, not mine, and he's never showed the slightest interest in you, except to send you five dollars at Christmas and on your birthdays; because I staked the unholy wretch in the cow business, and he sold out the cows, refused to pay the loan, went to Mexico where I couldn't collect and set up in the sheep business; because he was ornery from birth, and looked it; because, from the day I married your aunt until the day of her death Uncle Tom grafted off me or the strength of the fact that I was a relative-in-law; because it was his nature to approach every proposition in life from the side or the rear, never from the front. Your father was not what I would call a mental giant, Roberta, but he was kind and amusing, and on the square, whereas your Uncle Tom was a throw-back, a black sheep."

"Every family has them!" the girl defended.

"Well, honey, you haven't yours any more!"

The following evening Glenn Hackett, having recovered marvellously from his indisposition of the day before, called for dinner. "The bank gives the man Higuenes most flattering recommendations, Mr. Latham," he announced. "He has plenty of cash and worldly assets, and his record is clean. He is known as a man of honor, and can be trusted implicitly."

Crooked Bill nodded, as if this report was not a matter of surprise to him. Hackett resumed:

"I cannot go to Texas to attend to this matter of yours Roberta. It will be necessary to engage a lawyer down there to handle your affairs there, and I suppose Higuenes can direct you to a good one. I imagine you will have to proceed to Los Algodones immediately, and I suggest that when you do you provide yourself with a birth certificate and affidavits proving your relationship to the deceased."

"I shall start to-morrow," Roberta decided, and added maliciously: "I can hardly wait to meet that adorable Jaime Miguel Higuenes!"

CHAPTER 3

A SABBATH calm lay upon the hacienda of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, lord of the Rancho Valle Verde, notwithstanding the fact that it was not Sunday. The splash of water in a fountain, the occasional chirp of a bird, the faint diapason of insect movement and the occasional complaint of a distant calf lulled, rather than disturbed, the half-formed dreams of the temperamental Don Jaime, where he stretched in a long chair on his cool, red-tiled verandah and gazed out through the arched entrance of his patio toward the distant blue, serrated hills where the United States of America ended, and the Republic of Mexico began. The smoke from a fragrant cigar curled lazily around his dark countenance. From time to time he reached forth to the little table at his side, and helped himself to a sip from a highball.

"I wonder," thought Don Jaime presently, "what is going to become of the Higuenes family."

The problem proving too much for him, Don Jaime did that which all of his race do with the utmost ease, and without preliminary notice. He fell into a gentle slumber. And, while he slept a man on a honey-colored horse with a dark stripe running the length of his backbone rode up to the hacienda entrance, dismounted, dropped his reins over his horse's neck, and strode stiffly through the arched entrance and down the flower-bordered gravel walk to the verandah. Observing Don Jaime at peace in the arms of Morpheus, the stranger removed a full cartridge belt, with two pistols, and hung his armament on one of a row of huge spikes driven into the adobe wall of the house. Quietly he drew another chair alongside Don Jaime, disposed his tired body in it, sighed, caught sight of Don Jaime's highball, which was at least three-quarters present, helped himself to it, and drank slowly and with much appreciation.

"That's good liquor," he murmured, setting down the tall glass.

"YOU bet your sweet life that's good liquor," Don Jaime murmured, without troubling to open his eyes. "Who are you?"

"Wake up, you lazy greaser, and see," the visitor retorted.

"Now that you speak in your naturally loud, vulgar, and irreverent tone of voice I recognise you. I do not have to look," Don Jaime spoke perfect English, but the faintest clipped accent denoted it was not his mother tongue. He added in Spanish: "Welcome to my poor house. It is yours, gringo."

"I don't want your poor house. All I desire is accommodation, and food for my horse and myself until morning and——"

"Thou graceless one!" Don Jaime murmured drowsily, but without offence. "But what else can one expect of a Texan—and particularly a Texas ranger?"

"I have never been invited to your poor house," the visitor complained. "I just come anyhow, and, of course, once I'm here, you put the best face possible on the matter and bid me welcome. Besides, I'm not a Texan. I'm a Californian, and in California we have a habit of asking a thirsty man if he has a mouth. Don't tell me, Jimmy, that I've finished the last of your pre-war Scotch."

"You have. You finished it three years ago, you ungrateful animals," Don Jaime retorted. "Kai, Flavio!"

Bare feet pattered down the hall from the interior of the hacienda. An ancient peon, with just sufficient Castilian blood mingling with the Aztec to arch the bridge of his nose, appeared in the doorway, looked, and disappeared immediately. Presently he returned with a full bottle, an old silver bucket filled with ice, a bottle of soda and another glass, a box of cigars. The visitor laughed pleasantly.

"Flavio requires no orders when he sees me on the premises, Jimmy. Any time I stop here he knows I've ridden a hard twenty miles, and am tired and thirsty, and need a generous pick-up."

"He knows the capacity of Ken Hobart, at any rate." Don Jaime roused and poured a peg for his guest, then helped himself to one. "Indeed, Ken," he assured Hobart, "you are doubly welcome, because you spare me the unspeakable depravity of drinking alone. No, don't worry about the horse. Flavio will send a boy to care for him, and your bath will be ready in an hour. What brings you here?"

"A desire to be neighborly, and to offer a slight return for your many evidences of princely hospitality—that, and a natural desire to enjoy it again. Since when did you go into the sheep business, Jimmy?"

Don Jaime's dark eyes opened widely, and the hint of an ever-ready smile faded from his handsome features, leaving them unbelievably stern. "Where?" he demanded.

"About ten miles south of here. I came across country from San Ysidro, and bumped into them on your range. About forty thousand of them, I should say, although I'm no judge of sheep in quantity. There was a camp in a cottonwood grove in a little green valley some two miles farther on. Two men came out and looked at me as if I wouldn't be welcome, so I rode on. I judged the sheep might not be yours. The brand is Circle A."

"Tom Antrim's outfit. Well, if he's only ten miles from here he's trespassing on my range. Thanks for the information, Ken. Feed is pretty scarce to the east of me, and I suppose Tom Antrim got desperate. Yes, you have your uses, gringo."

"If you care to run into Los Algodones and swear to a warrant charging him and John Doe and Richard Roe and James Black and Thomas Green, and say a dozen other off-color gents with trespassing, I'll pick those boys up and lodge them in the juzgado. Then you and your boys can run the sheep off in peace."

"I don't want to run them off in peace, Ken," Don Jaime replied languidly. "I've done that before, and it doesn't work. They always come back. Sure you haven't got some other work to do to-morrow?"

"Don't try to switch the conversation," the ranger protested. I heard all about the famous order of yours to old Antrim, warning him to keep off your range. And I happened to know the old skunk don't take orders worth a cent. Yes, he knows you mean business. That's why his men are all armed. He expects a battle, and he knows you'll lead your forces. Now, if you should get killed in the fracas, your executor would be the one to protest against his trespassing in the future."

"You want me to give him another chance—to appear weak and vacillating by talking to that Antrim again?" Don Jaime charged instantly.

"Thank Heaven, my blood is the cool blood of an Anglo-Saxon ancestry. If I had your hot corpuscles, Friend Jimmy, I never would have risen to be a captain in the Texas rangers. I'd have been killed as a private. Now, you listen to me, because I have no interest at all in Antrim. I have, however, a sympathetic interest in you and your broad acres. You plan to go over yonder and start something. All wrong, old son, all wrong. You take a ranger's advice and let the other fellow draw first. Then beat him to the draw. While that policy is highly dangerous to a dull man, it is the safest for a man who knows how to draw in a hurry and shoot straight. It puts the burden of guilt on the enemy, and he and not you usually gets the flowers. Jimmy, knowing the impetuosity of your nature, I have ridden over here to stop you from doing something inartistic."

"YOU are always my good friend," murmured Don Jaime gratefully.

"Now, listen, Jimmy," Ken Hobart continued. "To-morrow I shall make it my business to drop in at that sheep camp for luncheon. A little later you will ride up, alone and unarmed. I'll report to Antrim that you're bent on an argument, but not in the smoke. And he'll go out to talk to you, because I shall advise it strongly. When he does you give him final warning in language may becoming to a hidalgo of your proud ancestry. He'll think you're weak and afraid, and, of course, he'll disregard the warning . . .

"Well, having warned him, you ride back home, gather your gang together, and take possession of the waterholes where Antrim must, of necessity, water his sheep to-night.

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Don't let him water them. He'll fight for the water, rather than back-track with his flock over ground that's been eaten over, only to find your men guarding the water-holes in that direction, too. A sheep can't stand such hardship, and three days without water will see his sheep dying by the thousand.

"You understand me, Jimmy? You provoke the fight, but he shoots first. Then you clean up and clean up good, because that's the only way you're ever going to have peace. Antrim's fate will be a lesson to any other grass thief with designs on your range—and I don't think any jury in this county will convict you of murder, because Antrim and his men will have been clearly outside the law. You have a record for patient forbearance in the past. And I will be your witness to prove that you rode up to Antrim's camp unarmed and talked to him like a gentleman—sabe usted, amigo? A captain of ranger's testimony carries weight with a jury. Anyhow, it just isn't possible to convict a Higuenes in his country. You have never killed anybody, or invaded another's rights—and that old buzzard, Antrim, has never done anything else but."

"You are always," Don Jaime said, "my very good friend. And you are as wise as a treeful of owls. You plot with all the consummate craft of my own people."

CHAPTER 4

KEN HOBART lit a cigar and looked out over the pleasant garden. "Gosh, you've got a nice place here, Jimmy. I wish I'd been as discriminating in the selection of my ancestors as you were."

Don Jaime laughed lightly. "Only a little while ago I was reflecting that I have not had the opportunity to practice the discrimination evinced by my ancestors in the picking of wives. Friend Hobart," he replied, "If you would be lord of a rancho, marry a lady who has one, and doesn't know what to do with it. Fortunately, I possess thees—I mean this—rancho, so I do not need the lady!"

"If you did, Jimmy, where would you find her?"

"You have the delightful habit of placing your finger on the weak spots, my friend. Where, indeed, would I find a suitable wife? I am too busy with thees—I mean this—ranch, and when, once or twice a year I wander to the fleshpots it is to be filled with amazement and fear of what would happen to me if I marry a modern girl."

"Well, when you meet the girl you truly fall desperately in love with, and she reciprocates your passion——"

"She," quoth Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes solemnly, "shall be the mother of my children."

"Where? Here?"

"Where she will, my friend." Don Jaime replied with simple sincerity.

"Then, Jimmy," said Ken Hobart, "I hope, for purely selfish reasons, you'll meet your fate before long and that she'll refuse to marry you until you sell this ranch and move to Houston or Dallas or San Antone or——"

"The Higuenes men do not take orders from women," Don Jaime interrupted. "And this rancho will never be sold. Four generations of my family have owned it and fought for it. I love it."

"Well, if she asks it, you'll buy her a town house and live there with her part of the year, will you not?"

"Asking is not ordering or delivering ultimatums——"

"Ultimata, Jimmy," the ranger corrected him, mischievously.

"At any rate," Don Jaime resumed, declining the argument, "it would be a delight to be led but hell to be driven."

"Well, when some girl starts leading you, you'll need a good manager for this ranch, Jimmy. I'm growing weary of the reckless, modestly paid life of a ranger . . . at least I could be depended on to keep this range free of sheep."

"There are also bandits from below the Border who raid my cattle. The cemetery of the Rancho Valle Verde has grown fast of late years."

"Border fighting is right up my alley, James, old son."

"As a ranger you fight with the law behind you. You start with a moral victory. But as manager of this ranch, which God placed too close to the Rio Grande for comfort, you would have to be very careful. It is better to be the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion. However, Friend Ken, if the time should come for me to tie myself to a girl's apron-strings I shall send for you."

Don Jaime lifted from the floor beside his chair a copy of a pretentious magazine devoted to country life in America. "Here is a photograph of a girl," he said, turning the pages indolently, "whose face and figure would cast a halo over Texas. Now, if she were as good and sweet and womanly as she is beautiful—'Miss Roberta Antrim,'" he interrupted himself to read from the caption, "'one of the enthusiastic members of the Westchester County Hunt, mounted on her crack hunter, Croppy Boy.' Must be an Irish hunter," Don Jaime opined. "Look at that, Ken, and see if you can work up a cheer or two."

The ranger studied the page casually. "Well, why don't you pull out for Westchester County, New York, secure an introduction to her and see if she's too good to be true or otherwise? At least you'd start with one advantage. She was still unmarried when this magazine went to press."

"One Antrim at a time, Ken. When I've disposed of Tom it will be time to dream of having a look at Roberta."

"You aren't afraid they're related, are you?"

Don Jaime favored his guest with a withering glance. "A man named Jim Hobart was hanged at Austin last week," he retorted. "Was he a relative of yours—this train robber and murderer?"

"Yes," Ken Hobart answered evenly, "he was my half-brother. And I tracked him and captured him. A black sheep will crop out in the best of regulated families, you know."

Don Jaime's hand caressed that of his friend. "I did not know. I am sorry, my friend."

KEN HOBART turned bleak eyes upon his host. "I want to quit the rangers, Don Jimmy. I wasn't jesting when I said I'd like to be the manager of Rancho Valle Verde, if you should ever need me."

"You are the man I have been seeking, Ken. When you reach town to-morrow wire your resignation to the governor of Texas, and as soon as you are released return here."

"Hope you'll be here when I arrive, Jimmy. You've got to fight that Antrim outfit, and when you do, be careful. I really want this job."

"If I am still here, you will be assistant general manager. If I am not here you will be general manager—and executor of my estate. I will make a new will to-night. Your salary will never be less than the one you enjoy at present. Write your own ticket," he added, with a touch of the tremendous prodigality of his Castilian blood—a prodigality developed to an excess growth doubtless, because of the tremendous inconsequence of his rugged environment.

"Thank you, Don Jaime." Never again would Ken Hobart address his friend as Jimmy, and Don Jaime, realising this, offered no protest, since to him, to the hacienda born, lord of a million acres and sixty thousand head of cattle, this was as it should be.

CHAPTER 5

DON JAIME made a new will that night and handed it to Ken Hobart at breakfast the following morning. "Your instructions are in that envelope, too," he explained, "in case I should be unfortunate. Enrico Caraveo, my riding boss, has the run of things pretty well. He's a good man, and a Caraveo has always been riding boss of the Rancho Valle Verde. I shouldn't want you to make a change, Ken."

"Don Jaime," Hobart said, "I'm your employee now. I'll wire the governor of Texas my resignation and, without waiting for its acceptance, I'll ride back in time to be present when Antrim's sheep come back to the guarded water-holes."

Don Jaime smiled. "As you will, Ken. While I require no additional proof that I have made no mistake in hiring you, still——" he shrugged and grimaced as only a Latin can, "it is nice to have it. As you know, we of the Higuenes tribe are easy-going people. We do not require the services of supermen, for we have never had them, but we have been accustomed to loyalty. Because I know you are loyal to your job I have engaged you."

"Thank you, Don Jaime."

They rode away into the south-east together. In a clump of cottonwoods a hundred yards from the sheep camp they parted, Don Jaime waiting while the ranger rode into the camp of the invaders.

A smallish, unprepossessing man, who might have been anywhere from forty-five to sixty years of age, stood under a smoke-discolored fly over a small barbecue pit upon which a side of mutton was roasting. As the ranger rode up, this man placed his arms akimbo, and gazed alertly at the stranger.

"All set for a quick grab for his gun," Ken Hobart reasoned. "Wily old wretch!" Aloud he said, "Good morning, Mr. Antrim."

"Hello, yourself," Antrim replied with an assumption of heartiness. "What's your name when lunch is ready?"

Hobart grinned. "I'm Captain Hobart, of the Texas Rangers. I suspected luncheon might be ready about the time I was due to ride by, so I've invited myself."

"You're welcome, ranger. What's the gossip around your way?"

Hobart dismounted and tied his horse to the breeze. "Nothing much. A little smuggling, a little gun-running, a cattle raid to vary the monotony, a killing. Things are pretty quiet along the border."

"What brings you up this way?" Antrim was suspicious as a predatory animal.

"I figured on giving you some sound advice, Mr. Antrim. You're trespassing on the Higuenes lands and Don Jaime Higuenes doesn't cheer for that. It looks like a private war to me; and as a ranger I prefer to stop a private war before it starts rather than after it's started. You're in the wrong, Mr. Antrim, and I advise you to pull out of here and not come back."

"You come to arrest me for trespassing?" Antrim asked.

"No, of course not. You're grazing your sheep on state lands. I can't arrest you until you drive them on the lands owned by Don Jaime in fee simple—and those lands surround the water-holes whereby Don Jaime controls this range. Even then I'll not arrest you, because Don Jaime refuses to ask it or swear out a warrant. Says he likes to kill his own rats."

"Called me a rat, did he?" Antrim's cold, pale-blue eyes were very bleak.

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"Not at all. That was just my way of expressing the situation. I was speaking in the vernacular. Don Jaime isn't far from here, Mr. Antrim. He'd like to have one final talk with you. He isn't armed. Suppose you drop that gun you're wearing and walk out with me to discuss this situation with Don Jaime."

"Reckon I can trust a ranger," Antrim replied, as Hobart exposed his shield. He hung his gun and belt on the projecting snag of a cottonwood and followed the ranger to where Don Jaime Higuenes waited.

"Well, Higuenes," Antrim saluted him gruffly. His words, his tone of voice, were at once an inquiry and a threat.

"I've come to warn you not to attempt to water your sheep at any of my waterholes, Antrim."

"And if I do?"

"You'll fight to the death for the privilege."

"Well, I can do that, too."

"Then we understand each other."

"How do I know you own those waterholes?"

"You have my assurance that I do. If you doubt that, look up the records at the county seat."

"Your surveys are wrong."

"I am not aware of that. Of course, if they are, you may water your sheep—after you've proved your statement. However, your argument is footless. You do not wish to believe me and I wouldn't believe you under oath. So suppose we have the county surveyor out here to resurvey all the lands I hold in fee simple. If he proves the old surveys to be erroneous, I'll pay his bill. If he proves them correct, you pay his bill, move out with your sheep and never come back."

"I'm not taking orders from any greaser."

Don Jaime's white teeth flashed in a smile of vast amusement. "No intelligent man takes a civet cat in his hands, Antrim. I have warned you, in the presence of Captain Hobart, not to trespass on the lands I hold in fee simple."

Without a word Antrim turned and walked back to his camp.

"It's war," said Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes.

"The man must be a trifle insane, Don Jaime."

"Not at all. He's running a bluff because he thinks I'm weak. He is willing to be arrested for trespass, provided his sheep may drink. He will bail himself out of gaol—all his men, too—and trespass again and again. The season is a dry one, and the feed on his own range is depleted. He must get through the summer some way and hold his flock intact . . . Well, I'll ride back home and organise my defence."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Don Jaime. I shall. As assistant general manager, it is my duty to command. Besides, I know how. Your life is much too precious to risk it in a brush with these sheepmen. Arrests and trials will follow this fight, and if you are not alive to protect your men, who, then, will protect us? Who will bail us out of gaol?"

DON JAIME smiled his lazy smile. It was easy to see he was very fond of the ranger. "There is sound reason in your argument," he admitted.

Hobart went on.

"Permit me to return to the hacienda and organise your forces, Don Jaime. Meanwhile, you ride on to Los Algodones and file my telegraphic resignation to the governor. Here it is. I wrote it out last night. It requests immediate acceptance by wire. The governor is a friend of mine and will do this. Wait for the answer. Meanwhile, make your arrangements to provide bail for twelve of your men."

Don Jaime pondered. He much preferred when his men were in danger defending the master's interests, to share that danger with them. On the other hand, he realised that the issue was not to be fought entirely at the water-holes; that in the courts he would be needed much more than in any other arena of battle. He knew Ken Hobart was talking sense, and that the sensible thing to do would be to heed his advice. So he heeded it. And in heeding it he experienced no qualms of conscience, no feeling that he was playing safe while others fought his battles.

"Very well, Ken," he agreed. "Enrico Caravao knows every foot of this range; once he locates the sheep he'll know what water they will try for this evening. The rest I leave to you. Perhaps you had better loan me your rifle, in case I should run into some of Antrim's herders after leaving you here. When you return to the ranch help yourself to my arsenal. I have every brand of rifle my foolish fancy coveted; select the one you like best, then let your men help themselves. Better use steel-jacketed bullets. I have dum-dum ammunition for use on the bandits that favor me with an occasional raid, but a sheep-herder is such a pitiful creature, perhaps we had better be as kind as we can."

He helped himself to the ranger's rifle and scabbard and fastened it along his saddle. It was a Mauser carbine, and the ammunition was carried in clips of five in pockets on a buckskin vest. Don Jaime donned the vest and, with a nod to the ranger, headed his horse across country in the direction of Los Algodones.

It was some months since he had ridden a horse. For many years his trips around his ranch, between his ranch and the county seat had been made by automobile. He paused now, thinking of the twenty-mile ride back to the ranch; deciding he would spare himself that hardship, he shouted to Hobart:

"Ken, send one of the boys into Los Algodones with the motor and the horse trailer attached, to bring my horse and me home."

"Seguro," Hobart shouted back.

CHAPTER 6

DON JAIME rode his horse along the side of the valley, gradually climbing to the summit of the hilly range on its southern boundary. Here he paused and looked off to the rolling lands below. They were dotted with sheep, standing in long rows a dozen deep, head to head, cropping the dry feed to the grass roots and trampling the roots with their sharp, small hoofs. The complaining bleat of the lambs created a continuous diapason of discord.

It was true that the lands whereon the Antrim sheep grazed were not the property of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes. They were state lands (for Texas never surrendered her public lands to the Federal Government) and, undoubtedly, Antrim had as legal a right to graze his sheep there as Don Jaime had to graze his cattle. Nevertheless, by custom and usage, it had come to be known as the Higuenes range. Don Jaime's grandfather had purchased with cheap land scrip the acreage along the watercourses and around the springs, and by this control of the water the Higuenes dynasty had for generations exercised nominal control over the public lands adjacent thereto. And, since this was a common practice, regarded as an adroit business move, but never as wanton usurpation of the public domain, cattlemen and most sheepmen had respected the Higuenes control.

Of this situation wily old Tom Antrim had decided to take advantage. In ordinary years he would not have risked the adventure, since nobody knew better than he that a dispute over water and grass in the country is always tantamount to an adventure. But his own range had been grazed over; it had been a dry year in his part of the country, he had the sheep on his hands, they were not ready for market, nor was he ready to accept the market price for unmarketable sheep. He had to maintain them, and in his dilemma he turned quite naturally to one of the earliest laws of human nature, to wit, that a desperate man is justified in taking desperate measures.

ALL these things Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes considered as he gazed over the country that, by hook and crook, had been sacred to four generations of his people. He had but one real advantage, one legal right. His fee lands were unfenced, and hence a suit for trespassing could not lie, but he did have the right to drive trespassing livestock off his fee lands before they should have an opportunity to drink. If held off long enough they would perish of thirst, and if while driving them off he and his men were attacked by the owners of the trespassing livestock they would be clearly within their legal rights if they defended themselves.

Don Jaime smiled. "Thrice doubly armed is he whose cause is just," he soliloquised. "Well, Senor Antrim has the surprise of his life coming to him this evening. He's staked everything on a lone ace—and I'm going to take the trick with a trump deuce."

He decided to bear off to the right and give the sheep and their herders a wide berth, for he had no intention of coming to grips with the enemy anywhere except on his own lands, and in defence of his inalienable rights. So he rode along the hogback at a walk for half a mile, and then turned down a long draw to the valley below, through which the white road to Los Algodones wound off into the haze. At the mouth of the draw he paused and dismounted, for the long trip downhill had revealed that his saddle cinch was loose; it had slipped out over the horse's withers.

Don Jaime removed saddle and blanket, saw that there were no wrinkles in the blanket, and adjusted it again to the horse's back. He was in the act of swinging the heavy stock saddle up on to the animal when something ripped across his breast. He felt a gentle plucking of his shirt, experienced a feeling that he had been burned. Then the crashing sound of a rifle echoed through the draw.

The thought flashed through Don Jaime's agile brain, "Tom Antrim had another trump. He's playing it."

With a savage wrench he jerked Ken Hobart's rifle clear of the boot, dropped the saddle and leaped for the bush with the alacrity of a frightened rabbit. A fusillade of bullets followed him; before he could gain the shelter of the reverse slope of the left of the two spurs which formed the draw, he had been hit three times, the last wound dropping him headlong on his face.

The paralysis was but momentary, however. He rolled a couple of times, half rose, lurched forward and rolled again. When he reached "dead" ground, he rested a few seconds, then, on his hands and knees, crawled around the toe of the spur; presently he got to his feet and limped slowly and painfully up the hill fifty yards, got down on his hands and knees, and with his body as close to the earth as possible crawled back through the low sage over the spur toward the draw! When he could look down into the draw again he stretched out and brought his rifle to the ready. He waited.

Presently, up the hillside across the draw he saw a bush move slightly. There was not a breath of wind, so Don Jaime concentrated his attention on that bush. It moved again, but Don Jaime could see nothing. So, deciding to feel for what was

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there while yet sufficient strength remained to him, he sighted carefully on the centre of that bush and fired. Something threshed in the brush, so Don Jaime continued to shoot until the threshing ceased.

With the feeling that he had better be sure than sorry he had put twenty bullets into the heart of that bush.

Presently, from far up the draw toward the summit a voice floated faintly:

"Don Jaime! It's Ken Hobart!"

"Come down, but be careful." Don Jaime shouted back with all his lungs.

Ken Hobart came down that long draw at a mad gallop, and when the thud of hoofs indicated his near presence, Don Jaime managed to stand erect and hail him. The ranger rode into the brush to Don Jaime, who leaned against his horse and clung to the saddle.

"Hurt, my friend?"

"Shot, but not fatally," Don Jaime informed him with a wry smile. "Top of the left shoulder, left biceps and calf of the right hind leg. Also a brand across my chest."

"Where's the other man?"

Don Jaime indicated the spot, and then sat down to wait while the ranger rode up to investigate. The ranger's face was gravely humorous when he returned.

"There's a man up there lying on top of a rifle. An oldish man. Looks like Tom Antrim—that is, dressed like him, but you've shot his head practically away and he's unrecognisable. Features quite obliterated."

"While waiting for something or somebody to turn up, I didn't have anything else to do, so I practised shooting," Don Jaime protested virtuously. "My horse still there?"

"Yes, standing where you left him."

"Good old Border horse. Shooting never flusters him. Well, Ken, you'd better undress me and take an inventory; then get me on my horse and hold me there. It's ten miles back to the ranch, but I can make it if I don't bleed to death."

CHAPTER 7

KEN HOBART carried Don Jaime out to the clean grass in the draw and examined his wounds with the skill of one to whom wounds are no mystery. "Top shoulder muscle ripped and possibly a piece drilled out of the scapula. Hole through the left biceps, but the humerus is untouched. Leg wound nothing to write home about. All flesh wounds. Blood just welling slowly. It will probably coagulate and quit in a little while," he announced casually.

He brought iodine, bandages, and adhesive tape from his saddle-bags, for, like all of his profession he had frequent need of such things, and was not a half-bad backwoods surgeon. When his wounds were dressed, Don Jaime stood erect and gingerly rested his weight on his injured leg. "Not any worse than a badly-sprained ankle," he rejoiced, "and I've walked miles on one of them . . . Well, let's have a look at the sassy old sheep-herder."

With Hobart's assistance he mounted his horse, and together they rode up the opposite slope and gazed down at the dead man. "I could see a small glint of something white," Don Jaime explained, "after I fired the first time. I figured it might be his face, so I pecked away at it."

"Well, your extravagance with ammunition is what brought me direct to the scene. I'd ridden about half a mile from where we parted when it occurred to me that Antrim and his camp cook could easily have heard you directing me to have one of the boys come into Los Algodones with the auto and the trailer to bring your horse home. Remember? You shouted. So he'd know you were travelling across country alone and unarmed—for, of course, he could not know that as a mere matter of precaution you had borrowed my rifle. I just got a hunch it would be like the old scoundrel to follow and bushwhack you. He could be reasonably certain there would be no witnesses."

Don Jaime gazed down at the grisly thing in the bushes. "Looks like Antrim—all but the face," he agreed. "Frisk him, Ken, in your capacity as a peace officer, and see what luck we have."

So the ranger turned the dead man's pockets inside out and in the coat pocket he found a black seal-leather wallet bearing on the outside the words in gold letters: "Thomas Antrim, Christmas, 1925."

"Somebody, strange as it may seem, actually thought enough of this man to give him a Christmas present," the ranger murmured. "Here's a photo postcard addressed to Thomas Antrim, 'Jolon, Las Cruces County, Texas. Picture of a girl taken at Atlantic City. Now, where have I seen that face before?"

He handed the card up to Don Jaime, who studied it briefly and handed it back.

"Miss Roberta Antrim, of Hillcrest, Dobbs Ferry, Westchester County, New York," he announced grimly. "So she was a relative of his, after all." He sighed. "What else, old-timer?"

"Here's a card that says: 'In case of death or accident, please notify my next-of-kin, Miss Roberta Antrim,' etc. Well, it sort of looks like old Tom's made a mess of things. He was too old to have attempted to do this job himself. His eyes probably weren't as good as they used to be and when a fellow takes to bushwhacking he ought to be reasonably fast and accurate with a rifle. When you borrowed my rifle you sort of spilled old Tom's beans, Don Jaime."

"His sheep we still have with us, also his foreman and sheep-herders," Don Jaime announced thoughtfully. "I suppose his sheep are now the property of his next of kin, and Heaven forbid that I should wage war on a woman. Ken, my friend, I think we'll defer the war of the waterholes. The sensible thing to do now is to wire Miss Roberta Antrim to get down here on the job and look after the assets of her late Uncle Tom. She's a lady. She'll probably listen to reason, and we'll get rid of these stinking sheep without additional bloodshed. They'll ruin a lot of the range in the interim, of course. Oh, let 'em drink. If we shoo them off now they'll die and that would be putting a crimp in the lady's bankroll."

"Whatever else we may be, let us, at least, try to be gentlemen," the ranger agreed humorously. "Well, now, the next business before the meeting is to find old Tom's horse, drape Thomas across the saddle, take him into Los Algodones, and deliver him to the local undertaker. My report of this affair will close the investigation. And you should get to a doctor. It's ten miles to your ranch, and ten miles to Los Algodones. I'm in command. All aboard for Los Algodones, amigo mio."

In pursuance of this decision they proceeded to Los Algodones, where Hobart turned Antrim's body over to the coroner and made his report to the sheriff, having first seen Don Jaime in bed at the hotel with a doctor in charge of him.

About an hour later a coroner's jury trooped into Don Jaime's room and listened to his story of the killing. The ranger added his testimony, and the foreman of the jury looked at his fellow jurors.

"Don't seem to be anything mysterious about this case, boys," he announced. "All those in favor of rendering a verdict of suicide hold up their right hands. All up? We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death at the hands of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, and that the said Higuenes acted in self-defence and cannot be charged with any crime worse than justifiable homicide."

The jury retired, and Ken Hobart returned to his employer.

"Well, I've wired my resignation. It ought to reach the governor before the office closes, and his wire of acceptance will come to me in your care. I've hired an automobile—at your expense, Don Jaime—and am on my way to the ranch. I'll send the trailer in after our horses in the morning. They're at ranger headquarters. . . . I'd better be at the ranch in the event of hostilities. The wildest sheep-herder will generally listen to reason from a ranger—and I'll be a ranger until my resignation is accepted and I have turned in my shield."

Don Jaime held out a telegram to him. "Please file that as you go out, Ken. The doctor has sent to El Paso for a trained nurse, and as soon as she arrives I'll go out to the ranch and recuperate. All I require is an expert to dress these punctures and keep an eye out for possible infection. As for those sheeps—I mean sheep—tell Antrim's foreman to restrict them to the country south of the Arroyo San Dieguito. The feed there isn't so attractive to my cattle, anyhow, but sheep can make a living there. Adios, mi buen companero."

CHAPTER 8

ALTHOUGH she had promised Crooked Bill Latham that she would start for Los Algodones immediately, such was her curiosity to meet the adorable Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, Roberta Antrim awakened the following morning with a changed mind. During the night she had decided that the border town, in June, would not be to her liking. She hadn't the slightest idea of the size of her late uncle's estate, but she believed it to be inconsiderable. Regardless of its size, however, she asked herself what beneficent purpose could she serve by going down there now. The Higuenes man had volunteered to look after her interests, the bank had recommended him highly, so why not permit him to be as neighborly as he wished!

Crooked Bill was quite prepared for this change of mind. So he said nothing beyond a mild inquiry as to what reply she had sent Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes to his charming telegram.

"Oh, I told him I would be happy to have him look after my interests until I could find a man to relieve him, at which time he would be remunerated for his work. I also asked him to send me a detailed account of the manner in which Uncle Tom met his death and instructed him to have Uncle Tom buried in the local cemetery and send the bill to me."

"Hum-m!" Crooked Bill's grunt was very sceptical. "Did you ask him for any information regarding your Uncle Tom's estate?"

"No, Uncle Bill. I thought you'd look after those details for me."

"I will, honey, but I have a few details of my own that require looking after. I'm up to my eyebrows in motors, and if the market goes against me (and I don't like the looks of it) I'm liable to have to go down to Texas, take hold of your Uncle Tom's sheep business and try to eke out an existence for us. I suppose you'd give me a job as your manager, wouldn't you, Bobby?"

Roberta's eyes widened. "Surely, Uncle Bill, you're jesting."

"I'm not. Neither am I lugubrious, my dear. It will be time enough for that when I invite my creditors in to gather up the pieces."

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"You're a strange mixture of optimism and pessimism, Uncle Bill. Are you really deep in the market?"

"I'm in motors up to my eyebrows. I have a few other lines, but motors is the stock that won't let your Uncle Bill sleep well lately. You see, Bobby, when one plays on margin and sells short, he makes a dollar a share every time the price drops a point. If he buys short he loses a dollar a share every time the price mounts a point. And the brokers keep calling for more margin . . . Well, I bought five thousand shares at 110——"

"Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Roberta interrupted.

"Well, the stock has gone up to a hundred and ninety——"

"A loss of eighty points—four hundred thousand dollars! Oh, Uncle Bill!"

Roberta came to the old man and put her fair arms around his leathery neck. "I'm Uncle Tom's heir. At least he wrote me to that effect once when he was very ill——"

"The time he was shot by his foreman in a quarrel over participating profits, you mean."

"—So if you go bust, Uncle Bill, you can have Uncle Tom's sheep."

"A terrible heritage," Crooked Bill replied, and shuddered. "Well, we'll hope for the best, honey."

"Of course, you can sell now and pocket your loss, can you not?"

"A true sport never knows a regret, Bobby. He always protects his bets. I think I'll sell out my line of cotton and steel to-day and use my considerable profit to protect my other trades." Crooked Bill Latham hung his head and wiped his eyes carefully. "Seeing what a sport you are, Bobby, I find courage to tell you something. I've sold Hillcrest—that is, I've given my bankers a deed under an agreement to file it for record in case I fail to meet my obligations to the bank—and if that inside crowd keeps on shoving Motors up and up——"

"Whatever happens we'll be brave about it, old dear," Roberta assured him tenderly. "There, there, Uncle Bill. Buck up now."

IT was a week before the expected letter arrived from Jaime Miguel Higuenes. Having perused it, Roberta handed it to Crooked Bill.

"Rancho Valle Verde, Las Cruces Co., Texas. June 28, 1925.

"Dear Miss Antrim:—

"Supplementing my telegram of a week ago I regret to report that on the 21st inst. your uncle, Thomas Antrim, as the aftermath of a dispute that arose due to your uncle's alleged trespass with his sheep on lands not owned by him, engaged in a duel with rifles on the range some ten miles from Los Algodones. His antagonist, one Jim Higgins, emerged the victor in this sanguinary affray. From the testimony of the latter, in addition to that of a ranger who arrived on the scene immediately following the unfortunate incident, it appears, much as I regret to say so, that Mr. Antrim was very much the aggressor. In fact, Higgins was wounded three times by your relative before he found himself in position to return the fire. The ranger brought Higgins and the body of your uncle to Los Algodones, the county seat, where the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

"In accordance with your telegraphic instructions, I have seen to it that your uncle received Christian burial in Oddfellows' Cemetery.

"Being at this time confined to my home with a slight indisposition, I directed my general manager to call upon your uncle's foreman in charge of some 40,000 sheep on the range, and inform him that it was your wish, as the probable heir to your uncle's estate, that he continue to carry on with the sheep until the arrival of you or your representative here. The foreman, Bill Dingle, impressed my foreman as being a bit recalcitrant. He mentioned having a contract with your uncle to participate to a certain extent in the latter's sheep business, and stated that he was not taking orders from anybody. My manager thereupon showed him your telegram to me, conveying your request that I act as your representative temporarily. This written display of authority had little or no effect on Bill Dingle. While Jim Higgins is recovering from his wounds, Bill Dingle continues to trespass on the former's lands.

"Suspecting that your uncle might have made a will, I suggested to the public administrator that he look into the matter. Three days ago I received a letter from this official informing me that the Federal Trust Company, of El Paso, had forwarded a will to be filed for probate at Los Algodones. From this will it appears that you are the sole heir and co-executor with the Federal Trust Company, whose executorship, however, may cease, at your option, but only after the trust company shall have been paid certain loans made your uncle in his lifetime.

"You will, doubtless, have to employ a local attorney. If desired, I shall be happy to recommend one who has served the Higuenes family ably and faithfully for forty years.—Don Prudencio Alviso, of Los Algodones.

"I regret to state that I have very little confidence in the integrity of your foreman, Bill Dingle, and suggest that you take steps to count the sheep immediately. The count will have to be made by one backed by undoubted legal right to do so. Upon the request of the local attorney for the estate the court will appoint a man to do this for you. I advise prompt action.

"If I can serve you further, do not hesitate to command.

"Your obedient servant,
"Jaime Miguel Higuenes."

"Well?" Roberta queried as Crooked Bill folded the letter and laid it on the library table.

The old schemer rubbed his ingenious head. "Don't like the idea of that El Paso bank being co-executor with you, honey. We'd better ascertain how much money the estate owes the bank, pay them off and get rid of them. I imagine it isn't a great deal. No sane bank would loan Tom Antrim very much. Of course, this Dingle Bell——"

"Bill Dingle," Roberta corrected. "Senor Higuenes doesn't trust him."

"Senor Higuenes is evidently in the cattle business, if we may judge from his letterhead, so naturally he wouldn't trust any sheepman. I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to oust Dingle Bell—I mean, Bill Dingle, if I were you, Bobby. The qualities that go to make up a good sheep foreman might not appeal to a cattleman. However, I think you should engage Senor Prudencio Alviso as your attorney. What we want now is action. We must have those sheep counted. We'll engage Prudencio by night-letter to-night, and tell him we're forwarding a thousand for his retainer; we will also suggest that he consult with Higuenes when selecting the man to count the sheep. The court will probably appoint the man nominated by your attorney. Meanwhile we will have to arm you with proper credentials—birth certificate, affidavits and other proof that you are the identical Roberta Antrim mentioned in your uncle's will. Glenn Hackett will attend to that, of course."

CHAPTER 9

THE assistant general manager of the Rancho Valle Verde walked into the vine-enclosed verandah where Don Jaime lay at ease in his chaise-longue, while a nurse almost old enough to be his mother, sat in an adjacent chair knitting.

"Well, how's our boss, Mrs. Ganby?" Ken Hobart queried.

"His wounds have all healed up by first intention," the nurse answered. "I should say he'll be up and around again in a month. Probably lame for a month or two thereafter. At any rate, he loses me next week."

Don Jaime, with a polite request to be excused, read his mail. Presently he looked up, and there was a glint of devilry in his black eyes.

"Don Prudencio Alviso writes me that he has been engaged by Miss Antrim as attorney for the estate; that Miss Antrim has given the Federal Trust Company a cheque in payment of the notes it held against the estate, and that the bank has resigned as co-executor. Old Prudy writes to thank me for sending him the business. He tells me that with his appointment he received a retainer of a thousand dollars and instructions to secure a good man to count those sheep. He suggests you, old leather-face, and I second the nomination, which is tantamount to election where Judge Aurelio Vasquez is concerned. Miss Antrim says she's going to leave everything in her lawyer's hands, with instructions to consult with me, and whatever we two decide to do will meet with her approval. She says she dreads coming down here in summer, and she has accepted so many engagements of a social nature."

"Who is Miss Antrim?" the nurse inquired.

"The niece and sole heir of the man Antrim I killed after he'd busted me, Mrs. Ganby."

"And you are her adviser—she's friendly with you?"

"Oh, she doesn't know I bumped old Tom off. I wrote her a chap named Jim Higgins had done it."

Ken Hobart chuckled.

"That's his gringo alias, Mrs. Ganby. The first Higuenes to be heard of in Spain was called James Michael Higgins. But the Spaniards gave it a Spanish twist—the 'j' has the sound of 'e' in Spanish and they have a habit of adding 'es' to things. Sometimes they say sheepes or sheeps as the plural of sheep, for instance. So with the passage of time James Michael Higgins, the big Mick, developed into Jaime Miguel Higuenes. When did that happen, Don Jaime?"

"When the first J.M. married a red-headed Spanish woman, who insisted on spelling the name as it was pronounced. My ancestor did not object. So the tribe of Higuenes was born. The family migrated to Mexico in the nineteenth century, and my great-grandfather married the daughter of an Irishman who owned this rancho. That brought the Celtic strain up a little. My grandfather added to it by marrying a girl who was half Irish, and when he looked at his offspring he was glad he'd done it. He noticed the cross had increased the height, breadth, general appearance, industry, and temper of the Higuenes tribe. We looked much more like Black Irish than Mexicans now, and were probably a little more than half Celt. But we had Spanish customs and a Spanish outlook on life, and Spanish was our mother tongue. Also we had no reason to be ashamed of our Spanish blood, so we never mixed it with Indian. When we moved to Texas my grandfather fought under the Stars and Bars. He sent my father to the Virginia Military Institute, and father married a Carrol of Virginia and begot me."

"You have never been married?" the nurse asked.

"Never."

"Aren't you going to be?"

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"I fear not. The loneliness here—the coyote chorus on the buttes—all militate against it, Mrs. Ganby."

"The right girl," said Mrs. Ganby, "wouldn't mind it in the least. Go forth and search for her, Don Jaime."

Don Jaime appraised the old nurse with kindly interest. "Mrs. Ganby, you told me you are a widow. Have you any children?"

"One—a boy of fifteen. He has been quite crippled since his twelfth birthday. Infantile paralysis."

Don Jaime considered this. "Suppose you had a comfortable home where you could be with your boy always? I should have a hostess here. For some time I have felt that Flavio's wife is too—well, elemental, for the job. This hacienda should know a gentlewoman's management—at nurse's wages."

"Oh, Don Jaime! You mean it!"

HE nodded. "I'd like to be able to invite nice people to visit me, Mrs. Ganby. I should like to have my friends from the surrounding country come to dinner oftener, but I'm never satisfied with the appearance of my board, the menu, or the service. I have no time to train maids and housekeepers—and if I did I wouldn't know how."

"Yes, a man is very helpless. I should be glad to come, Don Jaime."

"You are very kind. Ken, you run up to El Paso and get the boy. Mrs. Ganby will arrange that detail with you. Now clear out and let me sleep."

Mrs. Ganby, with tears of happiness in her middle-aged eyes, followed the assistant general manager into the ranch office.

"Why do you suppose he engaged me, Mr. Hobart? Do you think he suspected he was doing a very wonderful thing for my boy and me?"

"Yes, I think so. But he engaged you, principally, I think, because he wants the Casa Higuenes to be running in civilised fashion in case his luck holds and he should have the honor of entertaining Miss Roberta Antrim and her duenna."

Mrs. Ganby wrote a note to the people with whom she boarded her crippled son and gave it to Hobart, together with the address. When he repaired to his quarters to array himself for the journey, Mrs. Ganby returned to her patient.

"What a charming man your Mr. Hobart is, Don Jaime!" she began.

"He'll do in a pinch"—laconically.

"He is very devoted to your interests."

Don Jaime did not answer. His glance was out through the arched gateway, from which the road ran straight down the valley. A mile away a dust-cloud was gathering on that road.

"Somebody is coming in a hurry," he murmured. "When they hurry it's always bad news."

A horseman galloped, threw himself off and hurried up the steps.

"Well, my friend," Don Jaime queried, "what evil message do you bring and from whom?"

"Thirty riders crossed the Rio Grande at daylight, senor. They are rounding up several hundred of the senor's cattle. It is a raid."

"My thanks are due you, my friend. They will not get far. Who sent you here?"

"The American customs agent at Los Algodones, Don Jaime. He bids you send your riders to head them off before they recross the river with your cattle."

"Return and tell him I have but forty men available. The others are attending a baile at the Rancho Verdugo. Forty men will be sufficient, I think. Return to the customs agent with my gratitude for his warning and tell him my men will start in ten minutes, perhaps less."

The man galloped away. Don Jaime smoked contentedly, while Mrs. Ganby watched him with curiosity. Presently Ken Hobart came to announce his impending departure.

"Delay it until to-morrow, Ken," his employer ordered casually. "I have a job for you." And he recounted the tale brought by his visitor. "Take forty men and ride for the river. If this man's tale is the truth you will have work there. I think, however, he lies. Have Caraveo arm the other men and instruct him to have them remain in the barns with their horses until I send him word that he is not going to be needed."

"A plant, eh?"

"I've been expecting reprisal, Ken. I told this messenger I had but forty men available, but would send them immediately. Go with them. Then we shall see what we shall see. I smell sheep."

Hobart departed, and Don Jaime turned to Mrs. Ganby. "Please tell Flavio to assist me to enter my house," he said. "There is more dust to the south. We shall have visitors—about ten, I think."

The old peon picked Don Jaime up, carried him inside and laid him on a sofa. Then he departed casually.

"You will oblige me by bolting that door, Mrs. Ganby," Don Jaime requested gently.

Presently came the sound of hurrying feet on the verandah, and through the iron-barred tiny window that gave on the verandah Mrs. Ganby saw men standing about. There came a rap on the door.

"Who's there?" Don Jaime challenged.

"Open the door," a rough voice commanded. "We want you."

"Ah, Bill Dingle. I have been expecting you, ever since you so thoughtfully sent one of your men with a false cry of raiders from below the Border. I sent forty men. Your look-out saw them ride out, and when they had passed you decided to come to my hacienda, deserted save for the women and children, and kill me in some unpleasant manner. Is it not so?"

There was no answer to this, and Don Jaime's mocking laugh floated through the window. "Now, Dingle, consider the situation. A hundred armed men surround this poor house of mine. Go to the patio entrance and look."

A murmuring rose among the recent arrivals, and one of them ran to the entrance of the patio. A volley of curses echoed through the garden, then the man came running back.

"Is seeing believing, Senor Dingle?" Don Jaime called pleasantly.

"You win, Higuenes."

"One by one you will go to the entrance and give up your arms to my riding boss. It would be madness to resist. You shall not be killed, and presently you shall all return to your sheeps—I mean sheep. Forward! March!"

A MOMENT'S hesitation, and the retreat to the entrance commenced. A few minutes later Enrico Caraveo thrust a smiling, sardonic face up to the grilled window.

"I have the honor to inform Don Jaime that his visitors await his pleasure."

"Confine them in the barn under guard. Feed them."

Mrs. Ganby, white-faced, speechless with terror, watched Don Jaime blowing smoke rings.

"Don Jaime Higuenes," she demanded, "after that exhibition of ingratitude on the part of those sheepmen, are you still going to permit them to trespass on your range?"

Don Jaime raised a deprecating hand. "An Higuenes," he assured her, "does not quarrel with a woman."

Mrs. Ganby's eyes blazed. "Now, at least," she declared, "I know why Cervantes wrote Don Quixote. Only a Spaniard could have conceived such a character, and only a Spaniard could—could—could——"

"Senora," Don Jaime protested, "my name is Jimmy Higgins."

CHAPTER 10

ROBERTA ANTRIM'S limousine rolled up the gravelled driveway to the wide portals of Hillcrest, and Harms, the butler, came down the steps and opened the door.

"Mr. Latham came home an hour ago, miss," he confided. "Something must have happened in the city to-day, miss. He's worried—walking up and down the drawing-room and talking to himself. I'm a bit worried about the master, miss."

"Thank you, Harms. You're very kind."

A foreboding of disaster brought Roberta flying into the living-room. Crooked Bill sat huddled in a reading chair, his face in his hands, his attitude reminiscent of profound despair.

"Uncle Bill! What's happened?"

Crooked Bill's old hands merely clasped his features tighter. He wagged his head and moaned.

"Are you in pain, Uncle Bill?"

"The market only jumped fifteen points. I'm through. My brokers sold me out this afternoon. Oh, Bobby, Bobby, what a massacre! I stayed as long as I dared, but when the last jump came I realised that only a crazy man would continue in this crazy market. I decline to invest another dollar—for the reason that I didn't have it. I told my brokers I'd gone the limit and to sell me out. My five thousand dumped on the market like that broke the stock two points, but that was to be expected. I'm all washed up."

"Must we leave Hillcrest?" Roberta queried in a strangled voice.

"We must," Crooked Bill replied heroically. "I have enough to pay off the servants and maintain us in respectability at some modest hotel until we can look around and see what the future holds for us, but after that——"

"After that I'll take care of you, dear Uncle Bill." Roberta's voice was very tender, the touch of her lovely cheek to Crooked Bill's wrinkled jowls was very soothing to that wretched wreck of a financier. "Sheep are up and so is wool, Uncle Bill. Don Prudencio Alvisa writes me that Uncle Tom's sheep are worth at least two hundred thousand as they stand, and he has over a hundred thousand pounds in wool in transit to a wool house in Boston. And good wool is quoted in to-day's paper at thirty cents a pound. Uncle Tom has a ranch, of sorts also. Don Prudencio doesn't think much of it and says it is not of ready sale, but we can live there and carry on in the sheep business——"

Uncle Bill Latham sighed and gazed drearily out the window. "If you'd only fixed it up to marry Glenn Hackett——"

"If we didn't have those sheep and the wool I'd marry him and risk learning to love him, just to keep you from worrying about me," Roberta assured him heroically. "But, of course, thanks to that odious Jim Higgins, I find myself in rather an independent position. We will sell off all the sheep and wool and live comfortably and economically on the income from that until——"

"Hackett is coming for dinner," he interrupted. "Be nice to him. He's my attorney, of course, and I'll have to tell him what's happened to me. If he elects to forget that idiotic tiff you and he had recently, for heaven's sake hold out the olive branch. You'll never have a chance at a better man, Bobby."

"Perhaps he will not be interested in me, now that I am not your heiress, as I dare say he believed me to be once."

"Well, give him a chance to play his hand," Crooked Bill protested. "Promise

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me, Bobby, that if he renews his suit you'll accord him kindly and respectful consideration."

In her great distress at the catastrophe which had overtaken her guardian, Roberta was in a mood to promise anything—and did. Crooked Bill appeared to rally immediately and mixed himself a noggin of his favorite beverage.

Roberta was dressing when she heard Glenn Hackett's car rolling up the driveway. She looked out her window and called, "Hello, old stick-in-the-mud! How are you?"

He favored her with a not very enthusiastic wave of his hand before his car disappeared under the porte-cochere.

"Still holding his little grudge," Roberta thought. "Well, I don't blame him. Nevertheless, I loathe sulky men."

Crooked Bill received his guest at the door and at once conducted him to the library, where the old schemer's favorite nepenthe awaited.

"I've got to talk fast, my boy," he began, "before Roberta comes down. In the first place you must brace yourself for a not very cheerful dinner. I'm supposed to have gone bust in the market—Hillcrest has been gobbled up by my bankers to meet my notes. I'm down to a couple of thousand dollars."

Glenn Hackett stared at the old gentleman owlishly. He was a man who seldom asked questions before he had all of the facts in hand. Crooked Bill continued:

"I hope I do not have to assure you, Glenn, that insofar as Bobby is concerned, I'm for you all the way."

"Thank you very much," Hackett replied. "I have suspected as much for quite a while."

"Well, I'm not so sure Roberta wouldn't be delighted to be your partner—after she's brought you to the proper point of subjugation. The trouble with you, son, is that you're not sufficiently romantic to appeal to Roberta. You're too old for your years. Do you ever make her a pretty speech? Flatter her a little? Remark on her dresses, the way she does her hair—things like that? My boy, women eat that sort of thing with a large spoon."

"I fear I'm sadly deficient in that method of approach."

"I know. You have the fool habit of looking all the things you ought to say. Now then, here's my plan." He recited in marvellous detail his conversation with Roberta of a few days before, regarding his operations in Wall Street. "Of course," he added, "I'll skate all the way around the truth, but I won't actually lie. Not to Roberta, at any rate. I just pulled a mournful mien, and Roberta jumped to the conclusion that I had sold five thousand Motors short, and that with every jump of the ticker I was losing a fortune. You see, I merely outlined to her what would happen to any chap who bought short in this market. Thus I craftily paved the way for a mythical collapse.

"TO-DAY I came staggering in, play-acting all over the place, and moaned aloud that I was out of the market, that Motors had jumped fifteen points, and that my brokers had sold me out because I didn't dare stay with the game any longer. Well, as a matter of fact, I am out of the market. My brokers did sell me out—but on the right side of the ledger, and as a result, I've cleaned up about ten millions. I've arranged with a trusted friend to pretend he's bought Hillcrest from the bank to which I had given a deed. Well, I did give the bank a deed, as security for more money to play this crazy market, but I could afford to. I was miles ahead of the hounds—playing on margin. I've leased this place for July, August, and September—and Roberta is so sorry for me she's going to sell out her Uncle Tom's sheep and wool, and take care of me the remainder of my days."

"Still, I do not quite follow you."

"I'm not surprised. Where Roberta is concerned you do not think very clearly. Now, listen to me, my boy. Roberta's going down to Texas to look after her interests. She hasn't said so, but I know the thought will occur to her between now and to-morrow morning. She didn't want to go if she could avoid it, but now she's beginning to think it is her duty to go. She must be on the job to protect every dollar coming to her from Tom Antrim's estate. She's the Little Mother now.

"Got to take care of poor old Uncle Bill Latham, or else poor old Uncle Bill will never raise his head again."

"A very commendable spirit. That makes me love Roberta all the more. But still I do not follow you."

"You idiot, boy! I'm going to give you a chance to be a hero, to put Roberta under obligation to you. To-night, at dinner, this sad story I've just told you is going to come out. You're going to suspect something and start probing me—and when you discover all is over you're going to suggest saving me."

"How?"

CHAPTER II

CROOKED BILL rubbed his hands together and smiled a coyote smile. "You're going to tell me that this rise in Motors is undoubtedly one of the greatest bull movements ever noted in the market, but that from sources of information you cannot in honor divulge you happen to know that the bears aren't licked, that they have the bulls in a tight corner, and that Motors is due to crash. I want you to use the word crash. It's a good word. It's—it's—significant. Then you rawhide me for not coming to you with my troubles when the going got slippery. You tell me I was a tarnation old fool for not doing so; that if I could only have held on a little bit longer the tide would have turned and that you would have been delighted to have loaned me a million to carry me over. Sabe that?"

"Yes, sir. Then what?"

"Why, I'll be overcome with emotion and say: 'Glenn, you ought to know I'd be the last man in the world to suggest a loan from you, of all men—under the circumstances.' And I'll give Bobby a look that will be—well, significant. She'll be grateful to me for not having placed her in the position of having to be grateful to you for helping me. But at the same time she'll be grateful to you for suggesting it. Well, I'll tell you it's too late now, and you jump up and yell that it isn't; that you will see the bank and get them to refrain from recording the deed I gave them to Hillcrest; that you'll get them to accept your endorsement of my notes and continue to hold the deed as additional security for the loans."

"So far, I follow you. What next, Mr. Latham?"

"You jump up and say you must have time to think. Prance up and down the dining-room, thinking hard. Act like a movie actor. Show Roberta, who will be watching you fascinated, that in an emergency nobody need look beyond you. Prove to her you are a strong man—a quick-thinking, bold, adventurous, brave fellow, but be careful to ignore her completely. Make it plain that what you are going to do is because of your ancient friendship for me. Disclaim any risk. Then out with your plan to save the old homestead and the family fortune."

"The plan," Glenn Hackett demanded, "the plan."

CROOKED BILL'S old eyes fairly popped with delight at the part he was playing. "When I first jumped into the market on Motors, Glenn, I sold twenty-five hundred short. Then the stock started up-grade, so I sold out, took my loss and—immediately bought double the amount I had sold, and spread it as thin as I could on margin."

"Excellent strategy."

"Well, then, your plan will be to suggest that now, with the stock at its peak price, the obvious thing for me to do is to sell five thousand shares, or even ten thousand. You'll put up the margin for me. Assure me there is no risk, that the stock will drop a hundred points within sixty days. You can cite any number of stocks that have dropped that much—some of them in a week. Here is a list to refresh your memory. Remind me that for a while during the post-war panic Liberty bonds sold away below par. Advise me to make the gamble, and assure me I will not be called upon for any more margin, that the price of Motors has now reached a point that is unhealthy, wildly speculative, not backed up by assets. Pretty soon it will begin to slide, and when it has slid far enough all I have to do is sell out my line, clean up and be back where I started, less the sums I owe you. Point out that by this method of procedure I can, at least, get back a million dollars, but insist that when I do you must have my solemn word of honor never, never, never to do any more stock gambling."

"How will you receive this philanthropic offer, Mr. Latham?"

"I shall be overcome again at this exhibition of your friendship and generosity, but I shall refuse to borrow money from you on my worthless note—and I'll give Roberta another meaning look. Then, do you know what she'll do?"

"No."

"She'll get you off in a corner, privately, and make you figure out for her just how much money will be required to margin five thousand shares. Then she'll ask you, secretly, to make the deal in her name, and accept an assignment of her interest in Tom Antrim's estate at something less than it would bring at a sacrifice sale, as security for the money you will put up for margin. She will insist on this, and, reluctantly, you let her have her way."

"We will consider that settled. Continue, please."

"You two will now have a delightful secret together. You will have a community interest—my abject, hopeless self. You will be in daily communication regarding the market. That will be your sole interest, your sole topic of conversation. While this mythical deal is on not a word of love to Roberta. There must be no sentiment in this business, or you'll spoil everything.

"Well, in the fullness of time when the market breaks—as you and I know blamed well it will—you make the mythical clean-up, hand me back the deed to Hillcrest, and a fake cheque for my winnings—or rather, let Roberta do it, so she'll feel that the credit for the coup is all hers—remind me of my word of honor to quit stock gambling, shake hands all around, bid Roberta a somewhat suppressed good-bye, and announce you are off for a trip around the world, to be gone a year. And at that moment, old son, if you play your cards with skill and judgment, Roberta will go with you or I'm fit for an insane asylum."

Glenn Hackett looked genuinely distressed. Crooked Bill rumbled on: "I want Roberta to go to Texas to look after the estate. She has a jolt coming to her when she gets there, and I'm the little boy that knows it. Twenty-five years ago

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I was in the cattle business myself, in Las Cruces County, Texas. I owned the Rancho Verdugo and sold out to a chap named Bill Hobart. I know this Higuenes family. I don't know Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, but I did know his father, and a grand piece of work he was. Spanish with a broad streak of Irish, or Irish with a broad streak of Spanish, I forget which. Not a drop of Indian blood in the family. I remember the old man had an infant son named Jaime, so this chap who killed Tom Antrim must be that boy."

"Higuenes says a man named Jim Higgins killed Antrim. Roberta told me over the telephone."

"Jaime is Spanish for James, readily corrupted to Jimmy, and Higuenes is Spanish for Higgins. Don Jaime went over to Antrim's camp to order him and his sheep off the Higuenes range. Antrim figured on murdering the boy without risk to himself. Fortunately, a third man was present at that conference just before the killing—a ranger named Kenneth Hobart—son of old Bill Hobart to whom I sold the Rancho Verdugo. Higuenes borrowed the ranger's rifle unknown to Antrim—and, although Antrim shot Higuenes three times, eventually Higuenes got out of range. Then he stalked Antrim and killed him. I have had a report on the matter by telegraph, collect, from the coroner at Los Algodones."

"Very interesting, Mr. Latham."

"Best news I've had in fifty years, Glenn. But what challenges my interest is this. Antrim is dead, Higuenes lives and is not seriously injured, yet Antrim's sheep, with the tacit consent of Higuenes, continue to trespass. Meanwhile Higuenes is doing all he can to protect Roberta, whom he has never met—and all at considerable loss and inconvenience to himself, because those sheep are ruining his range. Sheep foul a range up, and cattle will not graze where a sheep has grazed. Also, a sheep destroys the range. Now, why is Higuenes doing this?"

"Search me, sir."

"He has some ulterior motive, and Roberta will discover it, of course. Well, I want Roberta to go down there all het up with the mental picture she has painted of this romantic Higuenes. She'll find a brand of man she has never met before. All I hope is that he makes love to her with Latin impetuosity, because if he does he'll be put in his place. Roberta will not be rushed by any man."

"Well, it cannot hurt to try the thing out, Mr. Latham. If there's any backfire later, you'll be the one to get scorched for deceiving folks who trust you."

"Spoken like a man," said Crooked Bill.

CHAPTER 12

HALF-AN-HOUR after Don Jaime's coup had resulted in the capture of Bill Dingle and his men, another dustcloud to the south attracted Don Jaime's attention. He watched it without interest.

"Ken Hobart and his men returning," he explained to Mrs. Ganby presently. "Ken has a head and can be depended upon to use it."

His cheerful grin welcomed Hobart as he entered, leaving his men to ride around to the barns and corral. "I didn't bother sending a messenger with the news that it was a false alarm, Ken," he informed the latter. "I figured you'd have one man drop out of your party to watch the road to Valle Verde, while you rode on, taking your leisure."

"I did exactly that," Hobart replied. "When he galloped after us and reported seven mounted men had come out of a canon to the east and taken the road to Valle Verde at a fast trot, I concluded your suspicions were well-grounded, and that I might risk returning. So Dingle arrived with blood in his eye, eh, Don Jaime?"

Don Jaime nodded. "I have an idea they planned to hang me from one of the trellis beams in my own grape arbor . . . Well, Caraveo has them over at the barn under guard."

"What do you intend to do with them?"

"It occurred to me it would be a fine idea to enforce my hospitality on Dingle and his men until after we've counted those sheep. That makes the job a lot easier, don't you think? Easier, too, to shift those sheep south of the Arroyo San Dieguito again and keep them there."

Hobart nodded approval. "The best way to win a fight is to avoid it," he agreed. "Well, Caraveo can count the sheep now, while I go up to El Paso for that crippled boy."

He departed for his quarters again, changed into more urban clothing, and was driven to town in the ranch car. Three days later he returned with Mrs. Ganby's son, an ethereal little boy semi-paralysed on his left side. When he had been greeted by his mother he was brought to Don Jaime to be presented. Shyly he sidled up to the lord of the rancho and laid a thin little hand in Don Jaime's, so firm and hard and brown.

"I'm awfully glad you consented to come down here and keep me company, Robbie," the young man greeted him. "What can you do to keep a fellow amused?" he demanded.

ROBBIE pondered Don Jaime's question and replied presently that he could play the harmonica.

"You'll be popular, Robbie, but to make a real hit you must learn to play a lot of airs you've never heard before. Did you bring your harmonica?"

"Yes, sir. Ken bought me a grand one in El Paso."

"Think you two can get along without fighting?"

Robbie laughed at the bare idea of conflict with his newfound friend. "Oh, Ken and I get along fine together. Coming out in the car he let me wear his pistol. He said we might meet some tough customers and it was best to be ready. He let me shoot his pistol, too." He stared hard at Don Jaime. "What's your name, mister?"

"My name is Jimmy."

"You got any boys?"

"No. That's why I sent Ken up after you. I've been lonesome a lot here lately, so when your mother told me she had a boy, why I thought I'd borrow you. You have no objection, I hope?"

"Not the slightest, Jimmy."

"Did Ken tell you about the pony we have here for you?"

Robbie's wistful eyes glistened. "I can ride a pony. I know I can."

"When I get well we'll go riding together. I think now, Robbie, your mother wants to visit with you, so you'd better run along. After dinner we'll really get acquainted."

Having changed from his store clothes, Ken Hobart dropped into a chair beside his employer.

"Any trouble?" he asked.

"None. Bill Dingle's foreman made a bluff at starting some, but Caraveo paid no attention to him. He was troubled in his soul at the lack of news concerning Bill Dingle, and the six herders. To him no news was bad news, so I instructed Caraveo to tell him nothing, if necessary, to treat him rough. And I sent enough men to enforce my desires. First they moved the sheep south of the San Dieguito, where we had another corral. We're washing the brutes, shearing them, examining their tails and feet, segregating the lame, the halt and the blind, cutting out the lambs and the old ewes with bad mouths, and plan to haul them up here in trucks, after giving the foreman a receipt for them. The young and husky sheep we will turn back on the range."

KEN HOBART chuckled. "Why, you're quite a sheep expert, aren't you?"

"Well, somebody had to do it for the girl. I'll place a guard on the wool, and I want you to sack that wool and haul it up to the ranch for safe-keeping."

"You'll be put to quite a bit of expense, Don Jaime."

"I should say so. I have forty shearers working day and night. Big wool crop, Caraveo tells me. In fact, those sheep should have been sheared six weeks ago, but Tom Antrim wasn't in a hurry. He had the sheep running on a grass range, so they weren't losing any wool by having it torn off in the brush and brambles."

"Have you authority to take possession in this high-handed manner?"

"Seguro! I always make my own authority. Don Prudencio Alviso is Miss Antrim's local representative, and whatever I do will be jake with Prudencio, who always desires to earn his fee with as little labor and worry as possible."

"What are you going to do with the wool?"

"Hold it here, safely, until the market goes up, or I receive orders to sell it immediately."

"Who's going to pay for all this? The Antrim estate?"

"If it can afford to. If it can't——" Don Jaime shrugged the indifferent shrug of one who has not been reared to do things on the half-shell, as it were. "Don Prudencio was out to see me yesterday. He has had a letter from Miss Antrim. It appears that her uncle, whose ward she is, is very seriously threatened with the loss of his fortune. If I may judge by the indifference she exhibited toward this sheep fortune she has fallen heir to, when the news of the windfall was first broken to her, the fortune about to be lost by her uncle must be considerable. At any rate, she's anxious about the sheep now, and has instructed Don Prudencio to guard them and preserve them. Of course, the old man was as helpless as a child, and came to me for advice. I told him to wire her that the sheep were safe with me, and to disabuse his placid mind of all worry concerning them."

"But they aren't safe!" Ken Hobart protested. "What's to prevent Bill Dingle from driving to market the sheep still on the range?"

"You forget that Bill Dingle is my guest. Caraveo told the foreman to guard the sheep well, and to engage other herders; that Bill Dingle would return anon, like Mary's lamb, dragging his tail behind him. The foreman wanted to know who was going to meet the payroll, and Caraveo told him I would."

"Isn't Enrico taking a lot for granted, Don Jaime?"

"Oh, Enrico knows me pretty well. Better go to Los Algodones to-morrow, Ken, draw about a thousand dollars from the bank and pay off those sheepmen. They'll stick on the job and take good care of those range sheep when they know they're being watched. Better hire half a dozen new herders for that foreman, too, and relieve our men who are now helping him."

"And you intend keeping Bill Dingle and his men in your private hoosegow indefinitely?"

"Oh, no, not indefinitely, Ken. I've only sentenced them to thirty days for trespass and assault with intent to do great bodily harm. I like to be judge and jury in all matters that affect my own welfare, and if I turned Bill Dingle and his dinglets over to the law there would be the usual fuss and feathers and delay."

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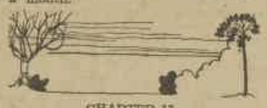
Ken Hobart threw back his head and laughed. "I advise you to turn Bill Dingle and his dinglets loose. Your are holding them illegally."

But Don Jaime shook his raven head. "The best I'll do for Dingle is to let him have a dozen packs of playing cards and a couple of guitars for his Mexican and Basque herders to strum on." He pondered a few seconds. "Yes, I'll do better than that. I'll let him have all the newspapers that come to the ranch after we've finished reading them, for, of course, he'll want to look at the market reports on mutton and wool!"

Ken Hobart surrendered, but not without misgiving. "How are your wounds?" he queried.

"Nothing to worry about. Providentially, Tom Antrim used steel-jacketed bullets fired at something over two hundred yards. The bullets had settled in their flight by the time they reached me, so they drilled nice, neat, round little holes that are healing beautifully. I'll be on the job again in a month."



CHAPTER 13

CROOKED BILL'S well-laid plan worked with the smoothness of a piston—thanks to Roberta. Her heart, filled with sympathy for her rascally old uncle, was cheered considerably by the sight of Glenn Hackett's calm presence in the library when she came down to dinner. To her airy greeting he returned one of the utmost gravity, so Roberta, jumping instantly to the conclusion that Crooked Bill had been talking his affairs over with his lawyer, promptly precipitated the drama, much to the relief of the principal actors.

"Well, Glenn," she said, "has Uncle Bill been telling you his sad story?"

Hackett nodded owlishly.

"Do you see the slightest glimmer of a silver lining in the dark clouds that beset him, Glenn?"

"All appears to be lost save honor, Bobby."

Crooked Bill raised a protesting hand. "Let us not discuss it, if you please, Bobby. I am past help now, so let us forget it and glean what meagre measure of comfort may possibly be wrung from my wasted career. Remember, girl, I'm not the whimpering kind."

"I know you're not, dear Uncle Bill. You're a perfectly good old sport."

"I admit I was knocked for the count at first, but now that I have my second wind——"

"Save it for your cigar, dear. I have just had a long telegram from my lawyer in Los Algodones, Texas. He informs me that the affairs of Uncle Tom's estate are in excellent shape, and that he died leaving even more sheep than was at first suspected. They have all been counted, and the wool crop is being garnered and placed in safety. There are about ten thousand lambs that will soon be ready for market and which should bring ten dollars a head, and there are upwards of a hundred thousand pounds of excellent wool worth thirty cents a pound—why, it would seem that Uncle Tom's estate will run close to half a million dollars. We should worry and grow wrinkles and grey hair, darling."

The butler announced dinner—and between the fish and the roast, as per agreement, Glenn Hackett suddenly laid down his knife and fork and commenced to question Crooked Bill adroitly as to the exact nature of his operations in the market. And when Crooked Bill had answered all of his questions and Glenn Hackett had made a number of notations in a notebook, he resumed his meal in silence. Roberta, however, noted a grim little smile playing across his face from time to time, so presently, with her customary impulsiveness, she asked him to share the joke with them.

"It's on your Uncle Bill," he replied. "At the risk of being ungracious to my host, it is my duty to inform you, Bobby, that your Uncle Bill is an antediluvian idiot who can't see the woods for the trees. If he could he'd see a path out of this mess he's in—a path as wide as the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow Uncle Bill will no longer be a financial corpse. He will have commenced his resurrection . . . By Jove, this is most excellent roast beef. I remember once I had a cut of roast beef in a restaurant out West, in the cattle country. I couldn't even bend it, much less eat it, so I said to the waiter, 'Waiter——!' "

"How are you going to save Uncle Bill?" Roberta demanded sharply.

"I'll explain after dinner, Bobby."

"Explain now," the girl commanded. "Don't you see Uncle Bill is suffering?"

"Let him suffer. He deserves it."

Glenn, dear, please——"

"Well, when you talk to me that way, Roberta, I can't resist." And thereupon Hackett proceeded to outline to her, patiently and in words of one syllable, his plan for the salvation of Crooked Bill.

"I understand perfectly, Glenn," Roberta said when at last he finished. "You're a wonderful, wonderful friend."

"The plan is vetoed," Crooked Bill declared virtuously. "Friendship will bear up under anything except the endorsement of notes or the swift, heavy touch."

"But, Uncle Bill, if there is such a small element of risk——"

Uncle Bill raised his leonine head, and his cold, steely-grey eyes flickered murderous lights at her. His mouth closed with a snick, like the door of a safe. "There will be no further discussion of this unpleasant subject," he informed her coldly.

When Crooked Bill looked and spoke in that tone of voice, Roberta knew from experience that obedience was incumbent upon her. Amiable and loving as he customarily was, there were times when he must not be trifled with, and this was one of them. Roberta's eyes filled with tears; in a tremulous voice she begged to be excused and withdrew.

CROOKED BILL'S eyebrows went up as the girl left the room. "She's as big a crook as I am," he declared proudly. "She isn't at all distressed. She's just pulling the old stuff—not on me this time, but on you, my boy. She expects you to follow her out and comfort her. She has just given birth to the bright idea we have planted in her brain, and now she wants to get you alone and spring it on you. Do not disappoint her, my boy. Forward! I'll sit here and masticate my fodder. I shall not be lonely, Glenn, because I know you'll both be back for the dessert, and after that we'll have a fine large evening. Roberta shall sing for us."

Glenn Hackett went. Within five minutes he returned with Roberta on his arm.

"Hum!" Crooked Bill reflected. "And she spent at least a minute making up her face! Four minutes to put over her loving plot against me. The little crook!" He beamed upon her. "I'm so sorry I spoke crossly to my little girl," he announced with hypocritical unction.

Bobby kissed him fondly, and gave him a little hug, the butler passed the roast beef for fresh hot cuts, and Glenn Hackett began a discussion of international tennis, to be interrupted presently by Crooked Bill.

"I think you might tell Harms to serve some of my Pol Roger '98, Bobby," he suggested. "It will probably be the last bottle of real champagne we'll ever drink, but while we have title to the cellar let's go to it."

Had Crooked Bill lived in the days of Demosthenes there is no doubt but that he would have run the Oracle of Delphi out of business. Roberta did sing to them after dinner! However, Crooked Bill was not one to gum up his own finely laid plans, and presently, with a full realisation of the truth of the old adage that three is a crowd, he withdrew to his room, leaving Glenn Hackett to make what progress he could with the rebellious Roberta.

But Crooked Bill did not retire. He was much too excited for sleep. Instead he lit a cigar and smoked until ten o'clock, at which hour he knew Glenn Hackett, a creature of habit, would depart for the city. So Crooked Bill went down the back stairs, crossed the lawn and waited for Hackett at the entrance to Hillcrest. "Did it work?" he demanded.

"Overtime," Hackett responded.

"I guess I'm not some little old prognosticator, eh?"

"You certainly know every convolution in Roberta's mind. I'm sure I never would. She'd outgame me every time she started."

"Was she nice to you after I left?"

"Well—er—ah—platonic."

"Aggh!" Crooked Bill growled deep in his throat, like an aged tiger. "Go home, you jellyfish. You'd be a bachelor in the South Sea Islands—and on an island where they practice polyandry!"

Thoroughly disgusted, he returned to the house and mixed himself a noggin of his favorite elixir.

He had a presentiment that Fate was, in a manner of speaking, stacking the cards against him.

CHAPTER 14

THERE is nothing quite so satisfying and restful to a human being as the knowledge of a sly deed successfully, nay brilliantly, performed. It is not to be marvelled at, therefore, that both Crooked Bill and Roberta slept well that night; at breakfast neither had ever felt nor looked so chipper in years, albeit, in order to accentuate his pose of abandon and despair, Crooked Bill neglected to shave, had little to say during the meal, and sighed gustily from time to time. He caught an early train to the city, explaining that the sooner he swept up the fragments of his scattered fortunes the better for all concerned.

Roberta motored in a little later and went at once to Glenn Hackett's office where he prepared and she signed a formal assignment of all her right, title and interest in and to her Uncle Tom's estate to Hackett, for and in consideration of certain moneys to be advanced to her by Hackett. The further details of saving something out of the wreck for her uncle she left to the lawyer.

"Now, then, Roberta," Hackett said when the document was signed, "you understand that this is a business deal from first to last. Not a speck of sentiment in it so far as I am concerned. While you have given me security for the funds I am to advance, it may be that I will be called upon to advance a sum in excess of the total value of your Uncle Tom's estate. Consequently, it is of the utmost importance that the estate should be administered wisely and conservedly. I have looked up your lawyer at Los Algodones, Don Prudencio Alviso, and he appears to have an excellent record for probity, but is a poor business man. If I——"

"He assures me Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes is most reliable, and is doing all that anybody can do to conserve the estate," Roberta hastened to assure Hackett.

"I know. But what do we know about Higuenes? Nothing except what we have heard and the fact that his correspondence would indicate he is a kindly, humorous and wonderfully obliging gentleman. But lawyers look at all things from a cold and conservative angle, and the thought occurs to me: Why is Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes taking all this trouble? What do you mean to him? He is a cattleman, so why should he bother with your

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sheep? My dear Bobby, I am highly suspicious of that fellow."

Bobby's lip drooped. She had not thought of Don Jaime in that light before, and her common sense warned her that there might be more than a modicum of truth in Hackett's suspicions. He saw the doubt he had planted burgeoning, and hastened to aid its growth.

"As I told you before, it is impossible for me to go to Texas to look after your affairs, Bobby, notwithstanding the fact that it would be a privilege to serve you. Unfortunately, others have a prior claim on my professional services, and I may not evade them. Your unfortunate uncle dare not leave New York at this time either. His creditors might think he was endeavoring to flee the country. Consequently, I think it is of the utmost importance that you go to Los Algodones immediately and investigate everything thoroughly."

"But, Glenn, I don't know a thing about business, and I'm afraid it's too big an order. Quite usually I believe what apparently decent people tell me."

"I disagree with you. You have a feminine intuition of the highest degree of development. You could sniff out a crook at sight. If you go there, get acquainted with your lawyer and Don Jaime, and, after a few weeks discover that you have absolutely no mental reservations regarding either or both, I shall think it quite safe to leave your affairs in their hands for the present, at least."

This adroit speech flattered Roberta, since it was corroborating a belief she had always entertained, i.e., that she could look through men as if they were glass. Her respect for Hackett's intelligence and ability increased at once. "I'll go to Los Algodones just as soon as I can get ready," she declared.

"That's fine, Roberta." He escorted her to the elevator and upon returning to his office pressed a buzzer three times, whereupon his secretary ushered in to him from an adjoining room no less a person than Crooked Bill.

"Well, have you sold her the idea that she should go to Los Algodones?" he demanded of the lawyer.

"I have. She promised me she would go just as soon as she could get ready."

CROOKED BILL rubbed his hands pleasurably. Hackett handed him the assignment which Roberta had just given him, and Crooked Bill set fire to it, and dropped it into Hackett's metal waste basket.

"Have you confidence in this Jaime Higuenes, Mr. Latham?" Hackett queried.

"How do I know? He's a perfect stranger to me. However, his father and grandfather were both muy caballero to the nth degree and never cared enough about money to get it by crooked or unfair means. And I'm a great believer in heredity. I have a strong suspicion that Don Jaime is equipped with a complete set of Hibernian inner works, and I have never known a highly courageous man who was a weak man. The crooks of this world are recruited from the weaklings, my boy. However, why should I worry about a smear of sheep? I don't care two hoots in a hollow if they all starve to death. I'm solely interested in promoting for Roberta a journey to Los Algodones, in order that she may see the other side of the picture. Don Jaime is unmarried (I've discovered that) and if he fails to fall in love with Roberta he's fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. If she doesn't quarrel with him about that they're bound to fall out over business, because no man ever managed a woman's business affairs without discovering in the long run that he had performed a thoroughly thankless task."

And at that the matter was left.

CHAPTER 15

ROBERTA shopped for two weeks, spent another two weeks on a houseboat party among the Thousand Islands, and departed for Los Algodones. A spirit of thrift animating her at the last, she attempted to discharge her maid, but that faithful retainer, having been substantially subsidised by Crooked Bill, begged to be permitted to accompany her without salary. It seemed she had always yearned for a trip to the Far West. Besides, what would Miss Roberta do without her? Crooked Bill asked the same question and informed her that he had recently discovered a forgotten asset, in consequence of which he could afford the expense. "You'll require Mignon for a chaperon," he declared. "Eat, drink, and be merry," he advised his niece, "for next week you'll be in the sheep business."

Roberta, who had never known what it meant to fend for herself when travelling, reluctantly permitted herself to be persuaded.

"Where shall I address you, Bobby?" Crooked Bill queried. "At the Mansion House, in Los Algodones?"

"No, dear. Address me in care of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes."

"What?" Crooked Bill started as if beestung. "You going to put up at the Higuenes hacienda? Why—why, the man's a bachelor."

"How do you know?"

"I've been making inquiries about him."

"Well, his housekeeper, a Mrs. Ganby, has written me, inviting me to be his guest. Don Jaime was ill at the time and couldn't write me personally, but he did write, at the bottom of Mrs. Ganby's letter, 'Official: J.M.H.' Mrs. Ganby says they have a lovely place, and that I'll be much more comfortable at the Rancho Valle Verde than at any hotel in that country. She says Don Jaime instructed her to inform me that, while the Mansion House has an excellent reputation for service, that reputation is based entirely upon the fact that they have a bootjack in every room."

"That Don Jaime must be a comical devil," Crooked Bill murmured without enthusiasm. He was again assailed by the feeling that, in some inexplicable way, his well-laid plans were doomed to go aft agley. "You'll write me frequently, and tell me all about it, won't you, honey?"

Roberta promised and kissed him goodbye.

Five days later she and Mignon, with three huge trunks and five pieces of handbaggage, were deposited on a lonely, sun-warped platform at the little flat station of Valle Verde, on the Houston and Texas Railway.

"So this," said Roberta, looking around her after the train had resumed its journey, "is Texas. Good gracious, Mignon, what is that noise?"

"It sounds like a zoo at feeding-time," said Mignon apprehensively, and looked behind her. "Oh, it's cattle," she added, relieved.

A quarter of a mile out on the plain, in a compact mass, a huge herd of white-faced cattle were milling slowly and bellowing continuously—protests against the inhibition of their freedom imposed on them by numerous horsemen who rode around the fringes of the herd and urged it slowly forward.

"Why, there must be thousands of them!" Roberta gasped, and was grateful that the station platform, which was at least five feet off the ground, appeared to offer reasonable sanctuary from attack.

From around the corner of the station a man appeared, hat in hand. He approached in an embarrassed manner. "Miss Antrim?" he queried.

"Yes, indeed," said Roberta gratefully, and waited for him to name himself.

"I'm Bill Dingle, your Uncle Tom's general manager. I got your letter tellin' me you'd arrive to-day and instructin' me to meet you at the Higuenes rancho tomorrow."

"Yes," Roberta murmured, wondering if she ought to introduce Mignon to Mr. Dingle, who was eyeing the maid as a fresh cow in a pasture eyes a dog.

"So I thought I'd meet you here, miss, and explain to you how come it won't be possible for me to meet you there," Mr. Dingle went on, his embarrassment increasing at every word. "It's about twenty miles straight east from here to your Uncle Tom's ranch, which is your ranch now, I reckon, and I figgered maybe it'd be better for all hands if you put up there instead of at the Higuenes rancho. Of course, it ain't as grand as the Higuenes place, and mebbe it's far from what you been accustomed to, but I've had the place red up a lot, and I've hired a new cook and a Chink boy to look after the house. And there's a pretty good roadster car there that belonged to your uncle. I reckon you and this other lady'd be as safe and comfortable there as anywhere."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Dingle," Roberta hesitated, then, in her usual frank manner, plunged. "Why is it impossible for you to meet me at the Higuenes rancho, Mr. Dingle?"

Mr. Dingle scuffed a foot along the station platform, and his embarrassment increased visibly. "Well, ma'am, in this country, when a feller's enemy warns him not to set foot on his ranch again until he's sent for, unless he wants to be made a colander out of, it's reasonable to figger the warnin's meant."

"Who warned you?"

"Don Jaime Higuenes."

"Indeed. By the way, what is a colander?" Roberta had never taken a course in domestic science, and had no hesitancy in admitting her ignorance of culinary utensils.

"It's a sort of dishpan with a lot of holes in it, ma'am."

"Oh! Why, I had no idea Don Jaime Higuenes was such a bloodthirsty man! Is the trouble between you something that cannot be rectified? I should be happy to act as peacemaker, Mr. Dingle."

BILL DINGLE, remembering his offences, was honest enough to declare that the trouble could not be rectified, and added something about the easiest way out of trouble being to go around it. Then he was silent for quite a while, meanwhile scuffing his toe and gazing a bit helplessly around the horizon. Finally, he said: "I reckon you didn't think as much of your Uncle Tom as he used to let on you did."

"I had never seen my uncle, Mr. Dingle; consequently, he was no more to me, really, than a stranger. Our family regarded poor Uncle Tom as more or less of a black sheep."

"Well, he wasn't exactly a tuberose, I'll admit, ma'am; but he had his good points just the same, dependin' on the mood you caught him in. Still, he was one of your kinfolk. Don't you feel no resentment agin the man that murdered him?"

"Not the slightest. From all that we can learn, officially, Uncle Tom was not murdered. The sheriff of this county wrote that Uncle Tom made the mistake of taking in too much territory, which is a fatal error, and tantamount to suicide. It seems he ambushed Jim Higgins and shot him three times. Then Higgins got under cover and stalked Uncle Tom and killed him. I am informed that he didn't know the identity of his assailant until he saw the body."

"That's the story, but it ain't true. This killer ordered your Uncle Tom to quit grazin' his sheep on the free range or he'd kill him. A warnin's a warnin' in this country, an' if a feller don't choose to obey it he's justified in arguin' the matter

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in the smoke the first time him an' the warmin' person meet up. Your uncle didn't see no valid reason why he should have his liberty restricted by a private citizen. He considered his life in danger, so when they met up on the range it was a case of who could get into action quickest. It was a case of an old man agin a young man, an' the young man won—as usual. But your Uncle Tom never tried to kill nobody. He just naturally defended his own life an' failed to do a good job. An', of course, a sheepman ain't in good standin' in a cattle country. They got all the officials on their side, an' a fair jury just can't be got. Ninety per cent. of the population of this county is greasers. You can buy 'em for five dollars."

"I have been informed, Mr. Dingle (Crooked Bill had been her informant), that it isn't considered a very reprehensible crime to kill a sheep-herder in this country."

"It's almost the principal outdoor sport, ma'am. An' a greaser don't mind bustin' anybody. All that worries him is: Can he git away with it? Personally, I'm only a hired man, but I got my private opinions, an' I'm here to say it just naturally don't look right for you to be the guest of——"

Mr. Dingle raised his glance from the station platform and gazed across toward the approaching herd of cattle. He appeared alert, poised for flight; whatever had been in his mind to say remained unsaid, and he was profoundly interested in a horseman who was galloping around the flank of the herd, evidently with the intention of passing on in front of it.

"I reckon I'll be moseyin' along ma'am," said Mr. Dingle. "We can discuss our business when you come to the Antrim ranch."

The horseman had cleared the herd and was coming on at an easy gallop; behind him a boy on a small pinto pony laboured to keep up.

"There's the man that killed your Uncle Tom," Mr. Dingle almost hissed. "I reckon I don't care to meet that hombre until I can choose the time and place myself." And without standing upon the order of his going, Mr. Dingle went—in a flying leap off the station platform. He lit running and continued on to a disreputable old automobile which Roberta had observed parked in the shadow of the stock cars; in an incredibly short space of time he was on his way home.

The horseman, observing Mr. Dingle's departure, spurred his mount to a furious gallop. Apparently it was his intention to intercept the latter as he fled down the dusty road that ran parallel with the tracks.

"He's going to shoot," Mignon screamed. "Oh, the brute!"

CHAPTER 16

SIX pistol shots rang out and Roberta saw little puffs of dust leap up beside Bill Dingle's right rear tyre. A pause of about two seconds, then six more shots, and six more puffs of dust beside the same tyre. Then the horseman pulled up, turned and jogged quietly up to the station. He dismounted a little stiffly, dropped the reins over his horse's head, and advanced limping to the station platform upon which he climbed laboriously and disappeared into the station.

"Did you see, Miss Roberta?" Mignon whispered. "He was all smiles! A smiling murderer! Ugh!"

"Thank Heaven a horse cannot outrun a flivver, Mignon. Nor can a man on a running horse do accurate shooting. The range was too long, and all his bullets dropped short. I wonder if this pale child on the fat pony is the rascal's son?"

"This is exactly like the movies," Mignon quavered. "It's wonderful. So thrilling! Oh, I'm so glad you brought me with you, Miss Roberta!"

"When that man emerges you'll experience some more thrills!" Roberta warned her maid. "I'm going to tell him some things about himself he has not, in all probability, been told before."

"Do be careful, Miss Roberta. He's so desperate——"

"I'll reduce him to pulp. I'm not afraid of his guns. I intend to protect my foreman. That is the duty of an employer. This Jim Higgins had his own witnesses when he killed Uncle Tom, but we can testify to his effort to kill Mr. Dingle. I shall have him arrested and tried for attempt to commit murder. The blood-thirsty wretch!"

The station door swung open, and Don Jaime Higuenes limped out, stood as erect as his damaged underpinning would permit, bowed from the hips and all but swept the station platform with his sombrero. Then he straightened and said: "Mees—I mean Miss—Antrim, I am devastated to think—"

"How dare you presume to address me?" Roberta cut in icily. "I am not aware that I have the dubious honor of your acquaintance, sir, although I believe you are my uncle's slayer, Jim Higgins."

HE stared at her without rancor, nor did the pleasant smile that had crinkled his undeniably good-looking countenance fade the slightest. Roberta made swift appraisal of him. He was about six feet tall, strongly-built, lithe and graceful. An out-of-doors, athletic girl herself, Roberta knew that this man was as hard as nails with scarcely a pound of superfluous fat on him. His complexion was a reddish brown, a most agreeable color-scheme when taken in conjunction with crinkly jet-black hair and large, black, snappy eyes.

His hat was a soft lightweight white beaver, broad-brimmed, high-crowned, and pinched to a peak. He wore an immaculately clean white drill shirt, open at the throat, sans necktie and sans sleeves below the elbow. His overalls were blue, and new, and six inches too long for him, for which reason the excess had been turned up in a cuff over his expensive, high-heeled boots. His spurs were of the approved stockman's pattern, brass with silver inlays and blue heel chains. Around his waist was a wide, hand-carved leather belt supporting two pistol holsters carved to match. From each holster the pearl butt of a pistol protruded. There were spare cartridges in the belt.

"Yes, I am Jim Higgins," he admitted, without a particle of shame or embarrassment, and from the inflection of his voice, from a certain faint clipped manner of slurring his consonants, Roberta knew that Spanish was this man's mother tongue. "It was my misfortune to be the instrument of an inscrutable fate that wafted your delectable uncle to his mansion in the skies."

"Has anybody ever told you what a cool scoundrel you are, Mr. Higgins?"

Don Jaime shrugged. "I daressy a few sheepmen have said harsh things about me behind my back."

"Do you enjoy killing men, Mr. Higgins?"

"Oh, no! Not even in self-defence."

Roberta had a feeling that she was not going to make much progress in the face of the man's debonair indifference. "I never suspected my uncle's murderer was such a frontier dandy," she said witheringly.

Don Jaime drew one of his pistols, flipped six empty brass shells out on the station platform, and thoughtfully reloaded the weapon. "One is liable to scare most anything out of the brush in this country, Miss Antrim. I suppose you entertained the popular impression that a frontier murderer is physically as well as morally unclean." He loaded the other pistol. "I'm sure I shouldn't be blamed if my parents preferred cleanliness to certain brands of godliness. The tree grows as the twig is bent, you know."

"Was your father a man of violence, Mr. Higgins?"

He nodded. "All the Higgins tribe have been scrappy."

"What do you mean by trying to shoot my foreman?"

"Why, it's the open season on sheep-herders. We're allowed one a day, and old Dingle Bell is the first I've flushed in a week."

"He'll be the last you'll flush in many years if there is such a thing as law and justice in Texas."

"Oh, we're very law-abiding, indeed. Very few of us on this side of the Rio Grande kill for pleasure or profit. You're going to have me arrested, I presume."

"I certainly am."

"Well, when the warrant is issued the sheriff will telephone me about it and tell me to come in and talk it over. He's too indolent to take the trouble to motor out to my place and put the bracelets on me. By the way, what are you doing around here, anyway? Is it your intention to camp all night on this platform, or were you expecting somebody to call for you? Is it possible that in a moment of exuberance I frightened Dingle Bell away and thus deprived you of your transportation?"

"No, I'll excuse you of leaving us stranded. Mr. Dingle would have departed in a little while, but not so precipitately. And it's none of your business what we're doing here. However, I do not mind telling you that we are waiting for Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes to send a car over for us. Do you know Don Jaime?"

"I've known him all my life."

"What sort of man is he?"

"We-ell, average, I'd call him. Just a fair sample of a greaser. Folks in this country don't seem to mind having him around. Guess Don Jaime has them fooled more or less. Are you certain Don Jaime knew you were due here to-day?"

"Why, I wrote him a week ago."

"Well, the hair must have slipped somewhere or he'd have had his car here to meet you; yes, and a light motor-truck for your baggage. One thing Higuenes prides himself on is his punctuality and hospitality. To have a guest standing around on this hot platform all day waiting for a car that never came would just about break his heart. I'm very much afraid, Mees—I mean Miss—Antrim, that unless I get word to Don Jaime that you're here, the station-master will have to take you in. And I know he isn't equipped for company."

ROBERTA'S troubled gaze met the young man's with just a hint of tolerance now. "I suppose you have your humane moments, Mr. Higgins. Remember, however, I am certainly going to prosecute you for the attempted murder of Mr. Dingle, so don't tangle yourself up in rash promises to render first aid. You may send word to Senor Higuenes if you wish, but all it will avail you is my thanks."

"You may even omit the thanks," he replied brightly. "I am delighted to have an opportunity to withdraw from your peppery presence, so with your permission, senorita, I shall ride swiftly to the humble abode of this fellow Higuenes and tell him to beat it over here like the devil with his car."

Again his hat swept the platform before he climbed down and limped to his horse. "Did my Uncle Tom puncture your rear tyre?" Roberta called after him derisively. He ignored her, climbed on his horse, spoke a few words to the boy who was waiting there for him, and set off down the road at a smart gallop.

"There goes the handsomest, most cultured, most interesting ruffian any woman

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will ever meet," Roberta declared. "I do hope his lameness will not be permanent."

"He's marvellous, gorgeous," breathed Mignon. "I wonder why he doesn't go in the movies."

"Mr. Higgins ought to get along beautifully in that profession," Roberta sighed. "He certainly has admirable control of his temper. I couldn't seem to insult him. I wish that boy would come over here. I'd like to ask him some questions regarding Mr. Higgins."

But the boy had ridden away and joined the rider with the cattle herd.

In about an hour a handsome sedan appeared, accompanied by a speed waggon. Both were driven by youths of undoubted Aztec ancestry. Without a word they fell upon Roberta's baggage and stowed it in the speed waggon, whereupon the driver of the sedan approached, hat in hand, and said:

"The senor Higuenes sends thees car and the compliments of heem to the senorita. Don Jaime tell to me to say to the senorita he ees ver' sorry he have make the bonehead play not to come before. Jus' now Don Jaime is ver' busy weeth wash heemself and make the shave for deener."

Roberta smiled at the naive youth's report and entered the car with Mignon.

CHAPTER 17

THE country through which they proceeded was brown and semi-arid, a plain with deep, dry barrancas, covered with a growth of stunted sage and mesquite. Yet, despite its aridity an unconscionable number of sleek white-faced steers lifted their heads to gaze at the car going by. The plain sloped upward as they proceeded west toward a chain of low hills that ran north and south, and gave no promise of the sudden change from the harsh, uninviting range land to the lush greenness of cultivated lands beyond. As they reached the summit of this low range square mile after square mile of smiling green valley lay outspread before them. The temperature dropped noticeably, because of the westerly wind blowing gently across vast fields of alfalfa which cooled it in transit. Evidently their chauffeur was aware of the beauty and comfort of the scene, for he stopped the car to give them opportunity to enjoy it.

"All thees," he said, with a wave of his hand and a proprietary air, "belong to Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes. Maybeso I theenk two hundred t'ousand acres in all. Mira, senorita. You see those pueblo? For long time the Higuenes family have leeve here. One old Higuenes he build the pueblo for the people maybeso one hundred years ago. Everybody in those pueblo work for Don Jaime. On the mesa you see the beeg white hacienda weeth the red roof. That is the home of Don Jaime. He is my good boss."

"You are very fond of Don Jaime?" Roberta queried.

"Senorita, I die for heem. My father, she's die for heem! One day we have beeg fight on the Rio Grande. Those bandits from Mexico come for steal the cows of Don Jaime. Do he steal it? I tol' you he don't get the chance. Don Jaime weeth his men cut heem off from the reever and there is a fight, and my father he is shoot through the belly. You know how he die? I tol' you. He die in the arm of Don Jaime Higuenes, and Don Jaime he weep for see my father die. But my father she don' care, because she know Don Jaime theenk so much of her. My father she know Don Jaime not goin' to see family of Julio Ortiz to starve. And he know Don Jaime geeve heem big funeral, and maybe sometime on the round-up Don Jaime she sit by the fire weeth his boys and they get to talk old times, and Don Jaime weel say: 'Well, Julio Ortiz was good man.'"

As the boy spoke he painted a picture, and to the imaginative Roberta every detail stood forth in bold relief. She felt her heart swell as the simple peon told his simple tale. She was impatient to see Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes for whom men died so gladly, solaced at the last with the knowledge that they were his children and hence, beloved by him. She gazed across the lovely valley and thought.

"All those poor, simple people are sheltered under the mantle of his philanthropy. He is the master, the feudal baron. Works with his men. Sits around camp fires at night with his vaqueros, adjusting himself to comradeship with simple, primitive men and, doubtless, not finding it at all troublesome. Roberta, you're trembling on the brink of a great adventure."

The car rolled across wooden bridges over irrigation canals, and on the borders of a distant field Roberta saw a long queue of teams drawing mowers, the faint clatter of which was borne down wind to her. Dozens of hay waggons were loading and stacking the new-cut alfalfa hay; perhaps a hundred men were raking and piling it. The fragrance of the harvest came pleasantly to the girl's senses, and it occurred to her that this valley had once been dry and barren until metamorphosed into a vast garden by men of vision, courage and faith. To her it seemed a big, worthwhile thing to have done—something Homeric. There was drama in it—poetry, too. She knew no little man had done this, and that none but a big man could carry on with it. And her impatience to meet Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes increased.

They swept up through the Indian pueblo, and were barked at and pursued by incalculable numbers of dogs of assorted breeds. "If Glenn Hackett were the overlord here he would banish those curs," Roberta thought, "and justify his act on the ground of efficiency and sanitation. But these peones must have their dogs and doubtless Don Jaime realises that. Let them have dogs—millions of them. What affair is it of his? I daresay he has dogs of his own."

ASSORTED brown children, in varying degrees of nudity, stared and shouted at them. Fat, brown women, seated on doorsteps, or hanging over fences in homely gossip, bowed or curtsied. Then they were through the pueblo and rushing up a gentle slope, through an avenue of oleanders, past great white barns and on to the ancestral home of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes. The dusky driver sounded his siren long, and with a primitive enjoyment in its harsh dissonance. A voice cried within the high adobe wall that surrounded the hacienda and great wrought-iron gates were flung wide to admit them. They halted under a red-tiled portecochere, and Mrs. Ganby came out to welcome them.

"Don Jaime begged me to present his excuses for his failure to meet you, Miss Antrim," she explained. "He has been working cattle with his men the past two days—they're shipping from Valle Verde station—and Don Jaime has only just gotten home and is busy making himself pretty. And this young lady with you is—"

"My maid, Mignon, Mrs. Ganby."

"You are fortunate to have brought her with you. Don Jaime has Mexican or Indian maids—I don't know which—to care for the house, but until I came he had nobody to train them and everything has been at sixes and sevens. I've been here about six weeks and am gradually getting order out of chaos. The guests at Valle Verde Rancho never exceed the guest rooms, so your maid may have a room next yours. Do you speak Spanish, Miss Antrim?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"The servants understand nothing else. I am studying the language, and am beginning to make myself understood. You have a modern bath with hot and cold water. Dinner is at six."

"Does Don Jaime dress for dinner?"

"He puts on his coat even when we haven't got company," Mrs. Ganby laughed. "In this part of Texas men readily acquire the comfortable shirt-sleeve habit."

"What a lovely room!" Roberta exclaimed, as she entered. It was a large room—twice as large as an ordinarily large New York chamber—and furnished in an old-world elegance. In fact, Roberta, who knew something about such things, was satisfied that every article of furniture in the room had come from Spain, and was at least three hundred years old. The huge, high four-poster bed, with its black and scarlet velure canopy, might have been the bed of some forgotten Castilian princess. There was a chest of drawers that made her heart ache with the desire for possession. The windows opened on to the patio, and the scent of flowers filled the room. A cluster of roses occupied a vase on the dressing-table.

"Don Jaime plucked these and placed them here himself," Mrs. Ganby informed her. "He was in great distress at having you arrive a day earlier than we expected you. I fear you didn't figure your time-table correctly, Miss Antrim. Yes, this is the nicest room in the house. It was formerly Don Jaime's mother's room."

There were a number of family portraits hung along the walls, old-fashioned mementoes of a forgotten line of Higuenes rancheros and warriors, maids and dowagers. "Is there a portrait of Don Jaime here?" Roberta inquired. "I have never met him, you know."

"There was one here to-day—why, it's gone. Don Jaime must have removed it himself. Miss Antrim. Well, you'll meet him at dinner, and dinner will be served shortly after you have tidied yourself up a bit. Don't hurry."

She departed and Roberta settled down in a rocking chair while Mignon removed her shoes, undressed her, and prepared her bath. She chose her gown very carefully. She wanted to look her best when she should meet Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes.

At last she was ready and made her way down the corridor to the entrance hall. Mrs. Ganby was on the look-out for her, since in the vast labyrinth of a house strangers had been known to be lost, and led her into Don Jaime's spacious living-room.

At a small sideboard, his back toward her, stood her host. He was arrayed in flannel trousers and white buckskin shoes, a soft white silk shirt, a black silk bow tie, and a blue serge coat. Roberta was impressed by the extreme youthfulness of his figure, for she had anticipated a very much older man and, for a reason she had no ground for entertaining, she had expected him to be short and portly.

Mrs. Ganby spoke: "Don Jaime!"

He turned. "This young lady is Miss Antrim, Don Jaime."

Don Jaime bowed. "You are welcome to my poor house, Mees Antrim," he said evenly, and advanced to take her hand.

CHAPTER 18

"JIM HIGGINS!" she cried furiously, as Don Jaime approached.

"If you insist upon applying the literal translation of my monicker, James Michael Higgins is as correct as Jaime Miguel

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Higuenes. Dear me, can't you see the map of Erin on my face, Miss Antrim?"

Her eyes blazed at him. "You're a positive devil," she whispered as she reluctantly surrendered her hand to his. "Why did you deceive me at the station to-day?"

"Dear Mees Antrim, I did not deceive you. You asked me if I were Jim Higgins and I admitted it. Then you started to work on me, and I had a great curiosity to see how far you would go."

"If I had known you were Jaime Miguel Higuenes I would have had Dingle take me over to my late uncle's ranch."

"I feared he was planning to take you there. You and your maid are the first women to get off at that station in a year, and when I observed you, I suspected your identity, suspected that for some reason you had arrived a day earlier than that named in your letter. So I started across to interview you—and then I saw Dingle Bell, as I call him, and instantly I was jealous. We Latins are a very jealous people. So I tried to kill Dingle Bell—according to you—although what I really tried to do was to puncture his tyre. I owe that man a poke, and I wanted to annoy him. I thought if I could succeed in frightening him away before he had an opportunity to tell you too much—the things I wanted to tell you myself—I would be proving myself a very smart young man. Well, I succeeded, didn't I?"

"My Uncle Bill will think it very, very strange of me to accept the hospitality of my Uncle Tom's—ah—remover. How shall I explain it to him?"

"Don't," Don Jaime suggested meekly. "I'll do it. Give me Uncle Bill's address and I'll send him a wire to-night. That will give him an opportunity to register his kick to-morrow. If it seems to you then that you ought to leave Valle Verde, my car will be at your disposal."

HE called Mrs. Ganby, who entered with Robbie holding to her hand. The boy wore a hat of the most approved cowboy pattern, with a rattlesnake band around it. His thin legs were encased in tiny chaps.

"I rode all the way home with Ken, Jimmy," he shouted, "and I'm not tired." Then he saw Roberta and removed his hat. Don Jaime formally presented the boy, then snapped his fingers at Robbie and the little chap limped over to him.

"Well," Don Jaime greeted him, and scooped the boy up in his great left arm. "We had a fine ride to-day, didn't we? But you disobeyed orders, Robbie. I told you to ride home with the cook in the chuck waggon and lead your pony behind. You've overdone it, son. What are we going to do about that, eh?"

Robbie looked distressed. "But I felt so good, Jimmy——" he began.

Don Jaime shook him and set him down. "I put you on the payroll at ten dollars a month. At the end of the month you'll collect nine. You are fined a dollar for disobedience of orders."

The boy threw his arms around Don Jaime's waist. "Are you angry with me, Jimmy?"

"Of course not. But an order's an order and given to be obeyed. Run along now and wash your face and hands and get ready for dinner."

Roberta caught the boy's mother's glance fixed on Don Jaime with a sort of maternal adoration. "That boy requires manhandling." Don Jaime assured her. "That atrophied leg must be built up with exercise, but we must proceed slowly. Good little lad, Robbie, but his doting ma has given him an imperfect notion of the sacredness of a contractual relation. I fined him a dollar, and that's mighty hard on Robbie, but"—he looked down at Mrs. Ganby with his kindly grin—"I have a wire-haired fox terrier pup coming for him to-morrow. If Robbie should ever lose confidence in me I'd be out of luck."

After a moment he asked:

"What sort of fellow is your Uncle Bill?"

"Oh, Uncle Bill's human—very. He was born and raised in Texas. Spent most of his early life in this State, in fact."

"In what line of endeavor?"

"Cows."

"On a large scale?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I should know him or of him then. What's his last name?"

"Latham. William B. Latham."

Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes stared at her. "Is Uncle Bill slightly lame in his off hind leg—just a suspicion of a limp?"

"Yes. Do you really know my Uncle Bill?"

"No, I do not. But my late father knew him very well. They got into an argument once as to which was the best for the country—the gold standard or Bryan's sixteen-to-one. Your Uncle Bill was an outcast in Texas, at the time being a Republican. My father, of course, was a Democrat. In their argument they waxed personal, and finally your Uncle Bill called my father an anarchistic greaser. So my father yelled 'Hurroo! Faugh-a-ballagh!' and hit your Uncle Bill on the nose and canted it five degrees to the south-east. My parent then ran to his horse to get his gun, which he wore in a pommel holster, and on his way there your Uncle Bill shot his hat off. This was getting personal, so my father retaliated by shooting your Uncle Bill in the heel."

"Why, Uncle Bill never told me about that, Don Jaime!"

"Why should he? He came off second best, didn't he? He was drunk at the time, and my father was intoxicated, otherwise there would have been two funerals. Father was heart-broken when he sobered up, and sent his lawyer to your Uncle Bill to apologise, so your Uncle Bill accepted the apology and sent back one of his own. When I was a very small boy, your uncle sold out his ranch to old man Hobart, whose son, Kenneth, is now my general manager."

"How tremendously interesting, Don Jaime."

"Well, it's nice to find out who has proud flesh and who hasn't. You were certainly saddled with a prize pair of uncles, weren't you. Does Uncle Bill treat you with civility and decency?"

"Of course, he does. He's adorable; he's a love."

"Very well, then, I'll not kill him. You must agree, though, that I did you a real service in bumping off Uncle Tom."

"Uncle Bill says you did," Roberta admitted. "But then he's biased."

"My father always declared that Uncle Bill was all wool and a yard wide. I wish you'd brought him down with you—no, I do not. I don't want him around cramping my style . . . Dinner's ready. That stout, saddle-colored female who appeared in the door just now says we'd better come and get it, or she'll throw it out."

"I must run to my room for a handkerchief; I forgot to fetch one," said Roberta, and ran upstairs.

DON JAIME gazed after her. There was no doubt but that he approved of her mightily. When his gaze shifted it met Mrs. Ganby's.

"How does she impress you?" she queried. Mrs. Ganby had a brimming measure of feminine curiosity.

"Miss Antrim is physically beautiful and mentally alert. Yes, she's as smart a young woman as you and I will ever meet. Well raised, well spoiled, haughty, aware of her power over men and just loves to use it. Sound at heart, though, I think. Nothing spurious about her."

"I think she has a temper."

"Of course she has. If she didn't she'd be dull. But I do not think she holds grouches, for her sense of humor would preclude that. And she's too healthy, too normal, to be a picky woman. After hangling a mouse on her enemy's eye she'd run to the drug store to buy a leech to put on it. I like her. She lights up my old house."

"Will she be here long, Don Jaime?"

"I do not know. In all probability she will not be here long enough to please me. In fact, if I hadn't run that Bill Dingle scallawag down the road she wouldn't be here now. She's a new note in life to me, but I'm not going to let her know she is." He looked at his house-keeper seriously. "Do you realise, Mrs. Ganby, what a serious thing it is to have killed a sheepman that wanted killing, only to discover he has a niece that can set a man's reason tottering on its throne?"

Mrs. Ganby was amused at his frankness. "Has Miss Antrim set your reason tottering on its throne already?"

"No. I do not totter that readily—not, in fact, until I know that the object of my delusion is worth tottering for. But something tells me this young woman has possibilities."

CHAPTER 19

ROBBIE, his pale face glowing from his recent ablutions, arrived with Roberta and the four went in to dinner. With a nice consideration for her years, the host placed Mrs. Ganby's chair for her, then performed a similar service for Roberta, and lastly for the little Robbie Ganby.

"Instinctively kind," Roberta thought. "Old-fashioned father taught him to respect age. Democratic, too. His housekeeper eats with us."

The table had been set in the gallery, Don Jaime explaining that during the summer they always ate outside. They were no sooner seated than two Spanish mocking birds flew in and lit on the floor beside his chair.

"Abelard and Heloise," Don Jaime explained. "Mockers seldom migrate and these two have been steady boarders for years." He broke crumbs from a piece of bread and fed the birds.

Roberta appraised the table with the eye of an expert. It was covered with a white linen cloth. Short-stemmed red roses peeped from a jade-green bowl in the centre. The service was of sterling silver and very old and beautiful. On closer inspection she saw that it carried a coat of arms.

"My great-great-great-grandmother's silver," Don Jaime explained. "Fellow in New York once heard I had it and sent his secretary down to buy it. He offered me an unbelievably high price for the service, and didn't seem to believe me when I told him it was not for sale. He just kept filting the ante and couldn't seem to see he was annoying me. Some people are like that. They think money is the beginning and the end of everything."

"Perhaps you would, also, Mr. Higuenes, if you had ever been poor," Roberta suggested.

"I've paid twelve per cent. for rented money," he retorted. "I've had the ranch mortgaged in bad years and banks carried my father half his lifetime. Only those who are poor in spirit, who lack courage, can be really poor. Do you think my people, who dwell in the pueblo yonder, are victims of poverty? Not so. They are envied by their kind."

"Do you not find life a little lonely here?"

"A busy man is seldom lonely. My father spent his life in bondage to the irrigation system you probably observed en route here, but after his death I completed it and transformed a semi-arid valley into alfalfa and cotton fields. I got rid of the scrubby long-horned cattle that were built for speed and substituted Herefords,

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which are built for beef. All this has been a considerable task, and fell to my hands when I was eighteen. That was ten years ago. At college I majored in agriculture and cattle husbandry, because I knew that was going to be my job. My foreman, Enrico Caraveo, ran the ranch then, and while I was in the army.

"After I was demobilised in the spring of 1919 I really started to put this ranch on a paying basis. I cleaned up on cotton in 1919 and 1920. And cattle prices were unbelievably high. Why, a thin old cow for a cutter or canner was worth eighty dollars then. I had a feeling, however, that such a wartime prosperity wouldn't last, so I sold all my cattle in the fall of 1920, and in 1921 I didn't plant any cotton. Well, the market smashed on both—and lucky Jim didn't have any.

"Instead, I raised alfalfa and stacked it. Then I bought cattle for a song when the banks and the governmental loan agencies foreclosed. Cheap cattle and cheap feed, you know. I sold them as three-year-olds after the market had rallied, and, in addition, had my ranges re-stocked with high-grade Hereford stock cattle. But all this, you understand, Miss Antrim, required thought and worry, and some courage. I had my moments of panic. The road was rough and rocky in spots, although that, of course, made it all the more interesting, the victory all the more delightful. I think that when one has had to fight for his land and his people he learns to love both, no matter how unlovely or uninteresting they may appear to those whose lives have been spent in shelter and without effort."

"My life has been spent that way, I must admit," Roberta confessed. "And I like it," she added.

"Why not? You've never tried any other life, have you?"

Roberta noticed that her host was much more at his ease now that their conversation had veered into new channels. His accent was less marked. Not once did he forget himself and pronounce his "i's" as "e." It occurred to the girl, too, that Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes had lived more in five minutes of his colorful life than had the last three generations of Hacketts. And the Hacketts were a long-lived race.

Don Jaime turned to Roberta. "By the way, what gainful occupation, if any, does Mr. Latham practise now?"

"He plays the stock market."

"With success, I hope."

"He has always been very successful until recently, when he lost practically everything he had—or at least he would have lost it without the aid of some people who love him. We anticipate a reverse in the market which will pull him out, if not with a profit, at least without terrific loss."

"My father loved your Uncle Bill, even if he did shoot him in the heel and disagree with him politically. I would be glad to give my father's friend a leg-up. You live with your Uncle Bill, I take it."

"I've been his ward, and a member of his household since my tenth birthday. So you see, now that he's old and liable to suffer financial reverses, it is my duty to take care of him, and for that reason my Uncle Tom's estate comes to me somewhat in the nature of a godsend."

"One more reason why I should be dealt with charitably in the matter of your deceased avuncular relative," the young man suggested humorously. "Well, we'll pull you out all right on the sheep."

"I fear," the girl suggested, "that the Antrim sheep are proving to be a source of trouble to you."

"Not at all," her host protested. "I expect to collect from the Antrim estate a reasonable fee for my services, to reimburse me for my outlay or inconvenience."

"Why, Jimmy!" Robbie had piped up. "Don't you remember telling me the other day that no gentleman ever told a lie—not even a white lie?"

"Now what are you driving at, Robbie?"

"I heard you tell Ken Hobart the other day that you'd see those sheep dead before monkeying with them, if anybody but Miss Antrim owned them."

"So I did, sonny. Anything wrong with obliging a lady?"

"But you said the sheep would do more damage to the range than they were worth."

"I know I did, Jimmy, but then I was angry at the time. One of those old ewes had just bitten me."

"But you knew she couldn't hurt you, Jimmy, because I heard Ken tell you the old ewes were all more or less toothless. And then you said: 'Oh, Ken, let's let the tail go with the hide. Drive the old wrecks up into the alfalfa, so they won't starve to death.' And Ken said he never knew a photograph to affect a level-headed man worse than it had you."

Don Jaime was blushing as he met Roberta's glance. "The subject of sheep having been discussed thoroughly," he suggested, "what opinions, if any, have you, Miss Antrim, on the League of Nations and the World Court? Do you admire vers libre, and is a stump-tailed yellow dog the best for cocus?"

He was too much for her, and deep in her soul Roberta, grudgingly, but admiringly, admitted it. She had a feeling of helplessness in this man's presence, for he was a new experience with her. She had never met a man who remotely resembled him—so ruthless, forceful and dominating.

Not knowing what to say, Roberta was silent and attacked her meal. When presently her glance met Don Jaime's again he was smiling at her, whereupon she itched with a desire to pull his nose. "He has all the audacity and assurance of the Irish, and all of the ego of the Latin," she thought. "And he isn't good-looking at all. Still, he isn't bad-looking. He's just masculine, and knows it. All of his life he has been accustomed to being high and low justice on this ranch, because these peones of his kotow to him he thinks he can get away with murder. He's just a feudal baron who has established his feudal sway just far enough north of the border to make good with it."

Providentially, it was not a long course dinner, such as Roberta had expected would be served and which she had looked forward to with dread. A soup, a salad, a roast, two vegetables, a light dessert and black coffee. That was all.

"He runs his household like a sensible man, at any rate," the girl reflected. "And I hazard the thought that the average rancher possessed of a fine old gallery, facing on such a lovely old-fashioned garden as this patio contains, would eat inside!"

She watched a humming-bird flitting from flower to flower, saw a quail come forth and bear away a crust tossed him by Don Jaime. Then, as the shadows lengthened, the mocking birds, replete with food and happy, perched in a lime tree and paid for their meal in melody. Roberta had never heard a Spanish mocker before and was delighted with the beauty and variety of their extensive repertoire.

CHAPTER 20

"YOU are fond of music?" Don Jaime queried. Roberta nodded and he tossed a quick order in Spanish to one of his dusky maids.

"Going to turn on the radio, the girl thought. "Why does he do it? It spoils everything."

Again she had evidence of the fact that whether she wanted to or not, she was destined to tune-in with this man's peculiar personality. "Not the radio, senorita, nor yet the victrola," he said, gently. "I prefer the music of my people."

From behind the climbing vines on the gallery across the patio a guitar was strummed. Roberta heard the mellow notes of a harp as unseen fingers ran the scale. Then a girl's voice—without much volume, but wondrously sweet and sympathetic—commenced to sing "La Golondrina."

"When I am unhappy," Don Jaime explained, "they sing that sad song to me and make me unhappier."

"Why don't you have them sing something joyful? They will sing whatever you desire, I take it."

"My dear Miss Antrim, no Higgins ever wants to be made happy when he's unhappy. It's like enjoying poor health. We must feed our racial melancholy."

"You incorrigible Celt. Are these professional entertainers brought out from Los Algogones?"

"No, they're part of the ranch assets. That harp has been in our family since the first Higgins emigrated to Madrid. Carmen Caraveo, my riding boss's daughter, yearned to play it, so I sent her to El Paso for six months to get the bang of it. After that she had to figure it out for herself. She'd never do for the Metropolitan Opera, of course, but she's pretty good for this corner of Texas. When she has finished singing 'La Golondrina' to her own accompaniment, her sister Conchita will strum a wicked guitar and sing 'El Cielo.' Hello, bub, you getting sleepy? Tired after your long ride to-day, eh? I told you so."

ROBBIE had left his chair and climbed up into Don Jaime's lap. His thin little arm was around the brown, powerful neck, his head cuddled under the big square chin. Don Jaime held him close with his left arm, and Roberta noticed that with his right hand he gently massaged the atrophied muscles of the boy's left leg.

The purple shadows crept over the patio, the music sobbed and mourned behind the passion vines, and the saddle-colored maid came out with some meat scraps on a plate and set them on the table beside her master, who whistled shrilly, whereupon two English setters crashed the screen door leading to the gallery and came leaping to accept, in the polite manner of their breed, the meat scraps Don Jaime fed them; retiring when the meal was finished to a discreet distance, where they sat and gazed at the master with love in their lambent, brown eyes.

Presently Don Jaime shook Robbie gently. "Come, son," he said softly. "Say your prayers—in Spanish, as I have taught you. Nuestro padre——"

The sleepy voice spoke haltingly the unfamiliar words, the man prompting from time to time. When the prayer was finished he rose and, with the boy in his arms, stooped over Mrs. Ganby that she might kiss her son good-night. Then he passed around the table to Roberta's chair. "Innocence and helplessness," Roberta heard him murmur. "Who could not love it." He stooped over her and lowered the boy until the childish lips brushed her cheek. Then he bore the lad off to bed.

The two women exchanged glances, the mother's eyes were moist. "That is the Latin in him, Miss Antrim. He's not ashamed to demonstrate his affection. What a pity he hasn't a son of his own to waste the thrills of his big boy's heart on!"

Roberta did not answer. She was thinking of a remark that Crooked Bill had once made in her presence. "When children and dogs love a man a woman is usually safe with him." She wondered now if Glenn Hackett loved children and dogs, and decided presently that he would love his own children, if and when he had

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them, but that he would not be interested in dogs or human beings beneath him in the social scale. And she thought of Julio Ortiz, with a bullet through his belly, dying in a border foray for Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, filled with pride in his sacrifice, solaced at the last by that perfect touch of democracy which had decreed he should perish in his master's arms.

"He is a strange man, Mrs. Ganby," she said at last. "I have never met his kind before. I do not know what to make of him—whether to like him or dislike him, to fear him or to trust him. He killed my uncle and then, masquerading under the name of Jim Higgins he induced me to accept the hospitality of Jaime Higuenes. Where I come from one doesn't do that sort of thing, you know."

"Don Jaime is a free soul. He does as he pleases."

"How long have you known him, Mrs. Ganby?"

"Since three days after he killed your uncle. I am a trained nurse, and I came down here to tend his wounds, although he would have recovered without my aid, for he is as healthy as a horse. Later he asked me to be his house-keeper, but since he does not appear to regard me as a servant, I imagine I am a sort of paid hostess. I think he had a hope that you might visit the ranch some day, and, of course, you would never have been invited unless he had a duenna here. He is very punctilious in matters of social propriety."

"And Robbie?"

"When he discovered I had a little crippled son he sent his general manager to El Paso to bring the boy here. He knew I'd want him with me, of course."

"I understand. Innocence and helplessness. Of course, his heart went out to Robbie."

"Children understand, Miss Antrim. I think Don Jaime is a man who likes a fight—any kind of a fight. He is tremendously interested in that atrophied leg of Robbie's. Lately he has started massaging it, stretching it, studying it. He has been sending for medical treatises on infantile paralysis and talks of sending Robbie East to be treated."

"Apparently he has a mania for making people happy."

"He says money is round, and made to roll."

Further confidences were interrupted by the return of the host. He called something in Spanish to the singers and presently one came and handed him her guitar, received the thanks of her audience, and departed covered with embarrassment.

"Now, then," quoth Don Jaime, "we'll have a little old Anglo-Saxon ministrelsy from the boss himself." He smote the strings with a firm, assured hand, and in a perfectly thunderous basso began "The Yellow Rose of Texas." To his great delight Roberta joined in the song. He cocked one lazy eye at her inquiringly. At a half-rest in the music he demanded:

"How come?"

"Uncle Bill," she replied, and he nodded comprehension. Yes, of course, Uncle Bill would know that one. But Don Jaime played now while Roberta sang. He drew Robbie's vacant chair toward him with one foot, swung his legs up on to it, and settled back for a good old evening of music.

The song ended and Don Jaime looked up, a fleeting gleam of sadness, of resignation in the lazy eyes.

"Now that you have made up your mind not to dislike me or the task of trying to like me, I have a confession to make."

"I'll try to bear up under it."

"A few days after I shot it out with your uncle, his man, Bill Dingle, and five others came over here with the intention of doing me great bodily harm—lynching me to one of the cross-pieces in that heavy trellis in the grape arbor yonder, as a matter of fact. I captured Dingle and his idiots and confined them in my private bastile here for thirty days. Before turning them loose I had my foreman flog them all."

"Oh, Jaime!"

"That's the sort of bad egg I am, senorita. That's why I was wearing two guns to-day. By the way, can you sing Gounod's 'Ave Maria'?"

"Why, yes!" she answered a little breathlessly.

"Oh, grand, wonderful! Let's go inside and practise it with a piano accompaniment. I want you to sing it at mass to-morrow for my people. You will, of course. I know you will. But first send your telegrams. The office in Los Algodones will soon be closing."

CHAPTER 21

MR. WILLIAM B. LATHAM rubbed his hands together in pleased anticipation, as he noticed the telegrams beside his plate at breakfast. He read:

"The man who first called you Crooked Bill knew his onions. Stop. You are as crooked as a bed spring vintage of eighteen-eighty. Stop. I have your Texas record. Stop. You permitted me to walk into a situation that is perfectly and monstrously unusual, and I am horribly embarrassed. Stop. Jim's father shot you in the foot with a forty-five calibre revolver, and the impulse to be careless with deadly weapons still runs in the family, only the present representative uses a bow and arrow, and shoots for the heart. Stop. Nor is the Connemara half-blood bred out of the tribe. Stop. Believe it or not, he has erected a headstone over Uncle Tom. Stop. It is an angel weeping, and on the base of the monument he has worked in a bas-relief of a shepherd and a sheep presumably the one that was lost. Stop. Spanish art and Irish devilry. Stop. When I compare him with Glenn, I am torn between a desire to weep and to laugh. Stop. Glenn is so respectable, so proper, so mindful of all the things we have been raised to admire and respect while this fellow stops at nothing and consults only his own desires. Stop. My plan is to secure the court's permission to get rid of the sheep promptly and return to Hillcrest so I can bite you on the ear.

"Bobby."

Harms, the butler, in the act of dropping the customary two lumps of sugar into Crooked Bill's cup, regarded his master with concern. It appeared to Harms that the old gentleman was about to have some sort of seizure, for he had closed his eyes, thrown back his head, opened his mouth, and gasped.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Harms demanded.

"Har!" yelled Crooked Bill. "Har!" The channels of his devious sense of humor having thus been cleared, Crooked Bill laid his head down on the table and gasped and shook and wept and roared.

"Good news, sir?" Harms suggested politely.

"Harms," said Crooked Bill, "did you ever hear of Pandora?"

"Oh, yes, sir! You are referring to the lady of mythology who unlocked the box of troubles?"

"Exactly. Well, Miss Roberta has unlocked a similar box. Harms, get Mr. Hackett on the telephone."

He read Hackett Roberta's message and waited for a hearty laugh. It did not come. "Dog your cats, Glenn," he protested, "where's your sense of humor?"

"I see no humor in the situation, Mr. Latham. I can only sympathise with Roberta. There she is, the guest of the man who killed her uncle, and who has had the hardihood to make a jest at the expense of his victim. Not satisfied with that exhibition of bad taste he has apparently commenced to pay his court to Roberta immediately, which is most embarrassing and distressing to her. She will be forced to leave his house, of course, and decline to permit him to continue to serve her in the matter of conserving those damnable sheep."

"You tarnation monkey, you. Isn't that exactly what I planned should happen? The situation works out to make you shine by contrast. In the reflected light from this rascal, Higuenes, who would probably be a knock-out with a Texas country girl but a wash-out with Roberta, you loom up like a lighthouse in a fog. Roberta practically admits it already. She's anxious to clean up on those sheep and return—and when she does, boy, you'll certainly look good to her."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"I wish I could be as confident as you, Mr. Latham. Roberta has one weakness, and this is her sense of humor. Like yours, it's a bit—er—diabolical."

"Nonsense. Why, don't you see she's mad at me? She knows now that I knew who Higuenes was, or, at least that in all probability I suspected that he and Jim Higgins might be one and the same person. This Don Jaime was only about three years old when I left Texas, and I took a chance that I was forgotten there by now, and that he had never heard of me, or, hearing of me, would not recognise me as his father's old friend."

"Who shot you in the heel, eh? A peculiar friend, I should say."

"Served me right. I insulted him."

"I wish I had never joined in this conspiracy with you, Mr. Latham."

"Faint heart never won fair lady. My boy, don't you realise you have a chance to be a hero?"

"I do not."

"You're singularly dull. Motors is still climbing and you need more money to protect me. So you've decided that those sheep should be sold to get ready cash. Consequently, you've had two important cases continued, which will enable you to go to Texas and arrange the sale of the sheep."

"Who will I sell them to?"

"TO me, fool, to me. I'll give you more money for them than anybody else, and the more money you realise on them the stronger you'll be with Roberta. Also, you'll arrive in time to put a crimp in the aspirations of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes."

"He might shoot me, Mr. Latham?"

"He might, indeed, but if he should that would be entirely your fault. If he's at all like his late father he'll fight you with any weapon you name, from shillalahs to guillotines, and fight you fairly. You were no mean light-heavyweight boxer in college and you've kept yourself in condition. Why, boy, you could make a monkey out of Higuenes—and in defence of Roberta—wow! After that, all you'd have to do would be to get her to name the day."

"But how can I be assured that he will be jealous of me?"

"He can't help it. It's in his nature. And you know Roberta. Right now she's busy working on him. She'll make him fall in love with her and then, when she has him helpless, she'll put her foot in his

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face. The man who makes love to Roberta is a gone hombre, but the smart fellow who refuses to take her seriously is the chap who's bound to win her. And, once won, she'll make the finest and most loyal in the world."

Glenn Hackett pondered. "There may be something in what you say, Mr. Latham. Higuenes wrote her that a chap named Jim Higgins had killed her Uncle Tom, and, having sold her that information, he has had the audacity to invite her to his ranch. That was poor strategy, and I think, with you, that Roberta will punish him for it."

"In her own little way, my boy, in her own little way—and you know what that way is. You'd better jump to Texas muy pronto."

"Well, to make good on your deceit you've rented Hillcrest, so why not go to Texas with me? Shave your whiskers and dress like a rancher and play the part of the sheep-buyer?"

"By golly, I'll do it, Glenn. It's a good idea. Anyhow, I should be on the ground to advise you in case you run into snags. When can you start?"

"In one week."

"Fine. That's giving Bobby more time than she requires, but on the other hand Higuenes may be a slow starter. Meanwhile I'll keep you advised if anything new turns up. Hey, don't hang-up yet. Harma has just handed me another telegram . . . it may be from Bobby . . . No, it's from Higuenes. Oh, Glenn, will you listen to this?" And he read over the telephone:

"When you see your ward again I should be a proud man to hear you address her as Mrs. Higuenes or Higgins, whichever suits you best. Stop. To that end I request your permission to pay my court. Stop. I know the going will be hard, but I have never been accustomed to getting anywhere without a battle, so I will take a chance. Stop. You know my people, so I do not have to furnish social references. Stop. Can furnish financial credentials to please any save most exacting."

"What are you going to say in reply, Mr. Latham?"

"I'm going to encourage the boy, of course."

"Why do that?"

"To make him work. Glenn, if I could only have motion pictures of Don Jaime playing the bear under Roberta's window—keeping her awake with his guitar and his sad Spanish songs, putting an extra dash of perfume on himself and drowning her in silly romance, I'd die happy. Oh, the poor, unfortunate devil!"

"No sense of repression, eh?"

"Not a scintilla," Crooked Bill assured him. "That method of courtship works fine with a Spanish girl, but to modern American girls like Roberta it's nerve-racking and effeminate. Remember, Glenn, there is one thing Roberta will never forgive, and that's bad taste. You can't kill a girl's uncle and then expect to rush her off her feet, even though you killed in self-defence, and in so doing performed a public service. I tell you Higuenes doesn't know any better than to walk into straight lefts and rights. Imagine Roberta, the mistress of a ranch on the Rio Grande, trying to teach a cholo butler to dea' the grub from the left."

Evidently Glenn Hackett promptly imagined it, for he laughed briefly for the first time. "But this chap appears to be educated and, to a considerable degree, Americanised," he warned, as an afterthought.

"So was his old man. Texas has been under six flags and the tribe of Higuenes has fought under them all.

"Outwardly they're plain, ordinary Americans, and no Yankee can take them into camp, but inwardly, I tell you, they're still Spaniards. They prefer their beef jerked and they're strong on red chilli peppers and brown beans. Spanish is their mother tongue. They speak English perfectly, but think in Spanish. Why, if old Mike Higuenes could have unloaded his ranch during the Spanish-American war he'd have emigrated to Mexico. He declared that war was an outrage against civilisation."

Crooked Bill hung up and immediately despatched the following telegram to Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes:

"You have the nerve of a lion-tamer. Stop. Thanks for the compliments implied in your telegram, but I have nothing to say about it. Stop. However, you have my best wishes, and I will even give you some good advice. Stop. Pile on the high romance and sound the old Castilian note your good old father knew so well. Stop. If there is anything in Mendel's law you should be dark-haired and dark-eyed like Mike, and with these assets a fair singing voice and a guitar some moonlight and a pachydermous hide. I should say that you stand slightly more chance than a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through the infernal regions.

"Latham."

"And now," he murmured, "having done my duty by all concerned, I think I should return to my breakfast."

Well had he been nicknamed Crooked Bill.

CHAPTER 22

MIGNON awakened Roberta at seven o'clock next morning. As her mistress' tub was filling, the maid announced, somewhat grimly, that somebody had turned her out at six-thirty, which hour Mignon regarded as unseasonable and unreasonable. She complained that she had eaten dinner the preceding night in the servants' dining-room with persons to whose general color-scheme and table manners she was not accustomed.

"They might, with equal justice, find the same fault with you, Mignon," Roberta chided her. "No more grousing, if you please. We are in the far west where men are men and women rope steers and bust wild horses. What did you have for dinner?"

Mignon recited the menu. "You ate precisely the same food that I had. Did the others have it, too?"

"Good heavens, no, Miss Roberta! They had brown beans, baked chilli peppers, steak, black coffee and a sort of thin tough pancake."

"It must be good food. Don Jaime told me last night that he had practically been raised on a string of chilli peppers and pictures of the saints."

"I think he's wonderful," said Mignon with finality. "And I'm sure he'd make much more money in pictures than down here on this lonely ranch."

"I do not think I should like Don Jaime in pictures, Mignon."

"I'd adore him. Wasn't he wonderful on his horse, shooting at that ugly Mr. Dingle?"

"I fear," said Roberta, slipping down out of the huge, high bed, "that you have a romantic strain in you, Mignon."

"It's Sunday," Mignon reminded her discreetly. "What will you wear, Miss?"

Roberta had given considerable thought to that very subject the night previous. "That sports suit I bought just before leaving New York," she answered promptly.

"You'll knock him dead with that," Mignon assured her.

It occurred to Roberta that it is a very difficult task for one woman to conceal her innermost thoughts from another. She eyed Mignon speculatively, and the maid, observing the challenge, tossed her head and declared that knocking him dead today would be an easy task, seeing that he was already wobbling on the two legs of him.

BREAKFAST was ready on the gallery when Roberta came out looking for her host. The table was set for two, and Don Jaime was waiting for her.

"You are as beautiful as an army with banners, Miss Antrim," he announced in the matter-of-fact tone in which one proclaims that two and two make four, or that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Not so much a compliment or the natural desire of a man to flatter a woman, as a definite statement of fact. Nor did he look to see whether his statement pleased her or otherwise. He was drawing out her chair, in fact, and wondering if she had seen what he now saw, to wit—a fly in the cream jug.

Roberta flushed and hated herself for it, because it was not her habit to exhibit such apparent pleasure at compliments from men.

He tucked her into her seat, sat down opposite, looked at her casually and said: "I see you had a good night's rest in the gigantic bed of my ancestors. You appear much refreshed and I am very glad of it. And you arrive for breakfast promptly at eight. Punctuality is a paramount virtue, particularly in women, so just for that you win a rose." And he leaned back and plucked one from the vine that clambered around a pillar of the gallery. "You're too red for red roses," he rambled on, handing it to her, "so this lovely mauve rose is just the right shade."

"I'm not red, I'm auburn. Thanks for the rose, however. It's lovely."

"Well, whatever it is, it suits me fine." An order in Spanish and the cream jug disappeared, clutched in the dusky hand of the serving maid.

"How does one say in Spanish, 'Heraus mit the cream jug. There's a fly in it'?" Roberta queried innocently.

Instantly his guard was down. With all the eagerness and insouciance of a brittle boy he said: "You and I are going to be the best of friends, Roberta."

"Well, I like them fast on their feet—and you're a whiz-bang, Jimmy. I've been trying very hard to dislike you, but I must confide it's an uphill job."

"Of course, it's very unethical to like me," he admitted demurely.

"Let us say it is unusual, and let it go at that."

His eyes devoured her. "Roberta, you're mighty sweet. I think, if I may, I'll call you Bobby."

"My friends all do, Shamus. Fire away, old-timer."

She saw him swallow something—and it was not food. Then she observed his guard come up, as it were. The fire died out of his eyes, and the sudden, wistful, little-boy look faded and was replaced by gravity, sternness, masculinity. "He's nice," the girl thought. "He wouldn't take advantage of the fact that I'm his guest to appear to rush me."

Oh, yes, Roberta knew men. She could read their faces and, conversely, their minds. For had not Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes just assured her she was as beautiful as an army with banners!

His two setters slouched apologetically to the table and he appeared to forget Roberta, to become absorbed in the dogs, feeding them strips of bacon and little pieces of bread steeped in bacon grease, talking affectionately to them the while as if they were human. Roberta reminded herself that Don Jaime was the first young man who had ever neglected her to curry

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favor with a pair of English setters, and was interested to discover that she did not resent his action.

"What are you going to do about Robbie?" she inquired presently.

"Oh, Robbie. Nothing very much wrong with him. He requires sunlight and lots of it. Every day he lies out in the sunlight, I gave it to him in small doses, so he wouldn't sunburn. Now he's tanned. One arm and one leg are affected but not very badly. The muscles are weak-atrophied. I'll build up those atrophied muscles slowly but surely. When Robbie has his growth, he'll walk with a slight limp, because one leg is going to be a trifle shorter than the other, but otherwise he'll make a hand. It's going to be lots of fun to make Robbie over."

"He adores you, Jimmy."

"Well, if children and dogs do not like a man that's a sign he had better begin to take stock of himself. I like Robbie. I like all children, even terrible children. I'm godfather to one hundred and eighty-seven, and after Mass this morning I'll take on the one hundred and eighty-eighth."

"Is that why you have never married? Or have you?"

"I haven't. When an Higuenes marries, it takes. And I haven't married because you've been such a long time showing up at my ranch."

"Why, Jimmy!"

"I thought for a while I'd surely have to go to Hillcrest, Dobbs Ferry, Westchester County, New York, and point out to you the error of your way, but, thanks to your Uncle Tom, I was spared that expensive journey. Then, too, I probably wouldn't have showed to such good advantage in your country, because of the competition. I loathe competition. It makes me just a little bit jealous."

FOR the life of her Roberta couldn't help laughing. She had a habit of laughing at men when they were proposing to her or on the brink of it. To her chagrin he laughed with her, and instantly a horrible suspicion crossed her mind. Was he merely telling her the complimentary things he thought she desired to hear? A hot rage swelled in Roberta's heart and her laughter ceased abruptly.

"This is very sudden, Jimmy." Her voice was cool.

"That habit of being sudden is a trait that runs in the Higuenes blood. By the way, may I photograph you after we return from church, and may I have a print? Just one, please. Then you may destroy the plate, if you will?"

"I never give my photograph to gentlemen on such short acquaintance."

"That isn't answering my question."

"No."

"Then I'll have to get along with the one I have. It isn't so good, but it will do."

"Where did you possess yourself of my photograph?"

"I got it out of a magazine. It's the one where you're jumping a light hunter over a low fence. By the way, I don't think much of your horse. Now if you give me a new photo of yourself, I'll give you a horse that's a horse."

"You keep your horse and I'll give you the photograph, Jimmy. I had some taken just before I left, and I'll send for one."

"Thank you, but I also want you just as you are this morning. I want you standing in that doorway. Then, after you go away, I can look at it and think how fine it would have been if you had stayed—there in your own doorway looking out at me. Perhaps I may be able to fool myself into fancying you standing there watching for me to come home."

"Not that, Jimmy. Think of me standing there awaiting the arrival of one of your men with the information that the rest of the boys will be here with the body directly."

"Have another egg and some more bacon," Don Jaime urged hospitably. "We're talking too much and there goes the first bell for mass."

CHAPTER 23

THE bell in the cupola of Don Jaime's little adobe church was calling its last summons to the faithful when Roberta and her host left the house on foot. The street of the pueblo was deserted, save for some semi-naked babies and an unconscionable number of cur dogs, as they passed through.

As Don Jaime's firm step sounded in the tiled entrance the congregation, which had been seated on benches, rose en masse, and since the padre had not as yet appeared on the altar, Roberta realised that here was a gesture of profound respect to the lord of the rancho.

Don Jaime led her down the main aisle and crossed with her over to the organ, which stood against the wall. The choir sat on benches in the rear of the organ, and an upholstered chair stood beside the organ seat.

"For company," Don Jaime murmured, and indicated that Roberta should occupy it. Then he sat in at the organ, pulled out the stops and tried the pedals. Finding some difficulty he stood erect and peered at the back of the organ. And now Roberta realised why her host kept a short buggy whip on top of the instrument, for he seized it and administered a smart tap to something hidden from her gaze.

"Si, Don Jaime, si," a voice cried anxiously.

"The trouble with my people," Don Jaime whispered, "is that if permitted to lean against anything they fall asleep. My organ-pumper is no exception."

The padre, in his vestments, entered from the sacristy, and as he advanced to the altar Don Jaime's little organ crashed into a sonorous prelude; then his brown choir, taking a cue from a vigorous nod of the master's raven head, sang:

"Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
And in our hearts take up Thy nest."

The girl watched Don Jaime, who knew not one note from another, but who played amazingly well by ear because God had created him a troubadour. His dark face was alight with the delight he gleaned from his simple task; for all his huge body, there was in his attitude and in the lustre of his eyes something that proclaimed to her again the odd, little-boy quality in him, touching her as she had never been touched before.

She gazed about her. Dusky, fat women, in bright print calico dresses and gay shawls, men in overalls and clean gingham shirts, sans neckties, their sombreros on the floor beside them; little barefoot boys and girls, their black eyes bent upon Roberta with frank, primitive curiosity, knelt on the red tiles.

His people! Never before had she met a man who claimed as his people those with whom he could not claim a blood relationship. Never before had she met a man whose clannish instincts, whose reverence for the traditions of his ancestors were so strong as in Don Jaime. A part of the man dwelt in the remote past, content with the riches of simplicity and health, contemptuous of money for money's sake, scornful of its power—a sort of spiritual worldling chained to his environment by the obligations it thrust upon him, yet not wishful to avoid or decrease them—rather relishing them, in fact.

"Strange, strange man," the girl reflected. "There he sits with a look of exaltation on his face, and yet I know he has not the most remote interest in the ultimate disposal of his immortal soul. He killed my Uncle Tom and is too honest to think of pretending to me that he regrets it. This morning he said he loved me—yet he has not made love to me, nor will he. I wonder if that was just some of his Irish blarney or his Castilian instinct for conveying compliments for their own sake. He's a strange mixture, yet there is nothing complex about him. He thinks straight, talks straight, and acts straight. He couldn't dissemble if he wanted to. Oh, dear, I'm afraid I wish I had never met him. He's one of those terrible men one must take seriously."

The service proceeded. Roberta dreamed on. . . . Don Jaime's low voice reached her. "Now then, Bobby, do your stuff."

She sang as she had never sung before. "See their eyes," Don Jaime whispered as she sat down. "The poor devils. They loved it. Handel's 'Where'er You Walk' isn't sung in our church, but who here knows the difference, and who cares? An encore, Bobby."

She sang it. Then she sat through a sermon in Spanish, at the conclusion of which the padre, addressing Don Jaime, begged him to convey his thanks and that of his probrecitos to the American senorita. Don Jaime translated his message, and a few minutes later she saw him stooping over the lap of a girl and lifting therefrom an infant. He carried it over to Roberta. "My soon-to-be godson," he explained. "Little brown rascal. He's as fat as a woodchuck, and when he grows up he will be unenergetic, if not downright lazy. Well, to the baptismal fount with him. Here comes the padre."

She watched him holding the stolid infant while the sacrament of baptism was administered; she marked the pride and pleasure in the young mother's face at this signal honor conferred upon her and hers, when, the ceremony over, Don Jaime kissed the infant and handed the mother the customary largesse. To the godmother, too, he made a gift of money; then, with a paternal pat on the shoulders of all concerned, including the padre, he rejoined Roberta and together they walked back through the pueblo to the hacienda. En route women curtsied to them, men removed their hats and bowed, soft voices murmured "Buenos dias, Don Jaime," cur dogs sniffed his heels, and grimy little hands were thrust into his.

At the head of the single street Don Jaime looked back. "A contented people," he declared. "Chilli peppers drying on every roof and ample corn for the tortillas; a tiny garden for onions and lettuce and beans, labor exchanged for bright calico and overalls and gingham at cost at the ranch commissary; no debts, no rents, no lawsuits, freedom from a puritanical code of morals. Nothing to annoy them save a little labor for the man who exploits them and pays them starvation wages and who, when they are naughty, whips them. Sometimes I could wish I, too, were a peon. Boll-weevil and the price of beef bothers them not, nor taxes nor notes at the bank."

"Nor sheep," Roberta supplemented.

"Speaking of which," he continued, "we will ride out and visit the woollies after luncheon, if you care for a ride. We've kept holy the Sabbath forenoon so let us enjoy the Sabbath afternoon."

Crooked Bill meanwhile was wondering why his niece was such a poor correspondent, when Harms, the butler, entered with the mail. Two envelopes, one slim and the other fat, bore the return address of the Rancho Valle Verde, so Crooked Bill opened the slim one and read:

"My Dear Mr. Latham,

"I wired you for permission to pay my court to your very lovely niece, Miss Roberta Antrim. In granting the desired permission, for which I am deeply grateful, you saw fit to give me some wholly unnecessary and rather silly advice on how to be successful in love.

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"My father, in his callow youth, may have been steeped in the Castilian code of courtship. He had more Spanish blood in his veins than his son. But I am no such bungling operator in the arena of courtship. I'll have you know that I'm a real live nephew of your own Uncle Sam, because I judge from your telegram that you think I'm as sentimental and romantic as a Neapolitan street singer.

"My dear Mr. Latham, you know nothing of your charming niece's disposition. The finest way in the world for me to kill my feeble prospects would be for me to wangle a guitar under her window and sing "Sobre las Olas." And, anyhow, what's your interest in me that causes you to be so free with your foolish advice? I suspect you would like to get me in Dutch.

"I think she likes me, but she doesn't know whether I'm crazy about her or not, even when I swear I am. I figure that the best way to get her winging is to keep her guessing, but—quien sabe! If you have any other suggestions for helping along the game of your old friend, Patricio Jesus Higuenes' son, let them fly.

"Sincerely Yours,
"J. M. Higuenes."

Crooked Bill read and re-read this remarkable document, and with a huge sigh laid it aside. "I've overplayed my hand," he murmured, and took up Roberta's letter, which ran as follows:

"Dear Uncle Bill,

"I am ashamed of myself for having neglected you so, but the fact is I have been having such a wonderful time at Don Jaime's ranch (I call him Jimmy) that I haven't had time to write.

"Uncle Bill, he's marvellous. Everybody thinks so and says so—consequently it must be true. His lawyer, Don Prudencio Alviso, whom we visited yesterday, says God only made one Jaime Miguel Higuenes and then the mould was destroyed. He is very bold, he sings and plays divinely, he is a sort of feudal baron, and he works hard all day with his men. He hasn't laid off a day since I came, but he lets me ride around with him. He has thousands of acres of cotton, thousands more of alfalfa, thousands more of cattle range, and all the cattle in the world. He still suffers a little from the wounds Uncle Tom inflicted on him, but he will not admit this. He's very humorous, and one never grows weary of his society. Mignon worships from afar and envies the peon women who kiss his hand after some kindness.

"I haven't thought of Glenn Hackett more than twice since coming here and then only to compare him, to his disadvantage, to this amazing Jimmy. If he'd only make to love to me like a reasonable man should I'd fall for him—hard.

"I enclose a number of photos. The one of Jimmy is excellent. Write soon.

"Your Loving,
"Bobby."

CHAPTER 24

WITH the calmness of despair Crooked Bill scrutinised the photographs that Roberta had enclosed. The one of Don Jaime showed him on a grey horse, with a day-old calf draped across his lap.

"Caramba!" murmured Crooked Bill. "This boy's a throwback and as dangerous as they make 'em. What's more he's about ten times smarter than his father—and nobody ever accused old Patricio of being dull. The boy has sized Roberta up right—not the width of a goat's wing out of line—and he'll win in a walk, as sure as death and taxes, unless I do something and do it muy pronto. I don't want Roberta to marry into a mixed breed like the Higueneses. They're fine in Texas, but—well, what will I do in my old age if she marries him and lives down there? And Glenn Hackett is the man for her. He's got everything—and he's one of her own kind. I'm afraid of Latin blood.

"Well, Roberta says if he'd only make love to her like a reasonable man she'd fall for him hard. That means she's still safe . . . Bill Latham, you're an ass—a cocksure old ass—and you've got to get that girl back home in a hurry. She says nothing about sheep, which proves she is not interested in them—that her interests lie elsewhere. Those infernal sheep and my foolish scheming sent her to Texas, and in order to get her home those sheep must be disposed of—in a hurry. I'll have to buy them myself, and if that Higuenes bandit ever gets on to the identity of the purchaser he'll induce her to soak me so hard, when I'm unable to defend myself, that'll I'll never have the heart to eat a mutton chop again."

Long did Crooked Bill ponder. The question that gnawed at him even as the fox gnawed at the vitals of the Spartan youth was: whom could he get to buy the sheep for him and, after having secured them, to whom would he sell them? What would he do with them if they were not readily saleable? Would he be forced to rent pasturage for them and hire herders to watch them? If so, he would have to hire watchers to watch the herders.

"Well," he sighed presently, "of one thing I'm certain. I'm in the sheep business right now, and the sooner I get out of it the better for all concerned. Glenn, my boy, fighting your fight is going to be mighty expensive, but as an adjunct to the family I guess you're worth it." He telephoned to his office in New York, instructing it to secure him transportation and a drawing-room to Los Algodones, Texas, and the following day was en route to consummate the crookedest piece of business he had ever contemplated—that of swindling himself! He solaced himself, however, with the reflection that this was a luxury he could afford.

IN due course he arrived in Los Algodones and put up at the Mansion House. Nether the town nor the hotel had changed a particle in the twenty-five years that had passed since he had seen it last. Indeed, the only difference Crooked Bill was aware of was that twenty-five years ago Los Algodones and the Mansion House had pleased him thoroughly, while to-day they caused him to shudder.

Nobody knew him, nor did any of the faces of the loungers in the chairs tipped back against the front of the hotel awaken in Crooked Bill the faintest flicker of recognition. At the general store he purchased a pair of overalls, a canvas coat, and a grey sombrero, which, combined with a soft white shirt and black tie and the boots (a relic of other days) which he habitually wore, metamorphosed Crooked Bill into a very fair imitation of a Texas citizen of the wide, open spaces. Thus garbed he called upon Don Prudencio Alviso.

"My name's Blodgett, Mr. Alviso," he announced, and soothed his conscience with the thought that it was his middle name. "I understand you're the attorney for Tom Antrim's estate."

Don Prudencio, a stout and affable person of fifty, nodded gravely, and with large, dark eyes, which showed a yellowish tinge in the whites of them, inquired of what interest the Tom Antrim estate might be to Mr. Blodgett.

"I remember this fellow just about the time he got his sheepskin," Crooked Bill soliloquised. "He's developed just about as I thought he would. Too confounded lazy to open his mouth and ask questions." To Don Prudencio's eyes he replied:

"I understand old Tom left quite a smear of sheep."

Don Prudencio nodded.

"Are they for sale?"

"A sale might be arranged, weeth the consent of the court, Senor Blodgett," Don Prudencio answered guardedly.

"Fine," said Crooked Bill. "I'll buy them. I've a notion I can make a turn on those sheep. I understand Antrim's heir lives in New York, so I presume she'll be glad to sell and get rid of a nuisance."

DON PRUDENCIO shrugged. "Maybe so." With his eyes he inquired what Senor Blodgett's offer might be. Having looked up the market quotations in an El Paso paper and fortified himself with further knowledge of the market in a conversation with a sheepman he had drawn into conversation on the train coming down, Crooked Bill promptly named a figure one dollar per head above the highest market quotations.

Don Prudencio stirred slightly. "You have seen thees sheeps?"

"No, but I understand they're a good lot."

"I weel sell you those sheeps, subject to the confirmation by the court," Don Prudencio purred. "I am the executor for the ee-state. The sheeps have been count' recently, and I weel guarantee the count. I weel write for you an offer for all those sheeps, wheech you will sign. Then I weel accept, subject to the confirmation by the court, and you will pay me now on account ten thousand dollars, no? I am queeck trader—like you."

"I'll have the money wired to the credit of the estate in any bank you name. It will be there to-morrow. You've sold something."

Don Prudencio Alviso might have looked sleepy, but behind those slightly liverish eyes he was very wide awake. He knew there were a few thousand culls in that lot of sheep—old ewes with wrinkled necks, old ewes without teeth, old rams that were merely boarders, mixed breeds of uncertain sizes and ages. Consequently, when for both sheep and lambs he had received so cavalier and tempting an offer he did not hesitate. Within ten minutes he had William B. Latham sewed up on a contract of purchase and sale, and with this signal advantage: If, for any reason, it was considered undesirable for the estate to go through with the sale, it could get out of the contract, while for the purchaser there could be no escape, even though he should change his mind, provided the court approved Don Prudencio's action as executor.

When Crooked Bill had the contract safely tucked in his pocket he commenced talking with Don Prudencio about the deceased Tom Antrim, and learned that for a few days following Antrim's death the sheep had remained in the charge of one Bill Dingle, Antrim's foreman. Later Dingle had been rather forcibly relieved of his charge by Jaime Higuenes, of the Rancho Valle Verde.

"That Dingle might be a good experienced sheepman to care for these sheep in case the court approves the sale," Crooked Bill suggested hopefully. "Where might one get in touch with him?"

Don Prudencio gave him minute directions for finding Mr. Dingle, and with a heart beating high with hope, Crooked Bill took his departure.

"I'll sell the dod-gasted sheep to Dingle, and take a chattel mortgage on them if he hasn't got enough money to pay for them—and I dare say he hasn't," the old schemer decided. "Of course, I'm bound to lose some money, but then I expected that, and I can pay for my fancies. Well, to-morrow I'll hire a car and driver and hie me out to saw those sheep off on Bill Dingle. I'll give that grass thief a bargain he just naturally won't have the heart to refuse. Then I'll get an airplane to freight me back home in a hurry, because I mustn't waste any time with that Higuenes bird always on the job. Once home, I'll wire Roberta I'm very ill and to come home immediately. After that—the Deluge."

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CHAPTER 25

FOR a long time after Crooked Bill had left his office Don Prudencio Alvise sat in his swivel-chair and stared hard at the opposite wall. Presently he took down the telephone and called the proprietor of the Mansion House and with him held a conversation in Spanish. Then he hung up and waited. Presently the telephone rang and Don Prudencio answered "Gracias." He hung up and wrote on a scratch pad the initials W.B.L. Thereafter he continued to stare at the wall for another hour. About sunset he shook his large black head in negation and defeat and went home.

The following night he appeared at the Rancho Valle Verde. Roberta was dressing for dinner, after a day in the saddle with Jaime and his men, and Don Jaime was lying in his long chair on the gallery, with Ken Hobart beside him.

"Hello, Prudy, what brings you out?" Don Jaime hailed him.

"I am mystified," Don Prudencio replied, and forthwith related in detail his impending sale of the Antrim sheep to a fat-headed old gentleman for a very great deal more than they were worth. "He said his name was Blodgett, and signed the contract William L. Blodgett," the lawyer continued. "He did not say where he was from, but I could see he knew nothing of sheep and was a city man. His hands were soft and white, and his shirt was too expensive. He did not bargain with me and he seemed to me to be quite too anxious to buy the sheep. So I telephoned to the Mansion House to inquire if he was stopping there, and when I described him they said they had a guest there from New York by that name, but that his baggage carried the initials W.B.L."

"Hum-m-m!" Don Jaime grunted and sat up very straight. "He isn't a very good liar, is he? Any fool in this country would have known better than to leave a trail like that. What does W.B.L., of New York, want of the Antrim sheep, and why should he pay such a high price for them? This is indeed very mysterious, Prudy. Did he deposit the ten thousand?"

"He did. It was telegraphed from New York."

"I wonder what the old idiot is going to do with those sheep?"

"I imagine he's going to get Bill Dingle to care for them for him."

"Not on my range, Prudy, the minute those sheep pass out of possession of the estate of Thomas Antrim, deceased, they're going to get off the Higuenes range. If they linger there'll be a fight or a foot-race."

"Do you suppose Miss Antrim will agree to sell the sheep, my friend?" Don Prudencio queried.

"Sell them? Of course, she'll sell them. You are her executor and you recommend the sale. I am her business adviser and I recommend it, and as the probate judge knows nothing of sheep and will be guided by such experts as you and me in making his decision, naturally he will sign an order of sale. And while he has the pen in his hand, Prudy, I think his honor would consent to the sale of the wool at the market price. Wool is going down. The growing popularity and cheapness of rayon is going to cost the estate some money on its wool, so get busy, Prudy."

The following morning Don Jaime motored in to Los Algodones, and Roberta accompanied him. As they swung down the main street past the Mansion House, with its row of chair-warmers on the front porch, Roberta started and laid a half-detaining hand on Don Jaime's arm.

"Jimmy, look! See that man sitting on the right of the line—the one in the blue overalls and canvas coat?"

"Yes."

"He's a replica of my Uncle Bill. If he had Uncle Bill's clothes on, I'd get out and kiss him without question. Good gracious, what a marked resemblance! Why, he and Uncle Bill are as near alike as twins."

"So?" murmured Don Jaime and stepped on his foot throttle. "Now, that's mighty interesting."

He parked in front of the bank, excused himself to Roberta, entered and sought the cashier.

"Ed," he said, "yesterday ten thousand dollars was wired here to the credit of the Estate of Thomas Antrim, as a first payment on account of the purchase, by one Blodgett, of the Antrim sheep. That young lady outside in my car is Antrim's heir, Miss Roberta Antrim. I want to know what New York bank wired it."

"Certainly. I don't think I violate any confidence. The Twelfth National."

"Who ordered the transfer?"

"A man by the name of Glenn Hackett."

"Thanks," said Don Jaime, and climbed back into the car with Roberta. When they were half-way back to Valle Verde he said to her very casually: "Do you know a man in New York by the name of Glenn Hackett?"

Roberta jerked erect with surprise. "Why, yes! He's one of my dearest friends and my Uncle Bill's attorney. Do you know Glenn, Jimmy?"

"No—and I hope I never do. I dislike him very much."

"You shouldn't. He's a very fine gentleman."

"He's in love with you?"

"That's none of your business, and, besides, if he were, Jimmy, you couldn't expect me to discuss the subject with you. What has been telling you about Glenn Hackett?"

"The fairies," Don Jaime replied enigmatically. And though Roberta pressed him to tell her more and employed every feminine wile to break down his resolve not to, he refused, and in the end, incensed at the failure of her powers, Roberta lapsed into a somewhat sullen silence. As they slighted at the hacienda the outrageous man still further mystified her by saying:

"And I don't think so much of your old Uncle Bill, either."

THIS statement, when there was not apparently any reason why Uncle Bill should ever be the subject of thought, was the final feather that broke the back of Roberta's curiosity. "Jimmy," she pleaded, "would you care to save a human life?"

"Some humans. You, for instance."

"Then tell me what has lowered my innocent Uncle Bill in your estimation."

"He's crooked."

"Oh, Jimmy, he isn't! His friends call him Crooked Bill because he's—well, rather joyously sly, cunning and prudent. But dishonest—never!"

"He's out to boost the stock of this Glenn Hackett person to you and to depress mine."

Roberta smiled a small and knowing smile, but said nothing. The extent of this man's occult powers fascinated her.

"No, he doesn't play fair," Don Jaime protested. "He says one thing and means something else, so just for that, one of these bright days in the near future I'm going to take your Uncle Bill's conceit down a couple of notches."

"How do you know he doesn't play fair?"

He laid finger on lip. "Hush! It's a secret."

"Evidently," Roberta replied bitterly, after waiting about twenty seconds for him to impart the secret.

"I think I'll go back to Los Algodones," he announced suddenly. "There's something about the atmosphere of that town that aids my powers of divination."

"Am I invited to ride back with you? Or must I mope around the house until you return?"

"I think you had better mope. I have need to do some thinking—and you ditch my train of thought." He looked at her keenly, earnestly, and without the slightest flicker of love-light in his eyes. "Are you enjoying your visit at Valle Verde, Bobby?"

"Jimmy, I have never had such a good time in all my life. It's so radically different—and so are you. It's all so dolce far niente. When I arise in the morning you're gone, and I wonder what makes you get on the job at six o'clock. Generally you are not home for luncheon, so everybody's genuinely glad to see you when you show up for dinner. And we do have such jolly times in the evening. I like to have you discuss your ranch problems with me—your calf-branding, your cotton crop, the haying, the canal and irrigation system. I think there's poetry in making the desert bloom."

"There's a lot of hard work in it," he answered grimly. "I have to spend considerable time with Ken Hobart, my new general manager, showing him all over the ranch, getting him acquainted with the details of his job and telling him how I like things done. You see, next year I'm going to play more . . . I've wondered if you didn't feel a bit lonely and neglected here."

"Oh, no, Jimmy! You're such a friendly, comfortable person when you are around the house. Will you return from Los Algodones in time for dinner, Jimmy?"

"I don't know. I'll do my best to complete my business and be back in time. I don't relish driving around this country at night because just at present, for me, at least, the night has a number of eyes."

"You mean——"

"I mean that your foreman, Bill Dingle, has been across the Line, and something tells me he went there to hire some renegade to bump me off. I don't particularly blame him for that. A man acts according to his lights, and I gave Dingle and his men a pretty tough deal."

"But you went to town to-day unarmed, Jimmy?"

He shook his head, half removed his tropical whip-cord coat and displayed a gun under each arm, in a shoulder holster. "I try to appear non-poisonous off the ranch," he explained. "Well, I have a few friends who keep me advised on matters in which I am interested. I'm pretty safe in daylight, but coming home in the dusk I'd just as lief have a good man for company. So you stay home, Roberta, and I'll take Ken Hobart with me. He's very reliable."

Her eyes were wide with apprehension. "Please wait until morning," she pleaded, but he shook his head and with a nod left her, to drive over to the men's quarters for his foreman. Roberta stood in the patio entrance and watched him—saw Ken Hobart come out of the saddle room, receive his orders and go to his own adobe bungalow for his coat and a couple of carbines and ammunition belts. Then the two drove away, and Roberta, with terror in her heart, went to her room and wept, as her lively imagination pictured Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, all bloody and limp, lying in the dust of the road to Los Algodones.

CHAPTER 26

IN the late afternoon Don Jaime dropped into a vacant chair beside Crooked Bill on the verandah of the Mansion House, after first inquiring in Spanish if the chair was reserved for any friend of his.

"Not at all," Crooked Bill replied, in the same language, albeit haltingly, for the years had been long since his tongue had caressed so many vowels. "Help yourself, my friend."

"I thank you," Don Jaime replied in English. "I observe you do not speak Spanish too well. I beg pardon for addressing you in that tongue, but, observing that you appear to be of this country I supposed you spoke the language of the country."

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"Never was much of a hand at foreign languages," Crooked Bill replied.

Don Jaime produced two cigars and handed one to his neighbor. Crooked Bill saw it was a brand that retailed at three for a dollar, and decided he might risk it. "Much obliged," he murmured. "I'm a stranger here," he added. "My name's Blodgett—William Blodgett."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Blodgett. I am Jaime Miguel Higuenes."

Crooked Bill started noticeably.

"Ah, you have then heard of me?" Don Jaime's face betokened mild surprise and inquiry.

"Why, yes, Senor Higuenes—if you will forgive me for bringing up a delicate subject. I believe you're the young man who waited old Tom Antrim into the bosom of Abraham."

"I had the pleasure," Don Jaime replied modestly.

"WOULD you mind shaking hands with me, Senor Higuenes? That was a first-class job of work you did on Tom. I'm delighted to meet you, sir."

"The pleasure is mutual, Mr. Blodgett. You knew Antrim?"

"I should tell a man. He skinned me on a cow deal once."

Don Jaime smiled.

"What part of our glorious Lone Star State do you hail from, Mr. Blodgett?" he inquired presently.

"I come from El Paso." This was true. Crooked Bill had changed trains there.

"Thinking of settling in this part of the State?"

"Oh, no! Fact is, I came down here to buy those sheep from Tom Antrim's estate."

"This is most unfortunate, Mr. Blodgett. I am a cowman, and I had no idea I was fraternising with a sheepman."

Crooked Bill liked this young man's gay frankness and humor, although it disturbed him. Here (he reflected) was exactly the sort of male biped to appeal to his niece. Undoubtedly Don Jaime was one who could fence with that young woman, a foeman worthy of her steel. He had guessed as much after reading Don Jaime's letter to him and now he was certain of it.

"I hear Antrim's niece, who is his heir, is a guest at your ranch, Mr. Higuenes," he said cautiously.

Don Jaime nodded.

"Is she anything like her uncle?"

"Tom Antrim was her misfortune, not her fault. Miss Antrim is, without doubt, the most delightful, fascinating, provoking, adroit, belligerent, sportsmanlike and honest young lady it has ever been my fortune to meet."

"You're in love with her," Crooked Bill charged.

Don Jaime shrugged. "What else would one expect?"

"Well, do you stand a Chinaman's chance?"

"I killed her uncle."

"Yet she's your guest."

"Oh, she realised I had no other alternative. However, under the circumstances I have thought it the part of wisdom to remain the good friend. I am afraid of that young woman. I fear she would not be an ideal wife for a Higuenes."

"You're an ass, young man," Crooked Bill cried sharply, all of his love and loyalty to his niece instantly outraged. "If she's all that you have just told me she is, she's a prize and you're a lobster not to go in and win her. Forgive me for telling you your business, but I'm an old man and I've known what it is to have that sort of wife."

"I have some pride," Don Jaime murmured sadly. "I could not risk a refusal. It would kill me. Moreover, there is another man—some fellow in New York."

"Oh!" Crooked Bill was relieved. He was discovering things, and discoveries were not unpleasant. He eyed Don Jaime closely. "Dog-gone fine, upstanding sort of chap," he soliloquised.

"So you're going to buy the Antrim sheep?" Don Jaime resumed.

"I've bought them subject to the approval of the heir and the probate court."

"I'm afraid neither one will approve, Mr. Blodgett."

"Why? I'm giving all they're worth. Perhaps more."

"Unfortunately, I want those sheep. They've been feeding for two months on grass that's rightfully mine, and they've done so much damage to my range I might as well keep them there and make a profit out of them—for Miss Antrim. She tells me her uncle, who was very rich, has gone broke in the market, and she's hocked the sheep and the ranch to help him out. Says he was mighty good to her while he had money, and now she's not going back on him."

"By George, she is a sport, isn't she?"

"If I permit you to buy those sheep, where do you intend to graze them?"

"Don't intend to graze them. I'm going to sell them immediately."

"Locally?"

"That makes it a little binding. I wouldn't like to see you sell those sheep locally. While I can stand them on my range, for Miss Antrim's sake, my forbearance would cease if they belonged to anybody else and continued to trespass on my range."

"Is it your range?"

"No, it's State land, but I control the water. So I fear I'll have to outbid you on those sheep, Mr. Blodgett."

"I've got my heart set on them, son, and when that happens I usually get what I go after."

Don Jaime concluded it was time to strike. "You went after my Dad once—and you didn't get him. He got you—in the heel. And the old greaser spirit isn't frozen in the veins of Patricio's son, Mr. William B. Latham!"

Crooked Bill appeared about to collapse in his chair.

"I haven't figured out what you're up to, Mr. Crooked Bill, but it's devious, and Mr. Glenn Hackett is helping you out. You're framing something on me, and I think you merely want to get those sheep out of the way so your niece can be ordered home, leaving little Jaime Miguel Higuenes bereft. Not so, Bolivia. Those sheep stay, and Roberta stays. I've got to have my chance. I'm a fast worker, but there's such a thing as indecent haste in courtship, and I decline to disturb my dignity by appearing clamorous. That sort of thing would be fatal to my chances. Your niece is an outrageous coquette if you must know it—and I bet you do—so it's my job to marry her, and I'd like to see the photograph of the antediluvian uncle that can throw a cold chisel into my cogs and get away with it."

Crooked Bill thought of all the things he would have to explain if Roberta ever learned what he had been up to, and his thoughts saddened him. "Can you fix it with the judge to disapprove the sale?"

"Certainly I'll soon offer ten cents a head more for those sheep than you have. I can't spare that amount of ready cash to put into sheep just now, so you'll loan me the money, secured by a chattel mortgage on the sheep——"

"But I've already agreed to turn the sheep over to someone else," said Latham.

"Who is that person?"

"Bill Dingle. I haven't sold them to him yet, but the deal is ready to be closed."

"Ah, on jawbone, eh? You're going to take a chattel mortgage and sell at a loss, for Dingle is too good a sheepman to give you a profit on your deal." Don Jaime commenced to chuckle. "You're doomed to pay a high price for your fancies. Uncle William, Dingle will sell those sheep as soon as he can, and beat it for parts unknown with the money, leaving you to charge that chattel mortgage off on your next income tax statement."

Crooked Bill's face registered alarm. "You think so?"

"Well, after you've closed the deal he'll try to. And he'll succeed unless he's stopped. You've bought yourself a little shooting scrape, that's what you've done. Let me know the minute the deal with Dingle is closed, because immediately thereafter I'm going to guard every waterhole, and those sheep of yours will die of thirst before Dingle can move them off that range."

"You appear to be holding all the aces."

"It's a habit of mine. What are you going to do about it?"

"I think I'll sell you those sheep," Crooked Bill faltered.

"You're regaining your senses. I'll buy them at two dollars a head less than you paid for them."

"If I sell to you, will you give me your word of honor never to tell Roberta a word about this?"

"I'm willing to make that stipulation a part of the contract and set an agreed amount of damages to be paid if I fail to keep my covenant. However, most folks in this country usually take my word of honor, which I now freely give. Let's shake hands on it."

That night Crooked Bill left for home. He knew when he had met his match.

CHAPTER 27

WHEN Crooked Bill boarded the train for El Paso, he sent the following telegram to Glenn Hackett:

"The ship is sunk without a trace, so brace yourself for bad news. Stop. This Higgins boy gave me cards and spades four aces big, and little casino, and beat me to death on the sweeps. Stop. I am mighty sorry you have lost, but far from depressed that he appears to be going to win. Stop. However, we will keep on trying, although I have no hope. Stop. I belong in a home for the feeble-minded."

At almost the same time, Don Jaime joined Ken Hobart in front of the Mansion House.

"Any luck?" Hobart queried anxiously.

"I'm in the sheep business, Ken. Tomorrow morning we'll pay off that gang of murderers Dingle has herding those sheep and put our own men on the job. Dingle gets the raus, too."

"Well, you'll clear a profit, won't you, chief?"

"What," replied Don Jaime mournfully, "doth it profit a man if he gaineth the whole world and suffereth the loss of the lodestar of his existence?"

"None whatever," Ken admitted, without knowing in the least what he was talking about.

Five miles outside Los Algodones his sharp eyes observed something far ahead and off the side of the road. He called Don Jaime's attention to it. In the starlight a tiny red dot gleamed.

"Cigarette — Mexican — careless," Don Jaime murmured. "Ah, he's doused it. Getting ready for business." He reached down into the tonneau and brought up a carbine. Simultaneously Ken Hobart

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swung the car off the road and went through the low sage in a wide arc. "There may be holes and dry watercourses on this road," he announced calmly, "but we'll have to take a chance."

He switched off the lights just as the volley of rifle fire broke the stillness of the night. The car was hit twice, but most of the bullets droned overhead. Don Jaime pumped his carbine, firing at the flashes, and the car crashed on. When the magazine was empty he set the rifle back in the tonneau.

THEY reached the hacienda without further incident. Don Jaime alighted and entered the patio. Roberta ran swiftly to meet him.

"You're safe, Jimmy?" she cried.

"Reasonably so, Bobby," he replied. "My information was correct. Dingle's crowd of imported killers laid for us." He held his hat towards her and ran his fingers through two holes in the crown. "And that bonnet cost me forty dollars," he grieved.

"Oh, Jimmy! What if he'd aimed lower?"

"Have you been worried, Bobby?" he asked gently.

She nodded.

"It's been a long time since anybody worried over me, Bobby. What will I do when you're gone?"

"What did you do before I came, Jimmy? And I—I think—Jimmy, I'd better go soon. There's really nothing more of a business nature for me to attend to. There never was, in fact—just a few papers to sign, some sheep to look at—and they're really your worry, not mine."

He shrugged. "Well, suit yourself. But we'll tie a can to Dingle and his men before you go." He stifled a little yawn. "I'm tired, Bobby. Breakfast at six to-morrow morning. Will you join me? Then we can get an early start for the old Antrim ranch and jolt Mr. Dingle out of his complacency."

She nodded and turned away to hide the tears of mortification that were welling to her eyes. Why couldn't he see that she did not want to leave Valle Verde at all? Why had he not urged her to stay? Of course, he had urged her, but then he had not been persistent in it. If he had persisted she would have reconsidered. No, he did not love her. Absolutely not! Outwardly he was fiery; inwardly he was cold. She felt very miserable as she bade him good-night with a little catch in her throat.

At breakfast he noted the circles under her eyes and rejoiced exceedingly thereat. "When they worry so about a fellow that they can't sleep, a deaf man may not infrequently catch the faint sound of distant wedding-bells," he reflected.

They chatted in desultory fashion during the meal; then Roberta went to fetch her coat and hat. She was waiting for him at the patio gate when he emerged from the ranch office, a carbine in his hands, a belt of ammunition around his waist, and the two pistols tied to his legs. Julio brought the enclosed car up and, when they climbed in, Roberta noticed that beside Julio sat Ken Hobart. He was armed similarly to his chief, and carried a spare carbine.

An hour later they pulled up at the Antrim ranchhouse. It was a tumble-down affair set in the middle of a desolate field. Not much of a heritage, Roberta thought, as she gazed on the lonely and unpleasant scene. Ken Hobart got out, walked to the front door, and banged on it loudly. A Chinese in a greasy apron opened it.

"Where's Dingle?" the foreman demanded.

"He go ketchum sheep."

Hobart walked around the house and inspected the interior of an equally dilapidated barn.

"I imagine the Chinaman's telling the truth. Dingle's car is not in the barn," he reported.

"We've had our drive for nothing, Ken. Well, we'll go back to Valle Verde, put a couple of saddle-horses in a truck, and run down to the range where the sheep are. We'll go as far as we can with the truck and this car, then unload and ride up into the hills. Game for the journey, Bobby?"

She nodded and they whirled across the dusty plain to Valle Verde. Here four horses were saddled and led up a ramp into a large motor truck and, preceded by the motor car, they headed down the road towards Los Algodones.

From time to time Don Jaime's riders had reported on the approximate location of the main body of sheep still on the open range, and the direction in which they were moving; consequently he was enabled to make a good guess as to where he would find them to-day. They left the road presently and broke trail across the sage to the foothills.

"Ken, you and Julio ride in a northeasterly direction," Don Jaime ordered. "Miss Antrim and I will ride in the general direction of that butte yonder to the southeast—the one with the old landslide scarring its western front. Aurelio, you will remain here with the truck and the car. We will meet here not later than four o'clock this afternoon, Ken."

Roberta mounted the hunter Don Jaime had given her. To her surprise she found a light carbine protruding from a holster swung under the sweat leather on her stock saddle, and a belt of cartridges hung over the pommel.

They rode steadily into the south-east, gradually climbing the butte; when they reached its crest, Jaime reined in his horse. With his binoculars he swept the country for miles in every direction.

"Do you see a slight film of white dust in the sky—rising beyond those low slate-colored hills yonder?" He pointed. Roberta adjusted the glasses and looked. The cloud in question was very faint, but—it was a cloud.

"Sheep moving—south," Don Jaime informed her laconically. "I have a hunch Mr. Dingle is headed for Mexico with the said sheep."

"You mean—he's stealing them?"

"I do. There's fair range below the Rio Grande—for sheep—and it isn't at all a difficult job for the Dingles of this world to get across the line without being detected. Money sometimes does it, more frequently guile."

THEY rode on, keeping to the backbone of the western fringe of foothills. An hour of hard riding brought them to the crest of the slate-colored hills. Below them a plain sloped gently into the bluish haze; faintly to them came the continuous bleating of sheep; a dirty grey blur indicated the flock—and it was moving southward, slowly, tortuously, as a worm moves. At its rear and on the flanks little black dots that were herders and sheep dogs urged the weary animals along. Don Jaime counted the largest dots.

"Twenty herders," Roberta heard him remark. "Hum-m-m! It doesn't look as if it would be quite safe to give Bill Dingle his walking papers to-day. He is not in a mood to accept them." He cased his binoculars, whirled his horse and, without even a look at the girl beside him, started back the way they had come.

"What are you going to do, Jimmy?" she asked anxiously, spurring up alongside of him.

"We're going back to the car, Bobby. I'm going to send Aurelio back to Valle Verde for reinforcements."

"Will there be a fight?"

"I think so, Bobby. Dingle has twenty herders. Six, with the dogs, should be ample to manoeuvre those sheep. So it looks as if he had prepared for trouble, and when men prepare for trouble, it's a pretty good sign they will not avoid it."

"I don't want a fight," the girl cried passionately. "You and some of your men may get hurt—killed."

"Quite likely. I have no intention of making this anything but a slaughter."

Roberta commenced to sob. "Oh, Jimmy, I'm afraid—terribly afraid! I have a presentiment you'll be killed."

"Would that matter so very much to you?" His hand closed over her arm. "Look at me, Roberta. Would it matter so very much?"

She nodded an affirmative, unable to trust herself to speak.

He said something in Spanish. Roberta suspected it was an oath!

"Oh, Jimmy! Please—please, for my sake."

He pulled up his horse and glowered at her. "My dear girl," he cried sharply, "you're trying to make a quitter out of me. When a man permits a woman to rob him of his strength he might as well get killed and have his shame over with. Is that understood?"

Roberta nodded miserably. What argument of hers could prevail above his logic? And yet, beneath her cold fear there burned a wild pride that he had made his decision so; and deep down in her rebellious, belligerent heart she knew that, come what might, she would not have it otherwise now.

CHAPTER 28

CANTERING where the ground permitted, Roberta and Don Jaime reached the truck and motor car in thirty minutes. Throughout the journey (following her host's announcement of his inflexible purpose to fight Bill Dingle and his herders before sunset) no word had passed between the two. Don Jaime rode ahead, occasionally looking back to see that all was well with the girl; seemingly, in his eagerness for conflict, he would gladly have dispensed with her society if he could. At least, Roberta thus read his thoughts, nor was she far wrong, as his first subsequent words proved.

"Bobby, this job of mine is man's work. Aurelio is going back with the truck, so if you'll be good enough to take the car and drive it home for me I'll be your debtor."

"No," she answered sharply. "My horse and the car should remain here. I might need the car to carry some wounded men to the doctor in Los Algodones or some dead men to the morgue. When this issue is settled, I'll know what to do and I'll not have to be told."

"The objection you raise is a logical one. Have it your own way." He gave Aurelio his orders in Spanish, and when the latter had departed with the truck Don Jaime sat down on the running-board of the car and motioned Roberta to dismount and sit beside him.

"I'll have to teach that below-the- Border gang a lesson," he said casually. "They must learn to stay at home. I'm four men shy on a fifty-fifty break in my ruckuses with those animals—four good men. One of them was Julio's father—and Julio shall have his chance at reprisal this day. This matter is personal, Bobby, and I'm going to get every mother's son of those renegades if I have to follow them to Mexico City."

"You are going to wait here until Aurelio returns with more men and horses? How many men have you sent for?"

"Twenty. Caraveo, the riding boss, will pick the best. That will be five trucks, with four horses and their riders to each truck. Don't talk to me now, Roberta. I have to formulate a battle plan."

He took out a note-book and pencil and commenced writing. "Here," he said

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abruptly when he had finished, "please hand this to Ken Hobart when he reports here. If nobody returns by twilight, drive the car back to the ranch. You know the way." He stood up, hitched his belt, and held out his hand.

"Where are you going, Jimmy?"

"I'm going to circle ahead of those sheep and get to the only water-hole they can reach to-night. There's an old branding corral in the valley by that water-hole—one I built myself. I'm going to dig in there and hold that gang off. There is a tiny shanty by the corral where we keep tools for cleaning out the water-holes, so I'm fixed!"

"Surely you're not going alone?"

"Julio will follow at four o'clock. He's dependable. Good-bye, Bobby—in case I do not see you again. It's been wonderful to have known you. When you get home, think kindly of Jim Higgins, if he's in the cemetery, and send him an occasional picture post-card if he's not."

He took her hand. It trembled in his. "Jimmy," she said in a very small voice, "the other night you told me you loved me. Was that a statement of fact or just—ah—hooey?"

"It was a statement of fact. I'll love you as long as I live. Some day, if I live, I suppose I'll marry somebody else, but in the cool of the evening, darling, when the day's work is done and the Higuenes boy and his thoughts are alone together—well, I'll do some thinking. And if Mrs. Higuenes should say, 'James, what are you thinking of?' I shall tell her a harmless lie."

"I shall go home to-morrow, Jimmy—provided you come back to Valle Verde. If not——"

"They'll plant me in a hurry, and you can go the day after, Bobby." He took her fresh, lovely face in his palms. "Bobby," he said very seriously, "remember me as the man who never made love for fun." And he kissed her on the lips and let her go. Dully, she watched him swing into his saddle and ride away.

About three-thirty Ken Hobart and Julio returned, and found Roberta sobbing as if her heart must break.

"Where is the Big Boss?" Hobart demanded.

Roberta held out a couple of leaves of paper—Don Jaime's battle plan. Hobart read it. "The boy has some sense after all," he decided. "He and Julio will guard the water-hole and stand them off in front. I, with Fraser, Lambert, and O'Grady, and two good pisanos to be selected by Caraveo will flank them or take them in the rear. Well, I've got three of my own kind with me! Caraveo, with the other fourteen men, will continue on to the river, for, of course, Dingle and his bunch will break for the Border the moment they realise they are actively opposed. Not to do so would be ruinous. And at the river, dog will eat dog." He whistled. "Who says this is a dull country?" He spoke to Julio.

"Si, senor," murmured Julio, and rode away on Don Jaime's trail.

Ken Hobart, left alone with Roberta, lit a cigarette, and waited. Then:

"Crying over the old man?"

Roberta nodded, and added defensively: "I'm sure anybody would. Don Jaime's so young and so fine, and if he should get killed——"

"Quite so," murmured Mr. Hobart. "However, we have one consolation. He'll have a lot of company on the way up! I imagine he'll get killed—somehow."

"In heaven's name, why?"

"Well," said Mr. Hobart, with exasperating deliberation, "he's madly in love with you, Miss Antrim, but he realises that you'd never dream of marrying the man who killed your uncle——"

"My uncle was a scoundrel. He employed scoundrels."

"Still, he was your uncle. You know, of course, that with Don Jaime's breed of cat an uncle is a kinsman, no matter what he does. I've felt like telling the boss he was all wrong about you, but then a hired man who speaks out of his turn to Don Jimmy gets fired pretty sudden."

"If you'd only told him!" Roberta wailed. "Oh, if you only had!"

"Why didn't you tell him yourself?" he retorted.

"There are things no girl can say—when a man acts as queerly as Don Jaime does, Mr. Hobart. He's so sensitive, so retiring——"

Mr. Hobart choked, and to cover his strangled cachinnation coughed violently into his cupped hands.

"Would you marry this Higuenes hombre if he asked you?"

Roberta blushed furiously and hung her head.

"Come," Mr. Hobart urged, "this is serious business. There's a question before the house and it merits an answer. Speak up! Would you marry the idiot and chuck all your sheep money into the pot with him and help extend his irrigation system and buy about a thousand pure-bred Hereford breeding cows?"

"I would, gladly. If I married him, I'd be his partner as well as his wife. I could be a good partner."

"None better," agreed Mr. Hobart. "Well, if you want him, go get him. He's yours for the asking."

"Mr. Hobart! How dare yo." No girl asks a man to marry her!"

"That's why we have so many old maids. Miss Antrim, I advise you to take a leaf out of Don Jimmy's book, and whenever you want anything go get it. Now, listen to me. If you hop aboard that horse of yours and ride after Julio, he'll lead you to that old branding corral where he and Don Jaime are going to dig in and do some fancy shooting. You can easy follow Julio. He's riding a pinto hoss and even two miles away that hoss looms up. You'll have to get to the scene of the festivities before they get going, have your little pow-wow with Don Jimmy, and then beat it back here before dark."

"Oh, Mr. Hobart, I couldn't! I'd feel so brazen. I'd die of shame."

"Very well, then, die. Don Jimmy is sure to die, because he doesn't want to live. Of course, he'd never let you know that, but right here I this note he left me he says: 'Adios amigo. See that Miss Antrim gets to the station all right, and whatever you do, don't plant me in the same cemetery with her uncle!'"

"But, if he's bent on getting killed——"

"He wouldn't be so bent if he knew his luck, the fool! You tell him things and he'll keep his head down. He may even pull out of the fight and let me and my men do his dirty work for him."

"MR. HOBART, you are not loyal to Don Jaime. Whatever his faults—and I believe he has a few—he kills his own rats."

"He's got Spanish blood in him," the sage urged, "and there's a quitting point in all of his breed. They die well after they've lost hope, but while they have a shred of hope left they're the champion long-distance runners of the world. You can save a human life, if you care to. If you do not care to—well, that's your own business."

"I wish I could feel that your judgment in this matter is not in error, Mr. Hobart."

"It isn't. I get my information direct. It seems Don Jaime and Mrs. Ganby got to discussing you and him the other day. Mrs. Ganby's about twenty years older'n Don Jaime, so she talked to him like a son. Being a woman she sees things no mere man would recognise if he walked over 'em. Well, Don Jimmy gave her his confidence and both of them forgot little Robbie was listening in. What he heard disturbed the boy. He got the notion, from what Don Jaime said, that you didn't care for his hero, so he come over to my quarters to talk it over with me, man-fashion. That's how come I found out. Then, too, I never did see Don Jimmy so depressed as he's been here of late."

"I hadn't noticed it, Mr. Hobart."

"He wouldn't let you notice it. But he let down a mile to me."

Roberta got up, walked to her horse and mounted him. "Thank you a lot, Mr. Hobart," she gulped. "You're a true friend."

"I'm glad I measure up. Hello, here come Caraveo and the trucks. I must head him off and send him down the road a few miles farther, to save time." He made a flying leap to his horse and galloped away to meet the riding boss. Just as Roberta disappeared over the sky-line he gave Enrico Caraveo his orders, then without waiting for his five men to follow he galloped swiftly after the girl.

"Damn it," he muttered, "I got so interested fixing things for Don Jimmy I clean forgot that girl wears pants, and a two-gallon hat. Some one of those roughnecks may mistake her for a man!"

CHAPTER 29

KEN HOBART had been much too preoccupied with the responsibilities of his job as Don Jaime's general manager to waste any time speculating on his employer's affaires de coeur. When Don Jaime first presented him to Roberta, Hobart had instantly decided that she was the sort of female no man could afford to take to wife, being much too skittish for the obligations of the married state in districts where the phrase "until death us do part" still is taken seriously. He knew Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, so it never occurred to him that the latter would permit himself to fall in love with his guest; and in the brief contacts with Roberta it had seemed to him that Don Jaime would be the last man in the world she might be expected to fall in love with.

Robbie's visit to him and the confidential information revealed by that young eavesdropper had first amused and then interested Hobart. Robbie was furious at Roberta for her apparent failure to appreciate his beloved Jimmy and was for going to her and chiding her about it. Hastily Ken Hobart vetoed that procedure, but promised Robbie to look into the matter and see if something couldn't be done about it.

Well, he had done something, nor had he been too particular as to the means employed for its accomplishment. To Mr. Hobart's direct way of thinking, this charming guest at Valle Verde had demonstrated that she was not, after all, a heartless society girl. He had found her weeping in terror and grief because, forsooth, she had an idea Don Jaime might presently be killed. Many years as a Texas ranger had convinced Ken Hobart that the prospects of Don Jaime's demise were far from nebulous; consequently he had to take those tears seriously. There was going to be a fight. No doubt about that. And somebody usually got hurt in such fights.

So Ken Hobart had thought quickly. There wasn't the slightest necessity for Don Jaime mixing in this row; wherefore, if he could be persuaded to abandon the field, Ken felt that the defection would not remotely prejudice the victorious outcome of the sharp bit of Donnybrook that impended. How, then, to induce him to forgo the sweets of reprisal? Why, by sending the girl to the scene of the battle—just before it started. Her arguments, consisting of tears, two kissable lips, two soft arms, and a declaration of love everlasting, would be potent indeed. Mr. Hobart would have bet his saddle on that. Wherefore, he had skilfully woven his web, with the result

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that Don Jaime and Roberta were now enmeshed in it.

The huge satisfaction felt by Ken Hobart at the success of his deceit and unblushing interference in other people's business was shattered now, as he thought of Roberta, garbed in riding-breeches and flannel shirt and wearing the conventional wide-brimmed and high-crowned hat of the country. Riding along the skyline she could very readily be mistaken for a man—and such mistakes, in the impending circumstances, might reasonably be fatal! It was incumbent upon him, therefore, to catch up with her, to guard her approach to that old branding corral in the valley, to make her take every advantage of the ground, to scout the territory for her.

Also, a disturbing thought had occurred to him. What if Dingle had decided to make sure of the water for the sheep by taking possession of the waterhole before Don Jaime could get there? Of course, it was unbelievable that the latter would ride up to the waterhole before making a reconnaissance. On the other hand, was Don Jaime's mind completely on the task in hand? Was it not probable that thoughts of a sentimental nature might lull him into indiscretion? Verily, Ken Hobart could take no chances. There was immediate need of haste and he hastened; and as he galloped along the backbone of the ridge he was sickeningly aware that he was not the only one who was hastening.

There was Don Jaime, to begin with, hurrying to get to the waterhole and consolidate his position. After him came his reinforcements—the devoted Julio. Hurrying to catch Julio, that he might lead her to the waterhole, Roberta was pounding along on her fleet hunter; and after Roberta came Ken Hobart. He sighted the girl three-quarters of a mile or so ahead of him as he topped the ridge, but though he spurred his horse to its utmost speed he could not gain on her. Presently, two miles ahead of the girl, he caught a flash of white—a recurrent flash, as something moved among the brush and pinon trees. That he knew, was Julio's pinto mount.

"If anything happens to that girl," he told himself, "I'll just keep right on in a general southerly direction and never come back."

The low range swung to the east—and suddenly, in a cup-shaped valley far below, Ken Hobart saw the sheep—saw that they were being driven, not grazed. They were within a mile of the waterhole, and Julio was not in sight. At the foot of the range Roberta took stock of the situation.

She had lost Julio!

Hobart looked back. He could see his five men following him. He waved his hat and one of them waved in return; so without further ado he rode down to join Roberta.

The girl held up her hand, as Hobart reined in beside her. "Listen!" she commanded.

He bent his head. Faintly to him came the report of rifles.

"There were twenty herders with the band an hour ago," the girl reported. "Don Jaime counted them. There doesn't appear to be that many now."

Hobart swept the scene with his binoculars. "Ten! Half the gang went ahead to pre-empt the water, and Don Jaime has walked into them. He's alive and kicking, though. If he were not, there wouldn't be any shooting. And Julio hasn't got there yet. Well, he'll be careful. He'll probably come in from the rear and help the boss out. I wish I knew whether Jaime is in the old corral or at the waterhole. Smokeless powder, you see. One cannot tell. But the sheep move forward! That indicates confidence. Yes, Dingle has the water!"

"Then Don Jaime's fighting ten of them."

"Looks that way. He must be in the old corral because he wouldn't last a minute in the open. The corral is boarded close and the light is failing. If he keeps moving he will not be too easy to hit."

Julio rode out into the open a quarter of a mile south of them. Instantly Hobart pulled his rifle, sighted carefully, and threw up the dirt in front of the boy to attract his attention. When Julio pulled up and looked around to see where the attack came from, Hobart waved his hat at him and moved out from the sheltering fringe of bushes on to the grassy floor of the valley, Roberta by his side. Instantly Julio recognised them.

"You stay where you are, girl," Ken Hobart commanded. "My other five men will be riding down the hill pretty soon. You tell them my orders are to charge the men with the sheep immediately."

"What are you going to do, Mr. Hobart?"

"I'm going to join Julio, and the two of us will advance along the south side of this valley toward the waterhole. The range will be too long for the herders with the sheep to stop us, I think. Jimmy needs help mighty bad, so Julio and I will furnish what we can.

"Adios!"

HE galloped diagonally across the valley, motioning for Julio to join him. The boy did not hesitate. Roberta watched them in an agony of apprehension until presently her ears caught the sound of increased rifle fire, but closer at hand. The herders with the sheep were firing at Hobart and Julio. Ken had stated that the range would be too long for effective fire by men not versed in the science of accurate shooting at extreme ranges, but nevertheless the girl saw Julio's pinto go down, saw the boy shoot out over the animal's neck. He was up instantly and back beside the horse.

"Getting his rifle," Roberta thought. Ken Hobart had pulled up and was riding back to Julio, who in turn was running to meet him. There was not an instant's pause in the stride of the horse, yet Julio mounted double behind Hobart, the horse whirled, and the darting pair were on their way again.

There, alone at the foot of the hill watching this drama, Roberta cried out in agony when Ken Hobart's horse went to its knees, rose again—and stood still. Even one so unversed in warfare as Roberta could realise that the poor brute had been hit and crippled. She saw Hobart and Julio dismount and, kneeling some twenty feet apart, open fire on the distant herders as calmly as if shooting at a mark. And then, over the crest behind her, came the five men detailed to follow Ken Hobart. They came down the slope at a fast gallop, spurred on by the sounds of conflict in the valley below, but slackened speed as they sighted the girl, holding up her hand in a signal to halt.

She trembled so she could hardly speak coherently. "Don Jaime—engaged at the water-hole with ten men—Ken Hobart and Julio over south—shooting at the herders—Ken says, rear attack."

The three American riders gazed at her, not quite comprehending, desirous, perhaps, of receiving more explicit instructions in such an emergency.

"What are you standing there for?" Roberta cried hysterically. "Follow me, I'll show you." Across the northern flank of the valley they raced, the patter of rifle fire from the herders probably drowning the sound of their thudding approach, for they were within a hundred yards of the nearest men before the latter saw them. One of them fired at Roberta . . . She thrilled with a cold fear and a wild exaltation as the bullet whispered past her head . . . afterward she had a faint recollection of a dark, frightened, but defiant face that loomed for an instant in front of her before she rode the man down. Pistol shots . . . then a backward look. Behind her the five rode with upraised pistols, flourishing them at her, yelling a fierce approbation of her leadership.

The sheep, in panic, fled wildly, leaping over each other, bleating, leaving a cloud of greyish white dust behind them. Roberta rode into that cloud—rode through the fringe of stragglers, knocking them down, leaping over and among them. Her horse, plunging and swerving, was striving, with common sense rather uncommon in a horse, to avoid the woolly bodies under his feet, and Roberta was forced to ride as she had never ridden before. Pistols popped behind her. . . . She was clear of the sheep. . . . Her dull little riding-academy spurs prodded her mount's flanks; the quirt rose and fell. . . .

She caught the gleam of sunshine as the last level rays of the dying day were reflected on a pool. Among some rocks beyond the pool three figures moved, the crackle of fire grew louder; she could discern the sharp, spiteful reverberation of it now. Where was the corral? Wherever it was, it could not be far distant. . . . Don Jaime was there, wounded, dying perhaps. . . .

She saw it—a circle of boards, nailed so close together that the fence appeared like a wall. Straight at it she drove her mount, realising vaguely as she did so that it was a hurdle at least a foot higher than she had ever faced in sport.

She saw her horse's ears flicker, felt his stride slacken a little; then his head shot forward and his ears came up straight. Good horse! He was not going to refuse the jump! She felt him gather himself for the leap, and took a firm grip on the reins.

"Alley oop!" she cried.

While in midair she saw Don Jaime off on the right flank, standing in the bed of a waggon, firing over the fence; then she was over and inside the corral with him.

"Jimmy!" she shouted.

He turned, staring at her amazed. Then he jerked the bolt of his Springfield and yelled:

"Down! Flat!"

She rode up to the waggon, slipped off, pulled the rifle from the scabbard, and untied the cartridge belt from her pommel. Then, with a slap on her horse's rump, she sent him trotting across the corral.

And then Don Jaime leaped down at her, his powerful arm swept her backwards and off balance; she slid to the ground and he threw himself beside her.

"Oh, sweetheart, why did you come!" he almost moaned.

"Because I love you, Jaime Miguel Higuenes. You are in danger, and I couldn't stay away. I'll help you, Jimmy. If you have to die I—want you to know before that happens—that life without you—will be desolate——"

"I always knew you were a thoroughbred," he gulped finally. "Lie here and do not move. This is a private fight, and you haven't been invited. I've got to keep moving. I've run miles from one side of this corral to the other, firing through knot-holes and gaps in the boards. If I stay still, they'll locate me, and I can't afford that—now!"

He rolled away like a tumbleweed. A bullet crashed through the fence and struck where he had been lying a second before. And then Roberta fainted.

CHAPTER 30

ROBERTA came-to in Don Jaime's arms beside the waterhole.

"Well, Jimmy," she murmured presently.

"We're back in the sheep business again," he assured her solemnly.

A silence. Then: "Any casualties, Jimmy?"

"Yes. Three dead horses and two wounded. Hobart's pinked, but nothing worse than what he's been used to. Adolfo de Haro, one of my riders, is dead, and Lambert, O'Grady, and Martinez Trujillo

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are badly hit, but I do not think they will die. Julio Ortiz has lost a little finger. Dingle and nine of his men are dead to date, and the final returns from the river should make the affair unanimous. Fraser, Juan Espinosa, and Julio Ortiz are following them. They took our mounts and now I'll have to get busy, load our wounded on Dingle's chuck waggon, and go home."

"Was that his chuck waggon in the corral?"

"Well, it used to be your Uncle Tom's so I presume it's yours now. Dingle got here first, ran his chuck outfit into the old branding corral to camp for the night, and turned his mules loose there. Then he waited to see what might turn up before dark. I turned up—unexpectedly—rode wide around the herders, approached the corral from the rear, and had opened the gate and entered before either side discovered I was trapped. They couldn't see me clearly, but through the chinks in the corral boarding they could see something moving against the light. At that they couldn't be sure that something was me, my horse, or their mules, and they didn't want to hit the mules, so they were careful.

"It was close work, and after I'd located all the chinks in the boards I made them keep their heads down. Then when the firing started out on the flat, and they saw Ken's men, led by you, making a pistol charge on the men with the sheep, Dingle got cold feet. You rode through quite a barrage, sweetheart, but once you'd topped the corral they figured I had reinforcements, so they ran for their horses and rode south. That is, some of them did. I climbed upon the waggon seat and fanned their rear. As they fled down the south side of the valley they bumped into Ken and Julio, who emptied two saddles each. Do you know, darling, that you have a pistol bullet through the muscles of your back, rather well on the right side? Nothing fatal, but you'll sleep on your left side for a month!"

"I'm a fool!" Roberta murmured weakly.

"Yes, but a gallant little fool."

"Are you hurt Jimmy?"

"Not a scratch."

She raised her left arm and curled it around his neck. He lowered his face until his cheek touched hers. "You're such a terrible man" she whispered. "Oh, such a terrible man!"

"But you love me, just the same?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't have told you—I'd have died first. It's all due to Ken Hobart. He told me——"

"Hush, sweetheart. He's confessed. He told you a few of the most wonderful lies on record, and when he found you'd been hit he cried like a baby. Swore that if you died he'd commit suicide—provided I didn't kill him first!" He lifted her to a sitting position.

"There's old Cupid Hobart sitting over yonder. Look at him. He's still blubbering."

"Ken!" Roberta called weakly.

The ex-ranger got up and limped painfully over to her, knelt and took her hand. "You're a grand liar" she murmured, "and a grand fighter, and a grand friend—and now I'm going to decorate you, Ken Hobart—on the field of battle."

"Kiss her, fool," Don Jaime roared, "and you can kiss her again the day we're married. That's the privilege of the best man, but after that, believe you me, partner, she's not going to give away any more samples to hard-boiled old waddies like you."

So the embarrassed wretch obeyed orders, and Roberta fainted again. Hobart almost moaned.

"Pan her and mop her face with this wet bandanna," Don Jaime commanded. He searched in the chuck waggon for the small field first aid kit he suspected might be there. It was, so he returned to the girl, cut her clothing away from the wound and applied first-aid in a workmanlike manner. Thereafter he attended to his wounded men, and when that task was done he loaded his casualties into the waggon.

"Home, James," he called cheerily to an imaginary chauffeur, climbed up on to the seat and gathered the reins. He peered down at Roberta's face upturned to him from the waggon bed.

"You'd have to live a few lifetimes in Westchester County, New York, before you'd get your teeth into life as deeply as you have in the past hour and a half," he assured her cheerfully. "Whose spunky old sweetheart are you?"

"Yours," said Roberta wearily.

"Giddap," yelled Don Jaime, and the waggon rolled away up the valley into a long draw that wound between the hills and eventually led them out to where the car waited. Here he transferred his wounded—Lambert, O'Grady, and Martinez Trujillo—on the rear seat, with Ken Hobart on the front seat. Lastly he lifted Roberta up into Hobart's arms, after which he braked the chuck waggon, unhitched the mules of the wheels.

"Guess they can stand a night of watchful waiting," he declared, and climbed in back of the wheel. He tooled the car carefully down through the sage to the Los Algodones Road, after which they made fast time to the ranch. Here one of the hands took the car and departed for Los Algodones to bring back the only two doctors there, while Don Jaime aided Mrs. Ganby to make her patients comfortable.

ABOUT noon the next day Jaime Miguel Higuenes came into Roberta's room and sat down on her bed. She reached her hand out to him and he took it in both of his.

"Caraveo and his men have just got back safely," he informed her. "Not a man of that bandit gang got back across the river, so I venture to say this has been a lesson to them. I imagine the Rancho Valle Verde will be regarded in beyond-the-Border circles as a good place to keep away from hereafter. How's the future Mrs. Higuenes feeling now?"

"Not very chipper, Jimmy. How do you feel?"

"Guilty as a sheep-killing dog. Still every cloud has a silver lining. Dingle's dead, and I have a telegram from your Uncle Bill. It seems that the news of the battle got to Los Alglodones last night, via the man I sent after the doctors, and is now in all the papers in El Paso."

"Uncle Bill? Why, what was he doing in El Paso?"

"En route to Valle Verde, my dear. I'd wired the old gentleman a hearty invitation to come down and visit us, and he has accepted and was on his way." Thus Jaime Miguel Higuenes—the liar! However, he comforted himself with the thought that it was only a white lie, and was to be preferred to violating his word of honor to Crooked Bill not to reveal to his niece the news that only two days previous he had been in Los Algodones, plotting against their peace and happiness.

"You're such a dear, Jimmy. So thoughtful. Dear Uncle Bill. I know he's missed me. Does he know I'm hurt?"

"Yes, the papers carried the story. I've wired him on the train to save his tears until our wedding-day."

"Are we engaged, Jimmy? I can't remember that you've ever asked me to marry you."

"Oh, didn't I, sweetheart?"

"Never."

He rubbed his chin and his eyes roved over her whimsically. "I suppose I was afraid I might speak out of my turn, but of course when you came stampeding into that corral yesterday and broke the glad news to me, I couldn't, as a man of honor, pretend I didn't understand you. So I rather took it for granted."

He bent low over her and swept her cheeks with his eager lips. "Still interested in boll-weevil and irrigation, brown babies and cholo men and women, heat, dust, and purple lights on the buttes at dawn and sunset, darling?"

She nodded. "I can be a good partner, Jimmy. I never had any responsibilities—and now I want so badly to share yours—always. How are your wounded men?"

"Taking an interest in life. Mrs. Ganby is still weeping with joy over our engagement, and Robbie is jealous as a collie dog. He has an idea that when we're married he'll have to leave the ranch."

"I wouldn't even have a ground squirrel leave this ranch, Jimmy."

"Then we'll keep Robbie and his Ma on the payroll. After all, we owe Robbie a great debt. If he hadn't blabbed to Ken Hobart, that unfortunate Yankee, Glen Hackett, might have got you on the rebound, although, to be quite frank, it was never my intention to permit you to escape. I schemed too darned hard to get you here—and anytime Jaime Miguel Higuenes rolls the crust for a pie, nobody else is going to eat it."

"Does Uncle Bill know of our engagement?"

Don Jaime produced the telegram and read:

"I never figured on you taking over my principal responsibility, but now that you insist on being reckless take a tip from one who knows. Stop. Do not spoil her. Stop. I did that long ago. Stop. You are as welcome in our family as the silence that follows a congressional oration.

"Sheepishly yours,
"UNCLE BILL."

"Why does he sign himself 'Sheepishly Yours,' Jimmy, dear?"

"Some far-fetched allusion to the sheep that brought you here, Bobby. Just some of his gringo humor, I imagine."

"I see." She was silent, turning his brown, strong, useful hands, counting the callouses on them. Hands that had known toil and would always know it; the hands that build empires; hands that, when folded at last in the peace that would mean their parting, would be kissed by lowly people and sprinkled with their tears.

"It will be forever and ever, Jimmy," she whispered, "and I'm so happy—and grateful."

"The Higuenes men keep their women," he assured her gravely.

She thought of Glenn Hackett. "Poor dear," she murmured absently.

"He never had a chance," Don Jaime assured her, with a flash of that prescience, that clairvoyancy that would always make him, for Roberta a new, puzzling, yet wholly understandable human being and a joy forever. Yes, he would be the same always, always new, always challenging her interest, always holding it. Of him (the girl thought) it might be said that age could not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety.

"I'll get my guitar and sing you a little Spanish love song my grandmother taught me," he suggested. "It's very old. It came to Peru with Pizarro and worked north. Oh, by the way, I forgot something. Let's get this on record officially, Miss Antrim, will you do me the great honor to marry me?"

"You outrageous Celt," she laughed. "You're the last of the troubadours. Of course I will."

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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